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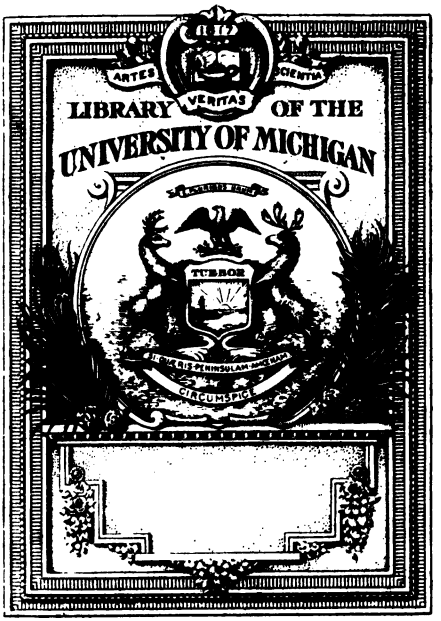

THE GIFT OF
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THE EARNEST STUDENT.

MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN MACKINTOSH.

BY THE LATE

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "WEE DAVIE," "THE GOLD THREAD," AND "THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON."

Reprinted from the Twentieth English Edition.

Detroit:

CRAIG AND TAYLOR,

1878.

DEDICATED

TO

MRS. MACKINTOSH OF GEDDES,

'HIS MOTHER AND MINE."

August 1854.

THIS DEDICATION

IS RENEWED WITH INCREASED AFFECTION

TO THE

GRANDMOTHER OF MY CHILDREN.

June 1869.

Bliss 35 - 4 x - 110

GJF
JH Russell
6-9-33

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

A SHORT time after the death of John Mackintosh I received the following communication:—

'THE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD,
16, *Woodland Terrace, Glasgow.*

'REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Ever since it pleased God to remove our dear friend, John Mackintosh, and to deprive us of his living example, counsels, and affectionate companionship, we have cherished the hope that a Memoir of him would be drawn up, with liberal extracts from his Journals and Correspondence, by which, though dead, he might yet speak to us. We understand that private diaries and memoranda of much interest exist, and that a large collection of letters might easily be made, breathing his beautiful and affectionate spirit, and full of sage reflections, and advice, and deep Christian experience.

'Believing that you have ready access to these materials, and feeling confident that in no hands could the task of weaving them into the form of a Memoir be more excellently performed, we respectfully urge you to

overcome the feelings of delicacy which may prevent you and his other relatives from contemplating a publication in connexion with his memory. We assure you that such a collection as we have ventured to suggest, with a Sketch from your pen of his character and life, especially the deeply interesting details which you have the power to give of his last illness, would not only form to us a precious Memorial of our departed friend, but would be valued by us as containing much on which we should wish to dwell, and often refer to for our own instruction, example, and encouragement through life.

'We speak not only for ourselves, but for a large circle of those who were more or less intimately acquainted with Mackintosh, and all of whom we feel confident will re-echo what we now say, and would sign this letter with us if convenience permitted.

'We urge, further, that this work, while we desire to see it in the most modest form it can assume—the more truly to answer to the character of him it commemorates—should be given to the public.

'It seems to us very desirable that the Christian testimony of one of such sound judgment and consistent character should be brought to the knowledge of many beyond his own personal friends.

'There is no book we more earnestly desire to have the power of putting into the hands of the young in whom we feel an interest; and of generally recom-

mending; and we indulge the hope that you will find in this consideration an additional reason for yielding to our present request.—We are, Rev. and dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

THOMAS CLEGHORN.	ALEX. H. BURN MURDOCH.
D. MACLAGAN.	CHARLES J. BROWN.
ROBERT BALFOUR.	ROBERT BOAG WATSON.
THO. THOMSON.	JAMES HOWDEN.
JOHN M. M'CANDLISH.	JAMES D. FORBES.
N. C. CAMPBELL.	JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.'

While conscious of my inability to perform worthily the task thus intrusted to me, I was much gratified by its kind proposal. But I must confess that at first I strongly felt what I am sure the friends of John Mackintosh will heartily sympathize with, that it seemed like disloyalty to his memory, to publish Journals of a life so faithfully recorded and so very secret before God; and thus to bring under the notice of the world one who was himself so singularly unobtrusive.

Upon the other hand, such a request, coming from those who knew and loved him, and whose judgment was so deserving of respect, could not be refused by me, lest I might thereby incur the responsibility of preventing a light from shining before men, which, others seeing, might thereby be led to glorify God. I felt, too, that those very features of his character which would have made him, when alive, recoil from publicity, only made his 'hidden life,' so true and real, the

more worthy of being known. The conviction, also, of what he is, even more than the remembrance of what he was, seemed to me to be in harmony with any humble and truthful attempt to make him the instrument of advancing, after death, that kingdom, in which to labour faithfully as a minister his whole life had been an earnest preparation.

And now that I have perused his Journals and Letters, and recorded what I and others knew of him, I am deeply thankful to God for His having conferred upon me the high privilege, and honour, of editing these Memorials of my friend. I have no excuse to offer, if any is demanded, for whatever defects may belong to my part of the work, as I have done it to the very best of my ability, from the love I bore him. One thing I can assure the reader of—if such an assurance is needed—that, as far as I know, there is here a biography as true as can be written by one fallible man of another. I have concealed nothing, coloured or exaggerated nothing; nor have I attempted to present an ideal portrait of what John Mackintosh might have been, but a real one of what he was.

I return my thanks to his correspondents for having confided their letters to me. More might have been published; but I was afraid of increasing the size of the work by printing many, rather than those only which were most characteristic of him.

There are some of his letters to Professor Forbes,

that would have found a place here, had not the Professor's absence from home made it impossible for him to obtain them for me. I must, however, be pardoned, if I take the liberty, unasked, of quoting a portion of the Professor's own letter to myself, written to explain how, to his great regret, he was thus prevented from complying with my request:—'I indulge the hope that my name will be allowed to appear united with *his* in your Biography—that you will undertake to express, however briefly, the warmth of regard, I might truly say affection, which united us, and which (judging from what I have learnt from yourself and others of the references which occur in his private papers) must have been *mutual*, to an extent of which neither party was at the time *fully* aware.'

One word more of prefatory explanation. John Mackintosh, in his last will, desired that, after the payment of certain sums of money, from the funds at his disposal, any surplus should be handed over to the Mission Schemes of the Free Church. In the same instrument, he bequeathed his bookcase and books to the library of the New College—where they now are—with the exception of a few volumes specified by himself, and left as mementos to different friends. The state of his funds did not, upon examination, permit of his wishes with reference to the Schemes being carried out. I mention these things here, as they belong to his character, and to show that I am only fulfilling

my friend's wishes, in handing over the profits from the copyright of this work, to those missionary objects of the Free Church, the welfare of which John Mackintosh had so much at heart, for—it is unnecessary to add—the Book, in everything which gives it any kind of value, belongs to him, and not to me.

N. M'L.

GLASGOW, *August* 1854.

PREFACE TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

THE circumstances which led to the first publication of these Memorials, have been already noticed in the original Preface.

During the nine years which have elapsed since the volume was published, ten editions of it have issued from the press; and many persons, especially young men, have gratefully acknowledged the spiritual good which they have derived from its perusal.

One of the most pleasing results of its circulation has been the foundation of the 'Mackintosh Scholarship' in connexion with the Free Church Mission in Madras. This has been secured by the sum given for copyright (£200) by the late publishers, the interest of which is found sufficient in India to support annually two students. The excellent missionaries, who have been kind enough to send me full details of the examinations for this Prize, assure me that it is considered as a great boon to the Mission, and is keenly contested for by the more advanced pupils.

The friends of John Mackintosh will thus, I doubt not, rejoice with me in the successful accomplishment

of our anxious wishes to make known to others, as far as this could be done by so imperfect a Biography, the reality of that Christian life which had so deeply impressed ourselves, the unobtrusive excellence of which we so long admired, and the memory of which we cherish with undying affection.

In preparing the present edition for the press, I have corrected the former ones, and have carefully perused again the numerous volumes of my friend's Diaries, adding to those already published nearly two chapters, selected chiefly from his travels in Italy.

Principal Forbes has kindly put at my disposal Mackintosh's letters to himself, which, for reasons previously stated, he was unable to furnish for the former edition. But few, comparatively, could be made use of, from their substance having been already given either in other letters, or in the copious extracts from his Diaries. Among the additional letters now published is one to myself, and also the last one written by Mackintosh, addressed to the Principal.

As the present edition has been thus considerably enlarged, and the price of the volume reduced nearly one-half, it is to be hoped that its circulation as well as its value will be thereby increased.

My friend Mr. Strahan having purchased the copyright of this volume, I have peculiar pleasure in preparing it for his 'Family Library:' but I need hardly say that my labour in so doing has been, as heretofore, a labour of love only.

I am glad in being able to enrich this Preface by the following letter from Principal Forbes, which he has been so good as send me about his much attached friend :—

'UNITED COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS,
October 1862.

'MY DEAR DR. MACLEOD,—I have learned with great pleasure from you of the probable appearance of a new and enlarged edition of the Life of John Mackintosh. Great as has been the circulation of the original work, it always appeared to me that it scarcely secured the amount of public attention which was due to the beauty and excellence of the character which it described; the unusual variety of the material for biography; and (I must be allowed to add) the admirable manner in which it was employed.

'I have not forgotten that fully ten years ago, when that work was in preparation, you, its Editor, asked me to set down some impressions of Mackintosh derived from several years of friendship more or less intimate. Causes known to you, but which I need not here detail, —including the precarious state of my own health at the time; and my enforced absence from home, and from all letters and documents connected with past years,—such causes, I say, compelled me to decline any attempt to embody recollections then embittered by the painful recentness of his too early removal.

'Now, however, I cannot hesitate to comply with your wish; although I must own that the truthfulness of the picture of his life and his death which you have drawn

in *The Earnest Student*, and especially the delightful letters in which the subject of the Biography may be said to have sketched his own portrait, require no fresh illustration. I therefore write more as an act of pious respect and affection for the departed, than from the vain belief that I can add anything important to the Biography of my friend.

> "His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
> Munere."

'I can say not less truly *now*, and from my whole heart, what you have been so good as to quote from my letter of 1852 in your former Preface, that "I indulge the hope of my name being allowed to appear united with *his* in your Biography," and give expression in my own person to "the warmth of regard, I might truly say affection, which united us, and which (judging from what I have learnt from yourself and others of the references which occur in his private papers) must have been *mutual* to an extent of which neither party was at the time *fully* aware."

'Were I to express my feeling of John Mackintosh's characteristics in two words, I would say they were—Love and Truth. His was indeed the apostolic charity which vaunteth not itself, envieth not, seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. I do not think that any form of words can express more exactly the amount of his piety towards God, his love to man, his saintly humility, his self-denial—amounting at times to heroic

endurance. His devotion to the cause of Truth was no less conspicuous. His determination to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good;" his freedom from the blindness of party spirit, and his absolute incomprehension of its malignity, were conspicuous in all his words, his writings (I mean his diaries and letters), and his actions. And yet his firmness to withstand what was wrong, his unflinching pursuit of what he believed to be right, would have fitted him for one of the noble army of martyrs.

'There are few relations of life in which character is more severely tested than when friends travel together. This was especially true twenty years ago, when (at least abroad) some amount of personal inconvenience was the inevitable price of visiting almost any part of the Continent. Having been so fortunate as to have Mackintosh as my companion in France for some time in 1841, I thus saw him under the various aspects which inevitably arise during a rambling geological and pedestrian tour in the remoter provinces. His modesty, affection, unselfish consideration, and engaging hilarity, are delightful to recollect even at this distance of time. No *contretemps* discomposed him; no pursuit, personal perhaps to myself, but acquired an interest in his eyes; no bad weather or sleepless nights (and such we had) irritated him; no fatigue daunted him. His loving heart shed an atmosphere of content around the most adverse circumstances; his natural gaiety and humour helped to shorten the dreariest road.

'One of his most inherent characteristics was a passion for the beautiful and sublime in nature. He had a memory of singular tenacity for local associations, as indeed every part of his correspondence proves. Endued with fine tact and a natural faculty of observation, nothing, however apparently insignificant, escaped him. His soul expanded amidst natural scenery, and he knew no fatigue in quest of its resources.

'It was during the happy weeks of our French tour, and afterwards through the intercourse which a confidential correspondence developed, that I learned to know him best. Whilst living in and near Edinburgh, it was a matter of regret to me at the time, and of deeper regret since, that our intercourse was comparatively small in amount, and not absolutely free from constraint. Possibly his having known me first in becoming my pupil, led him to associate me, when we met in Edinburgh, with that long-severed relation. Possessing tastes and pursuits considerably removed from the exact sciences, his naturally profound modesty perhaps exaggerated this divergence of our interests and occupations. Probably, however, other causes, partly, no doubt, physical, which appear to have greatly affected his health and spirits during the later part of his student life, were still more efficacious in making our intercourse at that time less frequent and intimate. I used to mark pre-occupation in his manner, not unmixed with languor, as of one subdued by care, if not by indisposition. And a very large amount of reserve on his side, such

as is characteristic of deeply sensitive minds, forbade the intrusion of inquiry or almost of sympathy. There is no doubt that, at such times, he was working out the great problems which Life and Duty present to every man, and his nature was to work them out *alone*. Had he happily been spared to take that active part in the service of the Divine Master which he longed for, yet almost feared, it is not to be doubted that he would have been personally no less a gainer than the Church to which he attached himself.

'But I find myself exceeding the limits of what I undertook. John Mackintosh will always be to me an impersonation of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. He was a model of docility, intelligence, and perseverance as a student; of gratitude, faithfulness, and forbearance as a friend; of humility, purity, and devotion as a Christian. One of the profound regrets which I feel in his loss (which, while I write, seems to me yet recent) is, that he was removed at a time when his ripened age, increased experience, and treasures of the best kind of knowledge, would have rendered him to me, as to others far his seniors, a counsellor, and in the best sense a Friend, amidst all the changes and chances of life.'

It may possibly interest some readers to know that all those friends who requested the publication of these Memorials, as well as the relatives and correspondents of Mackintosh mentioned in this volume, are still alive,

with the exception of his aged correspondent in the North. I may state also that, since his death, I have twice visited Canstadt,—the first time with my wife, his youngest sister. It was truly pleasing, after years of absence, to find the same excellent family still occupying the house in which he died: and the affectionate greeting which we received, with the honest tears which were shed by every member of it on our again meeting them in the old rooms, afforded us a most touching evidence of their own unselfishness, which had so fully appreciated his, and so long kept alive the impression of it on their own hearts.

THE EARNEST STUDENT;

OR,

Memorials of the Life of John Mackintosh.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Edinburgh Academy—Glasgow College—Early Character—First Communion—Resolves to enter the Ministry—Last Years in Glasgow.

JOHN MACKINTOSH was born in Edinburgh on the 9th of January 1822. He was the youngest son of the late William Mackintosh, Esq. of Geddes, in the county of Nairn, by his marriage with Jane Jollie, daughter of the late James Jollie, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh.

There are no circumstances connected with his early life of any interest beyond the circle of his own family. He went to Geddes for the first time in 1824; returned to school in Edinburgh, along with his two brothers, in 1828; was a pupil in Mr. Brown's English School until October 1830, when he entered the New Academy, where he remained until July 1837.[1]

[1] His tutors, during the early period of his life, were the Rev. J. Anderson, who died in Demerara; the Rev. Mr. Knight, now minister of the Free Church, East Wemyss, Fife; the Rev. Simon M'Lachlane, Free Church, Cawdor; for some years, and while he

His success as a scholar has hitherto, I believe, been unrivalled in the history of that Institution, so distinguished in Scotland for its pupils.

For seven successive years he carried the first medal of his class, gaining besides, during the same period, upwards of thirty prizes. The sixth year of his course was saddened by the death of his excellent and revered master, Mr. Robert Mitchell. After his last examination, the Rector, Archdeacon Williams, in bidding him farewell, said,—'You may be a great man, but I am quite sure you will be a good one.'

His holidays while at the Academy, and the summers of his later years, were spent at Geddes,[1] which never ceased to be the home of his heart and of his most cherished memories. The district of country in which it is situated is eminently beautiful. From the windows of his room he beheld a landscape whose foreground was made up of cultivated fields, varied and broken by copse and woodland; while the horizon was bounded along the north by the bold line of coast of the Moray Firth, ending in the western distance with the great Ben Wyvis, itself a constant object of attraction to the eye amidst all the changes of sunshine and cloud, storm and calm, which passed over its huge mass from morn till sunset. In the immediate neighbourhood of Geddes, and surrounding the homes of familiar friends, were scenes eminently beautiful; with innumerable unnamed

attended the Academy, the Rev. Dr. Nisbet of the North Church, Edinburgh; and for some months, the late Rev. James Halley; Rev. William C. Burns, now Missionary in China; and the Rev. Islay Burns, Free Church, Dundee.

[1] Now the residence of George Mackintosh, Esq., the eldest son of the late Mr. Mackintosh, by his first marriage.

spots and sequestered nooks of loveliness, known only to those who like himself searched for them as for hidden treasure;—for that intense love of nature which through life 'haunted him like a passion,' possessed him from his earliest years, and was daily, almost hourly, gratified by those rural glories among which he lived and delighted to wander. Cawdor's woods and romantic burn; the majestic forest of Darnaway, with the arrowy Findhorn sweeping through it; Findhorn's banks, so endless in their varied beauty and wild grandeur; Dulcie with its lonely moorlands, and Loch-in-dorb the only thing which seems to have life among the silent hills of rock and heather that surround it—these were his familiar friends and prized companions.

In the constant habit of mingling with good society in his own home (which I may be permitted to say was noted for its hospitality), those tastes and habits were early cultivated that make up the *gentleman*—a name often much abused and grievously misapplied, but which I use here to express not merely that outward manner in which art is discoverable only by the simplicity and unaffected naturalness which it has aided to produce, but more especially that inward sense of propriety, delicacy of feeling, and nice perception of what is due to others, which are the joint product of a benevolent heart and the habitual influence of good society.

But there were greater powers than these which built up his young spirit, and tended to make it what it afterwards became. He had the blessed advantage of a pious education. Christian truth, Christian example, and Christian habits of devotion, early impressed his heart. While at home, he was beneath the watchful eye of his father and mother. When studying in Edin-

burgh, he had always excellent tutors; was constantly associated with pious relatives; and also received from his minister, Dr. Muir of St. Stephen's, that religious instruction which, with singular care and attention, he never fails to impart to the younger members of his congregation.

In later years still, while in College, he was never beyond the circle of religious teaching. It is true that there was not that learning of spirit within, which adequately expressed the amount and excellence of all this teaching from without—for, alas! how much precious seed is scattered on the soil of every heart in vain!—but it would sap our whole faith in the promises of God to pious parents and teachers, in the wisdom of his appointments for the preservation upon earth of a generation to serve Him, and in the value of prayer and of Christian example, if experience did not confirm the truth contained in the well-known guiding text of the godly parent, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' It is very natural for young Christians, at that period of their history when they become powerfully possessed by the truth, and 'all things become new,' so to separate their earlier from their later life, as almost to deny any preparedness in the one for the other. For so entirely is the work in the soul known to be of God, and so very different from the past are all their present views and feelings, that this result, it is naturally supposed, would have been the same even without that religious training which, for so long a period, appeared to have been given in vain. But there is a preparedness for higher things which the eye may not easily perceive. The buds of spring and fruits of autumn lie concealed in the leaf-

less tree of an earlier season. It is the experience of the universal Church, that the school which has furnished the immense majority of her best disciples is the home-school of Christian piety.

Full of honours, John left the Academy in 1837; and in the winter of that year was enrolled as a student in the Greek and Latin classes of the University of Glasgow. He also became an inmate of the family of the Rev. Dr. Macleod,[1] with whom he lived during the two winters of his Glasgow College life. In the winter of 1838-39, he was a student of the Greek and Logic classes. His career at College was as distinguished as his previous one in the Academy. During these years he carried the highest prizes in the Greek, Latin, and Logic Classes, besides other honours.

This period was one of great importance to him, and exercised a lasting influence on his future life and character. Old friendships were renewed and strengthened, and new ones formed.[2] His student life in Glasgow was marked by the same unswerving steadiness as his earlier course in the Academy. I believe it is strictly true, that he was never once absent from his class, never even once late, nor on any occasion failed thoroughly to master the prescribed exercises. This patience and conscientious attention to details, with the scholarly understanding of every subject of study, was

[1] My father, who died in December 1862.

[2] Among those who were his associates in the Academy, and also in Glasgow, and who continued to the last to be his attached friends, may be mentioned John C. Shairp of Houston, the late lamented Wm. Clerk of Penicuik, and Robert Dalyell of Binns. He ever retained the devoted affection of every member of the family in which he lived, and formed also with his Professor, Mr. Ramsay, and his family, a friendship equally real and lasting on both sides.

then, and ever after, a marked feature of his character. Never was a man so devoid of all pretence. He knew much which he did not profess to know; but never professed to know anything unless he knew it thoroughly. Let no student, however, associate his name with the vanity which too often accompanies talent and academical success; or with that selfish moroseness and want of social affection not unfrequently engendered by solitary study, but which are so repulsive to those of more lively sympathies, though perhaps of less industrious habits. The 'hard student' is too often associated with the 'hard man.' That hourly restraint which he is compelled to impose on himself, and those habits of methodical arrangement of time, untiring perseverance, minute painstaking, which he must acquire often by the sacrifice of the society of his fellows, and by the denial of many otherwise harmless tastes and amusements congenial to early life, are sometimes imagined to be incompatible with those strong emotions, warm affections, and that relish of earthly existence which are so natural to young men, and so attractive to their fellows. Though not attending the same classes, I was then in the same University, and lived in the same house with him. His private and public life are vividly before me; and never certainly was a student more beloved as well as admired. With all the sobriety, thoughtfulness, and self-control of a man, he had the merry-heartedness, buoyancy, and unaffected playfulness of a child. His manner was habitually quiet and full of repose; his temper never ruffled; his spirits never greatly excited or depressed. No man had a keener appreciation of the ludicrous as well as of the grave side of things, and his mirth was as

real when it was time to laugh, as was his sorrow when it was time to weep. But the feature of his character which the friends of his early as well as of his later years will most associate with him, was the utter unselfishness of his disposition, and that atmosphere of gentle kindness to all around him, in which he constantly lived, and which nothing ever disturbed. This love was manifested in every-day life, not merely by the total absence of all envy, detraction, hard speeches, and harsh judgments, but also in a sensitive considerateness for the wishes of others, and a habitual watchfulness to please without ever being obtrusive. Is there a single friend of his who can hear his name mentioned without also remembering the countenance beaming with affection; the hearty grasp of the hand at meeting or parting; and the quickened step and often warm embrace, which marked the ending of longer periods of separation! He was, even then, known as one of the most cheerful, humble-minded, sincere, and loveable of men.

It was during his residence in Glasgow, in the spring of 1838, that he partook, for the first time, of the Lord's Supper. He attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Duncan, at present Professor of Hebrew in the New College of Edinburgh, then the minister of Milton Chapel, Glasgow, who ever after was one of his most valued friends.

He communicated his intention to his mother in the following letter:—

'GLASGOW, *March* 28, 1838.

'The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is to be commemorated here towards the beginning of April, and I feel it my duty, and oh! that I could say from the

heart, I feel it my privilege to come forward to the table in obedience to our Redeemer's command—"Do this in remembrance of me." I feel that all who profess to be followers of Christ, and who have arrived at the years of discretion, ought to *prepare* to come to this ordinance; for how, if I am unprepared and unfit to drink of the wine at the communion-table on earth, can I expect and be permitted and prepared to drink it fresh in the kingdom of heaven, were I to be called away this moment? The banquet is spread for *sinners;* and were I to wait till I had attained some righteousness or grace of *my own, to entitle* me to come, I would hold back for ever. To come trusting to any one grace or act of self-righteousness for acceptance, were equally sinful and equally liable to the awful curse, as to come with unwashen hands, and to eat and drink unworthily. May God of His infinite and free grace grant that I may be enabled to come, having washed my hands in the innocency, not of the law, but of Christ's righteousness, received and applied for my justification through faith, looking on sanctification not as the *ground* of my coming, but as one of the benefits to be derived from it—to come with His Holy Spirit (which is to be received through prayer for Christ's sake) working in me sorrow for sin, and desires after holiness; and that I may be enabled henceforth "to walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit!"'

This public profession of his faith was preceded by a great change of mind in regard to spiritual things. The following extract from his diary[1] narrates his past history

[1] This Diary, begun in June 1838, is continued to the last year of his life, and with the exception of a portion of 1839, the events of every day are minutely recorded.

up to this period. It was written at Geddes, in the autumn of 1838.

'*Sept.* 30, *Sunday.*—This is the last Sabbath which, this year at least, I am to spend here, and as I may not have another opportunity of noting down a few reflections upon this era of my leaving the country, I now do so. Let me meditate on the Lord's gracious dealings with me as far back as I can retrace them. As a child, when just entering on boyhood, I appear to have been most unamiable and vicious to a degree when thwarted in anything, yet perhaps tender-hearted and fond of those who showed me kindness. At the age of six or seven I remember having had some religious impressions, feeling a desire to be a good and a holy man; and, strange to say, though I had read no missionary memoir, and had heard very little upon that subject, I have a confused recollection of wishing to become one in after life. I had also many thoughts of heaven, and longed for the certainty of going there at last, deeming the attainment of this sure hope, however, impossible. Sometimes I even dreamed I was there, and took it as a favourable sign; and frequently, a few years afterwards, when these impressions had worn off—though the desire of escaping hell was naturally still strong—I used to look back upon these early feelings, thinking with much comfort, that him whom God hath once loved, He will love unto the end. At this time I was attending a public school in Edinburgh, under a very strict teacher (now, alas! departed) where I was distinguished by a very close but specious attention and sobriety of deportment during school hours, dictated by a slavish fear, and carried to an extreme length. At the age of eight I entered the lowest class of the Edin-

burgh Academy, again under a very strict teacher, where my attention and staid behaviour continued, with this difference, that the former was now unfeigned, and was kept up at home as well as in school. This secured my gradual rise to the head of a class of sixty or seventy pupils; and through the gradation of seven classes, the same qualities procured me the same honourable place. For five years of this large period of life my brother accompanied me side by side, but in the fifth he left, and since then I have pursued my studies alone. In the sixth year my lamented teacher died; but in the seventh and last year of my academical career, the most important circumstance took place, the effects of which I trust will be felt by me throughout eternity. Here for the present I must end. May the Lord make me grateful for his many mercies!'

God was surely with him, and teaching him in those early years, though as yet he knew it not. What he says, however, regarding his temper in boyhood is not exaggerated. It was naturally quick, and suddenly flashed into a blaze when excited, especially by any act of injustice or unkindness; but so completely subdued by the grace of God was it in after years, that we are persuaded his most intimate friends who were not acquainted with him in early life, will hardly believe that his meek and gentle nature had the capacity even of being roused to vehement emotion. Alluding to this period of his spiritual history on his deathbed, he said, 'I used, when in the Academy, to try and satisfy my heart and find rest in scholarship and classical honours, but it would not do—Christ alone could give me peace. Halley became my tutor, and gave me Baxter's *Saints' Rest;* and *that* first made me

think. When I went to Glasgow, William Burns, then my tutor, gave me a great *hitch.* But Denniston first showed to me the freeness of the gospel.'

During the summer and autumn of 1838, which were spent at Geddes, his hours of study were occupied by Greek and Latin, and by general preparation for his winter's course at College, along with history, religious biography, and a few treatises on practical theology. He amused himself with walking, riding, shooting, and enjoying society in the evening. But never before was he so occupied as now in working out his own salvation with fear and trembling; and never did he possess so much real peace of heart. The journal of each day marks the conscientious earnestness with which he endeavoured to know and to obey the will of God—accompanied perhaps by a too minute and almost morbid self-inspection, which was more natural than wholesome. I begin with his first entry :—

'*June* 21, 1838.—To-day felt somewhat moved in prayer by a sense of God's grace; the frame, however, was soon over; in devotional reading was remiss and unsettled. All my religious duties clearly show that I have not yet attained a habitual sense of God's omnipresence. O for greater inclination and strength to serve Him with my whole heart!

'*June* 24, *Sunday.*—When shall I be enabled to pass the Lord's day in the Spirit! In general, how cold and formal has my frame been, and how transient the occasional gleams of sunshine! In church, felt not that it was none other than the gate of heaven. Have had little experience in argument till lately; but find that I am prone to be self-conceited, stubborn, and hasty in forming a decision. This must be watched against.

How excellent the advice of Wilcox: "Measure not thy graces by others' attainments, but by the Scripture;" for in comparison with the ungodly around, I am apt to think well of myself, till a sight of Christ and holiness reveals me a loathsome worm. Read in Henry Martyn, and Booth's *Reign of Grace;* the latter, next to the Bible, is the best and simplest book I have yet seen for a startled sinner, whose first impulse is generally to run to works instead of Christ. May every Sabbath be a stage nearer to the heavenly bourne; and may I acquire a more powerful stimulus the nearer I approach.

'*June* 26.—No moral improvement. Would that I could obey the command: "Let each esteem others better than himself." Sensitive and impatient of the failings of others, forgetful of my own. When shall I be truly humble?—When I know Christ better, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery," etc., "but made himself of no reputation."'

This was a month in his life memorable to him, inasmuch as he now, after much thought and prayer, resolved to dedicate himself to the holy ministry as his future profession. His own Diaries will best explain his views and feelings at this time.

'*June* 28.—Returning home along with my father, took the opportunity of broaching a subject which has for some time been pressing me—my future profession in life, if spared. He is much bent on my following the law, to which he has dedicated me for many years. If I do so, Oxford (a place by anticipation dear to my heart!) and perhaps worldly honour await me. Within myself, however, I think the ministry is the profession in which I could lay myself out best with heart and soul, and which, on my deathbed, would afford me

most comfort. This would crush my Oxford hopes, and those of worldly success—which I would fain say I disregard, but know too little of my carnal and deceitful heart to do so—besides disappointing the expectations of many of my friends. But it must be decided soon, and is already fixed in the eternal decrees of God. Would that the love of Christ and zeal for his glory were so increased that they might, like the sword of the barbarian conqueror of Rome, easily decide the scale.

'*June* 29.—Nothing more determined with regard to my future prospects; but it must be done with promptitude, as steps must be taken immediately, according to my decision. There is but one friend I know whom I would consider an impartial adviser, and he is far distant. I must, therefore, look to the Lord as my guide, for "if we commit our ways" to him, he has promised to direct us.

'*June* 30.—Spoke of the ministry to-night, and hope the balance in favour of it is preponderating. To-morrow is the Sabbath. O for watchfulness to commence a new week well! If that day is passed carelessly, how can I expect the following six to be otherwise! May I receive grace to obey, in some measure, Isaiah lviii. 13.

'*July* 2.—To-day peculiarly unsettled in thought. My principles are now to stand a test. May they come out from the trial purified and refined. Felt very gloomy and heartless at my future prospects, and did not immediately resort to the admonition, "If any man be afflicted, let him pray." My studies seemed to have lost all their relish, and my own position to have sunk. This clearly proves, that though professedly I do all to the glory of God, there are other more powerful motives lurking beneath—man-pleasing and worldly ambition. . . Oh! then, let me pray that self may be wholly extracted

from all I do, and that henceforth I may live to Him that died for me! May my *heart* be convinced that it is a reasonable service!

'*July* 4.—Came to a determination, after prayer for guidance, to choose the ministry. The disappointment it must occasion my father almost unnerved me, not that he by any means dislikes the profession, but having my welfare in life at heart, he fears for my success in a line where getting an appointment is now so uncertain. But if I have been called of God, He will provide for me. Communicated my resolution to him, and steps will accordingly be taken. What a solemn prospect! I can hardly bring myself to believe I have undertaken it. What need of improvement! God grant my determinations may become more fixed daily, and that grace and peace may be given me. Probably, from dwelling too much in thought on the Spirit's office in the heart, have become vexed and unable to prosecute the business I may have in hand, from my thoughts continually recurring to it. May I be enabled to overcome this, or it may become a confirmed habit.

'*July* 5.—Frequently depressed on thinking of the future. O for more faith, and its kindred grace—hope. May I increase in love and gratitude to my Redeemer, that so I may account the devoting of my body "a living sacrifice" to Him, as indeed my "reasonable service." There is a harder struggle between the flesh and the spirit in so doing than I expected; for sometimes my resolution seemed immovable, and my heart fairly weaned from worldly ambition, and set upon the heavenly crown; and yet I feel assured and encouraged by the thought, that in the end I will rejoice that I have been led to choose the sacred office.

'*July* 11.—To-day an answer arrived to a letter which my father had written to Edinburgh immediately on my communicating my determination to him. How different from what I expected! All friends there pleased. What cause for gratitude to God! Oxford hopes, too, revived. Well, if I can go there conscientiously, and God sees fit, it may tend to render me more useful in His service. But into His hands I desire to commit it. In the meantime, I thirst for the internal encouragement of growth in grace, while matters externally look so promising.'

And thus his future profession was decided. The decision was one which never gave him any sorrow, but much joy, during life, and afforded him, as he anticipated, comfort on his deathbed. A few more extracts from his Diary will bring this period of his life to a close :—

'*July* 15.—Rose early, and read in Psalms. Finished the Memoir of Henry Martyn. Felt grieved that it was done. What an exalted, lovely Christian! Doubtless he is now in bliss, reaping the fruit of his trials and labours. It is impossible not to love him, and yet he was but a faint reflection of the centre of all holiness, meekness, and grace—Jesus. Surely, then, were I to meditate more on His character, and read more carefully the sacred account of His life and labours, under the Spirit's influence, it would be impossible not to love Him.

'*July* 20.—The natural heart still sets its affections on things below. Of this I have had experience this very day; and before the evil is cured, I shall have, alas! much more. But into God's hands I commit myself. O that He would increase my love to Him

and to His service; empty me of self; fill me with Christ; that so, living to Him alone, I may have no inducement to seek "my own" things. Thus will I fall asleep in peace in God's appointed time, and awake to the enduring reward.

'*July* 23.—Rode for two hours. Enjoyed a sweet confidence in God. Spoke with Kate, during my ride, of love to Christ, and the pervading end we ought to have in view in all we do—His glory. Read in Brainerd.

'*July* 24.—Much time is too often unnecessarily wasted in the morning between waking and dressing. This arises from slothfulness, against which I must guard. As I had the prospect of being engaged all day from home, spent an hour in devotional exercises before breakfast. Then started for Inverness.

'*July* 25.—Greek study vigorous; yet I think I ought to be far more *doctus utriusque linguæ* than I am. At twelve, resolved, in consideration of my spiritual deadness, to spend my remaining study hours in reading of the Scriptures with prayer, till two. I long for an abiding sense of my own vileness, that thus I may be filled with Christ, for I am proud, impatient and selfish, to a fearful degree.

'*July* 26.—Had a nearer and more clear view of Christ than ever before; tasted of His goodness, but oh! of how short duration was the communion! What must heaven be, where His love is felt without cessation!

'*July* 29, *Sunday*.—Read in Hebrews. Then in Durham. In prayer, was enabled to feel somewhat of my own nothingness, and Christ's fulness. They only who *wait* upon God can expect an answer to their petitions. Read Brainerd. Holy man! yet his natural

temperament appears to have rendered him more frequently melancholy and depressed than such Christians as H. Martyn, who seem seldom to have had a humbling view of their sinfulness without at the same time feeling cheered by the thought of the covenant of grace.

'*August* 5, *Sunday*.—It is a strait and a steep road to sanctification. Blessed be God, that He forbears with such an offender. Can such a worm ever be made holy? Yes, for Christ's sake. O may the work make more rapid progress; and may the Lord enable me to keep with watchfulness my own vineyard, lest, if He please to appoint me to the charge of others, I myself be found a castaway.

'*August* 8.—Began to meditate on the vanity of all earthly things, unless God have a share in them. Considered first the worthlessness of human acquirements unless pursued with a single eye to God's glory. Still squander much time, especially during study; this is very bad, after the discipline in that point I have for many years undergone. Again, in humble trust on Divine help, I would resolve to live wholly to Christ. This would have saved me from the jealousy I felt today, on hearing I was surpassed in ability by another. Surely I know that all natural talent is God's gift; and that, therefore, whether mine is great or small, I have no reason either to boast or complain, but only to seek to husband it to the best advantage in my Master's service, though it be but one.

'*August* 25, *Saturday*.—This day has, I trust, been appointed for good; many things having occurred throughout to humble my naturally proud heart. O may I be led to make a friend of Him who sticketh

closer than a brother, who despiseth not even the meanest that cast themselves on His mercy. How base has been my conduct of late toward Him *who gave up His life for me;* surely I am too black with sin to be permitted to cumber the earth, for I have been a reproach to the cause of Christ by my selfish and vain walk and conversation. But God's ways are not as our ways, and He is (amazing forbearance and love!) waiting to be gracious, and to receive back His prodigal son. O may I not be deceiving myself, but do Thou give me the evidence of my adoption, by bringing me to rest in Jesus—"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Lord, prepare me for the Sabbath; may it be a foretaste of that rest which remaineth for Thy people.

'*August* 30, *Thursday.*—I fear I am not paying attention enough to my health; that is, it is not so good as it should be after so long a stay in the country; this is observable more from looks and from indigestion, than in any actual feeling. I must, therefore (as the *in corpore sano* is no small requisite for the *mens sana*) endeavour to take more exercise and out-of-doors relaxation than hitherto, and make up the loss to study by more intense labour while engaged in it. May I do this from a single eye to God's glory, which may be essentially promoted by my doing my utmost, as far as human means go, to preserve my health. May it give rise to no slothful habits! Lord, accompany it with Thy blessing, doing with Thy servant as seemeth to Thee good.

'*Sept.* 22, *Saturday.*—Much unwatchfulness throughout the day—how prejudicial to growth in grace! how injurious to the cause of Christ, which may be furthered even by the least of His professing followers.'

The winter of 1838-39 was spent, as I have before

said, in Glasgow; where he again lived in the family of Dr. Macleod, and was enrolled as a student in the Greek and Logic Classes of the University. Nothing of any peculiar interest marked this winter's career. He began to teach a class in a Sunday-school; an occupation in which he ever after engaged with peculiar pleasure, when he had an opportunity of engaging in it; and of the importance and responsibility of whose duties he was profoundly convinc ed. He says—

'*Jan.* 13, 1839.—Sunday morning, to Milton (Dr. Duncan's); afternoon, to St. Columba (Dr. Macleod's); evening, to teach class; it consists of nine or ten, varying from six to ten years of age—a very difficult task from the extreme youth of the children, and fatiguing, though pleasant. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days!" Let this be my encouragement. The management of it will require some thought and much prayer.' And often was it made the subject of his prayers and thanksgivings!

On his birth-day (January 9), he writes: 'This day I am seventeen. It is about two years since I began to think seriously of religion. I trust I have made progress; but alas! how small compared with my opportunities! God be praised for His goodness to me in the past! May his loving-kindness continue, and may I daily make growth in every grace.' . . . 'Opportunities occur for my saying a word for Jesus, yet I am unprepared and unable to speak! Enable me to walk more closely with Thee, O Lord.'

He attended as often as possible the prayer-meeting of the College Missionary Association along with his friends Burns and Denniston, and derived much good from those meetings. In his last Glasgow Diary, he says—

'*April* 27.—Prizes voted. I first prize in Greek Class, on senior side; and first prize also in the Logic Class.

'*May* 1.—Prizes delivered. Off at four. Sad parting! the only thing makes me leave Glasgow with regret is parting with Dr. Macleod and his dear family.'

I may add, that the regret was as deep and sincere in the family which he left, when parting from their dear inmate. On the top of the coach, he composed verses to those he left behind, full of that ardent love which in him 'never failed.'

CHAPTER II.

1839-41—Spiritual Decay—Winter in Edinburgh 1840-41—Accompanies Professor Forbes to the Continent—Diary of Tour—Geddes—Love of Method—Habits of Devotion—Ailments.

His studies in Glasgow were now over.

The summer and autumn of 1839 were spent at home, and the winter of 1839-40 in Edinburgh, where he attended the classes of Moral Philosophy and Mathematics in the University.

His Diaries of this time present a striking contrast to those of every other.

The only events briefly and hurriedly noted in them during the days of summer and autumn, are fishings, shootings, and pleasant festivities at home or among the families in the neighbourhood. These were followed up in Edinburgh by a life of idleness and gaiety, so that the history of his winter's career is recorded in one single page, of which dinner-parties, balls, and the theatre are the only features. The summer and autumn of 1840, again spent at home, were much the same in their outer and inner history as those of the previous year; and not till he resumes his College work in Edinburgh in the winter of 1841, does the better and the higher life again appear as it had been before, and continued

uninterruptedly ever after, until it ended in perfect life above.

During this long period, he had not fallen indeed into gross outward sins, or given up the 'form of godliness,' but nevertheless he was gradually losing confidence in God, and seeking more and more to find his life in those things which were 'not of the Father.' Such summer recreation as was given him after his severe Glasgow winter of mental study and spiritual conflicts, was what he most needed, as being best fitted to re-create health and freshness in mind and body. He had abundance of time for reading and thought, relieved by the loving and cheering influences of domestic and family life. He could stroll with his fishing-rod along the banks of a romantic stream, or the shores of a mountain loch, and have good shooting among the cover on the breezy uplands or across the wild moorlands. These were gifts from God designed for his good. But such reactions of free life and joyous social intercourse at home and in the neighbourhood, seemed to have been far too much for him *at the time*. The natural man, with its strong emotions and keen sympathies, enjoyed them so intensely, that the spiritual man, yet weak and tottering, was thrown as it were off its balance. For so it is, that the very same things which become to us a source of good and happiness, when received in a right spirit, as given from Christ, and when enjoyed in such a measure and in such a way as He wills, may in another state of our inward being, and in a different stage of our mental history, be received by us in such a spirit as may make them evil to us—feeding only life in self and alienating us from 'the life of God.' It is thus with the soul as with a plant; the very same outward

elements of light and darkness, calm and storm, sunshine and rain, which nourish it when alive, growing and producing its leaves and flowers of beauty, become also the means of turning it, when dead, into corruption.

The excitements of society into which he was thrown thus gradually entangled him. He became careless in his private devotions, and ceased to 'live by faith in the Son of God.' He felt more and more unhappy, habitually clung to outward things for peace, and ever and anon, in distress of mind, cried 'out of the depths' for pardon; until Christ became more a deliverer from future punishment than a deliverer also from present evil, the bestower of every real good, and the sustainer of a true life that '*now* is.' And so the war in his soul between the flesh and the spirit, the 'old man' and the 'new,' God in all things, or all things without God, became less and less earnest as the 'things seen' concealed from his spiritual eye 'the things unseen.' Peace was purchased by the sacrifice, at first, of conscientious scruples, and latterly of conscientious convictions, until he settled down into the dead level of things around him, or stood rather on the very brink of a precipice, over which he might fall into utter religious indifference. But the Lord in mercy kept him from falling into those lower depths of sin from which there is so seldom any recovery; and, not without many wounds, many tears, and sore struggles, He restored his soul, and led him, 'for His own name's sake, along a path of righteousness,' from which he never departed till he 'dwelt in the house of the Lord for ever!'

I must pause in my narrative, and for once at least, directly address my young readers. If these lines are

perused by any who are entering on their Christian course, and who, having 'received the word with joy,' are now full of ardent feeling, let me affectionately warn them. For how many have thus escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour, who nevertheless have become again entangled therein, and overcome, their latter end being worse with them than the beginning! Beware how you trifle with temptation. The first step from God may determine your eternal destiny, by its being the first of a series that will soon pass into a fixed habit of ungodliness. Declension generally begins in the closet. Be instant, therefore, and earnest in prayer. Make no Saviour of your feelings, resolutions, or past experiences, and have no confidence in the flesh; but look outward by faith to Christ, and *abide* in Him every day as the living, personal, and ever-present Saviour, your loving Friend and Omnipotent Redeemer. Be firmly persuaded that He knoweth your frame, and the things which you stand in need of; and that He will supply every want of soul and body in the fullest measure, at the best time, and in the best way, consistent with your greatest good, and therefore with your deepest peace and joy. Accept all things from Him, enjoy all things in Him, return all things to Him, 'and go on your way rejoicing!' But think not that when you please to depart from Christ, you may at any time please to return; or that should you return, the loss sustained by this sad departure can ever be so made up in this world, as that it shall not be a constant deduction from that sum of character, of usefulness, and of joy, which otherwise would have resulted from 'a patient continuance in well-doing!'

The following extracts from his Journals during this period sufficiently disclose his state of mind :—

'*Geddes, Saturday, June* 8, 1839.—I fear I am retrograding, from carelessness and temptations around. This week, especially, my devotions have been sadly neglected, and it has certainly told on my walk and conversation. Alas! the folly of my heart, that is ever suffering worldly things to take such a hold on it, to the neglect of the infinitely higher concerns of eternity. Oh to feel that I am nothing; to be made sensible of the vanity of earthly things, that they are gilded with their attraction by the enemy of souls. Let me endeavour to commence a closer walk with God. To-morrow (Sabbath), O Lord, enable me to make a stand in Thy strength against the gradual and insidious encroachments of Satan.

'*Sunday, June* 9.—I thirst for a greater love to holiness, for I cannot but feel that my affections are often fixed on objects wholly devoid of holiness, who would even lose their interest in me, were they holy. This is a fearful confession. Oh to have no will of my own, no self-seeking; to feel that my life, stated opportunities, all, were given not for my own purposes, but God's, to employ them therefore as a steward, not an irresponsible owner—to deny myself, to live wholly for my Master.

'*Monday, June* 17.—Great conflict in mind. Temptations to vanity, self-pleasing, and worldliness very strong, and hard to be overcome; indeed, in my situation, I cannot expect it to be otherwise; and if suppressed once, it will, I feel, be ever ready to burst out with greater force. In me there is no strength to overcome. Lord, Thou canst do all things. O preserve

me to Thyself! Let not Satan make me his prey. Give me humility—humility, and enable me to devote myself to Thee a living sacrifice, which is my reasonable service.'

No other notice is taken of his spiritual history until the April of the following year. I, who had watched his progress with deep interest, wrote to him very earnestly, pointing out his danger, and expressing my anxiety regarding him. With reference to that letter, he says—

'*Saturday, April* 11, 1840.—Received an answer from Norman this morning. Some good advice in it has awakened a train of reflection, and led me to some conclusions and resolutions. First, I have re-resolved in my heart to enter, if permitted, God's service in the ministry, and this resolve I make from even more unbiassed motives than before; for I have tasted within the last six months some of this world's gay joys and rewards, and do here record for my future guidance, that though I have enjoyed as far as my nature ever, if given up to them, could enjoy them, they are in the end unsatisfying, and compared with the purer and healthier joys of a stricter walk, much inferior. I therefore shake hands with them, and propose for the future, in divine strength, to devote myself anew to a holy life, from the lowest motives of prudence, up to those of diviner and more disinterested origin, which I trust may even now be found in my heart, and will continue to gain strength. I desire to abstain from partaking in or countenancing known sin, as also from thoughtless speech, and acts of doubtful propriety—as theatre-going, ball-going, etc.; and, in opposition to these, to persevere more in the means of grace. The task is difficult; it must be a work. Too

long have I *backslidden.* I may say in sincerity, "Facilis descensus; *at* revocare gradum, *hoc* opus." May God, who I trust has put this into my heart, enable me to perform.'

When leaving College, he asks himself the question, 'Why is it that for the first time these ten years I have received no honours?' 'Alas!' he says in reply, 'my past Journal explains it. It must if possible be compensated for in future. I have not done my duty to myself, my friends, or my old interested teachers.'

After taking a short excursion to Loch Lomond, he returned home to Geddes, and again the same routine during the summer and autumn (of 1840) of amusements and excitements every day; but with great comparative deadness as to spiritual things. A visit of a day or two which he paid in August to his friend Halley, who was then in Glasgow on his dying bed, to whom he was so much attached, and from whom he had received so much good, while it showed the warmth of his affection, does not seem to have been the means of rousing him effectually from his lethargy.

Immediately before going to Glasgow, he writes :—

'*Thursday, July* 30.—In forenoon reading, struck with thoughts of my neglect of God; and the manner in which I have occasionally been resolving to lead a more correct life, without resolving on an entire surrender of myself to God. Religion must be everything, or nothing. Therefore, seeking to strive, yet depend on God's grace, I have undertaken a godly life.'

After his return to Geddes in October, he again says :—

'*Wednesday, Oct.* 14.—At home writing to Halley, etc. Happened to glance through my old journals, and rejoice I have kept them. How extraordinary they are; con-

trasts strong as night and day! Here the most sincere (I in my heart believe *sincere*) expressions of fervent and for me exalted piety; there a total change—a thorough worldling in thought, word, and deed—suddenly resolutions of amendment; but, alas! a partial backsliding again, in which state, I fear, I in some degree still remain. So metamorphosed did I feel that I appeared to be reading the journal of another, and passing impartial judgment on it. Scarce a thought or feeling now the same. However, I do find now in my heart a strong yearning to return to my rest, in humble dependence on Jesus Christ.

'*Saturday, Oct.* 17.—Alas! the time of my departure draws nigh. Struggle in my heart between the world and holiness depresses me. In the former I could drink deep of its pleasures, which have their charm; but reason—though alas! at present, not inclination—leads me to desire the latter. May God have mercy on me.'

He resumed his studies in Edinburgh early in November, as a student of the Mathematical and Natural Philosophy Classes; and never again does there appear in the conscientious record of his life a trace of 'departure from the living God.'

This winter was one of growth in grace, labours of love, vigorous study, and peace of mind. He then attended and enjoyed the ministry of Dr. Candlish. Every Sabbath morning and evening he taught a class in his Sabbath-school: 'earnestly preparing for his work, and desiring to have a deep sense of his responsibility for these souls, whom "he committed to Christ."' 'May God,' he prays, 'choose some of them for his sheep.' He began also family worship in his lodgings;

attended a prayer-meeting, and meetings of the Students' Missionary Society, and was also a monthly visitor of the pensioners of the Indigent Sick Society; and all these acts of the life without, strengthened the life within. Remembering the past, he says—

'*Jan.* 11, 1841.—Letter from mother. Reminded by letter that Saturday was birthday, 19. My last year has been sadly misspent, more than any preceding, considering my opportunities. Dissipation, worldliness, extravagance, and almost uniform forgetfulness of God mark it throughout. Add, too, disobedience to parents. May my sin be washed out in Christ's blood, and may I be enabled to return to my rest in God! Since I came here I have been recovering, I think.'

More than once he returns to the same period of his backsliding, and is conscious of his danger; and labours and prays earnestly to be kept from falling.

'*Jan.* 22.—Often depressed partly by my backwardness in studies; yet how good for me, as bringing me nearer to God, and leading me to labour solely for Him, committing the results without any fear into His hands! I dread a decline when my present mode of life ceases, and I am again exposed in society to temptations. My fall is certain if I trust myself, or ever relax religious meditation and reading. God grant this may never again occur! rather sacrifice everything than my peace and rest in Him.'

In the month of March he heard the intelligence of Mr. Halley's death:—

'*Thursday, March* 18.—Received tidings of Mr. Halley's death, long expected, but heavy to me; inasmuch as my dearest friend on earth has departed, and one whom I regard as my spiritual father, having first awak-

ened in me serious impressions of religion. It seems wonderful that his great attainments, dedicated to Christ, have been thus cut off; but His ways are not as our ways, and he has been taken to the heavenly rest. Just a week since he wrote me — cheerful and vigorous in mind; now he is singing the song of the redeemed in Christ's presence. May I live, realizing that state—a pilgrim, wholly to Christ. May I have his presence here, and be made meet for the inheritance above! May his sorrowing relations be comforted!

'So ends another volume of diary, from leaving Glasgow to nearly end of second winter in Edinburgh, recording much that is bad; I trust the next shall, through God's help, be stained with no backslidings. Amen.'

The following were now his hours of study:—'Rise at six, read Scriptures to seven and a half; study to nine; then breakfast, College, walk, etc., to three; study three to four; meditation, etc., four to five; dine, and light reading, five to six; six to eight study; eight to nine, tea, etc.; nine to ten, study; then, ten to eleven, prayers and to bed.'

It was during this winter in Edinburgh, and while attending the class of Natural Philosophy, that he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with Professor James Forbes; and, among his many friends, there were none for whom he entertained a deeper and more lasting affection.

In the spring of 1841, he was invited by the Professor to accompany him on one of his geological rambles through the magnificent Island of Arran. An excellent pedestrian, passionately fond of scenery, eager to acquire knowledge, he gladly accepted the invitation to follow such a guide, and heartily did he enjoy his ramble. The

Professor, having thus proved the capabilities of his companion, again very kindly asked him to join him in a more distant expedition to the south of France, to geologize, learn French, and prosecute Elementary Mathematics for Cambridge. An offer in every respect so congenial to his tastes, was gladly accepted. He had, until now, never penetrated farther south than, on a fishing excursion the previous year, to Gala Water, from whose banks he had seen with delight the far-off Cheviots. And now to visit London and cross the Channel to Paris, and travel into the unknown and yet well-known scenes of southern France, with every hope of taking Switzerland on the way home, was an enchanting prospect! All things being arranged, he left Edinburgh on the last day of May, and, arriving in London, thoroughly enjoyed all its 'sights,' from the Houses of Parliament to the Diorama in Regent's Park. After a run to Cambridge, the scene of his future labours, which, he says, 'took his heart at first sight,' he returned to London, joined Professor Forbes, and with him coached it to Dover. 'Here I am,' he says when landing in France, 'fairly landed; I who have been so long pent up in Scotland, being now in my twentieth year. I trust my mind may be opened and strengthened by this tour, so that it may redound to God's glory.' In Paris, he was introduced to the world of art, which from that day became to him as the gift of a new sense. Good music he had known from his infancy; but great paintings he had never seen till now, and the effects of this glorious vision, when it first flashes upon the mind, they alone can tell who have experienced it. But Paris was soon left, and Lyons, the arrowy Rhone, and the sunny south reached. The district of country through

which they journeyed, included the Departments of the Ardêche and Auvergne, and is one of the most picturesque in landscape, as well as remarkable in the field of geology. Of singular fertility and beauty, its chief interest lies in the history—which is clearly written, as with 'a pen of iron on the rocks for ever'—of a remote and distant age long antecedent to the creation of man, when fresh-water lakes once dotted the surface of the land, on whose banks huge mammalia roamed, of forms now unknown; and of a later but still far distant period, when those lakes were elevated by subterranean forces into platforms of dry land, while other lakes took their place, and other kinds and races of animals tenanted the land and water; and when at last volcanoes, long extinct, became active, and poured forth their lava streams, damming up rivers, covering and preserving old deposits, forming precipitous and basaltic ranges, and, with new-formed mountains and valleys, altering the whole face of the country. Professor Forbes, having visited the district before, was familiar with every spot, and was able to guide his young friend to its picturesque beauties, and to reveal to him its geological treasures. Their route from Lyons was by steamer to Valence—one of the most superb river-scenes in the world—thence to Privas, Aubenas, and Thueys, in the Ardêche, and by Langogne and Mende in the Lozère, to the summit of the famous Plomb de Cantal, and by Le Puy to Lyons. One or two extracts from his brief journal of this tour may be given, as it is one to which he always looked back with peculiar pleasure:—

'*Thursday, June* 17.—By steamboat, on Saone, for Lyons, at eight. Lovely sail as we advanced. Boat, the *Hirondelle* (or, as our sailors christened it, "Iron

devil"), excellent. The Saone is a broad, deep, and in some places rapid river, ornamented with frequent suspension bridges: even these do not withstand its occasional inundations. Many pretty villages line its banks, where traces of the south become manifest—flat roofs, yellow tiles, Venetian blinds. The people too appear primitive in dress, certainly; several of the women's head-pieces were very singular—round hood, flat brims, with the smallest possible chimney stuck upon them. A handsome Provençal came on board with his guitar—a fine troubadour-looking fellow, with dark Italian eyes, flowing jet ringlets, etc. Arrived at Lyons by one. Some of our companions of the *Diligence* have accompanied us thus far: two Irish gentlemen, whom I found to be Professors of Theology at Maynooth, conducting to the College at Rome a raw Irish youth of twenty, who had never been from home before, and by his own inclination never would have been. Nothing he had seen did he remember or wish to remember; and the thought of Rome made him sick at heart. What a singular compound of potatoes and butter-milk his mind must be! an embryo priest too! Poor lad! it will be difficult, however, to instil guile into him. The course at the College of Rome is five years.

'*Privas, Sunday, June* 20.—After long sleep, rose: at half-past eleven to Protestant Church—a modest building at the top of the street towards Aubenas. How refreshing the sight! several hundreds of respectable and interesting-looking people, men as well as women—a rare sight in the Popish chapels I have entered. Some soldiers too. After an assistant had read the Scriptures, and psalms had been sung, the minister, a devout intelligent-looking man, of about thirty, entered

the pulpit, and, with his prayers and address, which I partially followed, was much pleased. The people appeared attentive. On either side of the pulpit were printed texts of Scripture, principally directed against Popery, and very significantly ending with that: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake," etc.; not that Government is intolerant, for wherever a sufficient congregation can be raised, a minister is supported by the State; but the private, and perhaps more harassing, persecution is by the Papist population. The sight so unexpected, and the psalm tune familiar to my ears, quite overpowered me, perhaps with joy that the true gospel prevailed there, and possibly also as reminding me of home.

'*Thursday, June* 24.—After breakfast crossed the Ardêche. Professor took sketch from a picturesque little house half-way up the hill. I bathed near the bridge. The lava cut, probably the work of the stream, is very, very fine. Returned home by some stairs formed out of the natural basaltic columns, called here "les échelles du roi"—very remarkable. Paused long to admire and meditate on the beautiful landscape before me, the luxuriant growth of chestnuts, walnuts, and other trees; the harvest, in little patches, already ripe; the hay-making diffusing old familiar fragrance, the little gardens of vines and vegetables courting the shade more than the sun, and irrigated by gushing rippling sluices that gave a freshness to the earth, and indeed to the whole scene; the stupendous walls of lava, carrying the thoughts back to oldest times, and overhead "the witchery of the soft blue sky"—a sky of southern softness. Such is a faint catalogue of the thousand beauties of these valleys; so far as I am aware, little known;

and so far as selfishness is concerned, long may they remain so. After dinner, walked with Professor to examine the volcanic crater, and the direction and spread of its stream.'

After thus spending a month of rare enjoyment, he parted from the Professor to return home by the Alps, Geneva, and the Rhine. He then records his parting with his friend, which I cannot help quoting :—

'*Sunday, July* 18.—He (Professor Forbes) accompanied me for some miles up the hill, commanding a noble view of the Isère, then bade me God-speed, kissed, and departed to return to Grenoble, and thence, by Aug. 12, make for the Grimsel with Mr. Heath to meet Agassiz, and study the glaciers. I, with a bursting heart, proceeded on my lonely way, committing myself and him to God in prayer, and endeavouring to direct my thoughts heavenward. His kindness to me makes me ashamed of my poor return, and my great deficiencies as a companion ; having been, I fear, very selfish, taciturn, and foolish in my remarks. I trust I have derived benefit from his company, on the other hand; having seen an example in his indefatigable energy, his exactness of observation, and acuteness of remark ; and, as a traveller, his patience under vexations, his total want of selfishness, and his universal kindness of heart. God grant that our love may be cemented in Christ Jesus, and that we may both live to his glory—the only true way to avoid selfishness and every other sin. May every blessing, temporal and spiritual, be multiplied to him !'

After parting with the Professor, he spent the night in the Convent of the Grande Chartreuse.

'The Convent of the Grande Chartreuse is situated in

a deep and lonely valley, surrounded by lofty and strikingly-formed hills of limestone. The entrance is very fine. The building is extensive and simple. I arrived by half-past seven, and was presented to the Superior, with whom I spoke for a little; and was then conducted by a *Frère* (they are divided into *Pères* and *Frères*) into the visitors' hall, where I found a small party at supper, but did not partake. Was shown into a small but clean bedroom off the *salle*, furnished with a crucifix, figure of the Virgin and Child, basin of holy water, etc. I wrote for a short time, and as it became very cold, went to bed. They would not call me at five, as I wished.

'*Monday, July* 19.—Not called; so slept till seven. Breakfasted on soup, ill-cooked eggs, dry fish, old bread, butter, cheese, bad wine (which I only tasted), elixir—a kind of dram which they make and sell—strong, and to me unpleasant, Alpine strawberries, figs, and apples; among all which I contrived to make a tolerable repast. It was some time before they showed me the convent. Meanwhile I made acquaintance with two young Frenchmen—one military, the other a civilian, who accompanied me. There are about sixty cells; before the Revolution, the number was much greater. It is the largest in France entirely for monks. These have each little cells (which I could not visit) into which their frugal fare is thrust, and a little garden. On Sundays and feasts they dine together, but do not speak. They have a good library, theological, classical, and historical. The dress is of white wool, head shaved, etc.; and it is to this, for which I know of no authority in Scripture or right reason, that many in England would seek to return!'

Next day he proceeded on his journey to Chamouni.

In a letter to a friend, he says—'I was by this time half delirious. You will see whither I was whirling —to Chamouni! The rest is as a giddy dream. I walked thither, and over a Col (called Bellevue) commanding a view of the valley and a host of glaciers, with the Arve raving at my feet; then descended in the evening, visiting a lovely glacier by the way; next day, with a party of various foreigners, I walked over the Mer de Glace until we reached the *Jardin*, returning late at night to Chamouni. The day following, I walked to Geneva, not less than fifty miles. On Thursday evening, Blanc and his compeers were lit up at sunset with a heavenly glow—the finest that has been seen this year.'

After remaining some days in Geneva, and becoming acquainted with several of the clergy—an acquaintance soon renewed, he pursued his way homeward, enjoying the glories of the Rhine and the reminiscences of Waterloo. On landing at Granton from the steamer, he says in his Journal, '*August* 9.—Arrived by nine at Granton. Good passage; could have kissed the shores of dear Scotland!'

The next two months were spent at Geddes, in the quiet of home. His time was, as usual, divided from morning till night. This method, in study, was not confined to the minute arrangement of time merely; but was extended to recording, in various commonplace books, what he had read each day, month, and year, with classified memoranda of what had been acquired 'and *mastered thoroughly*.' This love of order amounted in him almost to a tyranny, against which he would sometimes rebel, but in whose iron rule he felt soon compelled by his temperament to acquiesce. With all

the advantages which it conferred, he was quite alive to some of the evils which it entailed. The studies, for instance, of a whole day were often disturbed, and his temper fretted, if the work arranged for one hour was interrupted or forced into the next. He acknowledged, and often lamented, the selfishness and want of consideration for the legitimate demands of family and friends, which were apt to be produced by his resistance to the almost unavoidable encroachments of both, upon the time otherwise disposed of by rule. It was positive suffering, the constant effort to adjust the claims of labour, which seemed to him to be imperative, with those of the home affections, which, however delightful, appeared too much akin to idleness and self-indulgence. Yet no man needed more that the rigorous exactions of the former should be softened, refreshed, and humanized by the soothing influences of the latter. And therefore home, whose very charms looked as stumbling-blocks in his way as a student, was on that very account the best place for him as a man, whose heart, as well as head, required cultivation. It would have added more to his happiness, and, humanly speaking, to his life, if he had been able to see the goodness and wisdom of Providence in such domestic arrangements, which check and modify self-will too sternly bent in carrying out its own plans and purposes, however excellent in themselves. But though no man more passionately loved home, the *student* carried the day, whose earthly paradise is his own room, in a University town, at home, or abroad.

But there is one feature in his plan of study for every day, characteristic of his later as well as of his earlier years; the time, namely, which was spent in devotion

and the study of the Holy Scriptures. Two hours in the morning—from five to seven, an hour at mid-day, half-an-hour before dinner, a short time before retiring to rest, were daily spent in Scripture and devotion. Many entries in his Diary like the following also occur, showing his earnestness:—'*Friday, Sept.* 3.—Resolved to devote till two to reading, meditation, and prayer, that, by God's blessing, my aim may be made more single in all I do.' '*Sept.* 9—Rose early and resolved to dedicate till two to study of Scriptures and prayer.' '*Sept.* 17.—Devoted morning and forenoon to Scriptures, prayer,' etc.

He now appears to have begun with greater earnestness to do good to others, by direct communication with them, which was by no means an easy task for one naturally so shy and sensitive. Duty, however, made it a growing habit all his life afterwards.

'*Sept.* 11.—Rode with ——. Endeavoured to introduce religion, and press it upon his attention as the *first* business of his life, to which every other lawful occupation would fit in always well as *second.* Pressed study of Bible as the chief thing, and its doctrines as admirably condensed in the "Confession of Faith," which I gave him. May the Spirit of God impress him! for my tongue was that of a stammerer in Christ's service. Oh that it were more my meat and drink to draw souls to Christ in His strength!

'*Sept.* 12.—A few words with dear ——, but interrupted when I hoped it was tending to good. May the Lord lead her to Himself from every other false source of happiness!

'*Sept.* 19.—Evening, read to, and spoke much with ——, on the necessity of regeneration, and *now* to

choose Christ. Advised daily perusal of God's Word with prayer, which alone would make any other study useful, and give depth in it, from regarding it as unto God, apart even from the cultivation of the mind, by reading, meditation, and prayer, through the Spirit. All pursuits and studies to be done in God's Spirit. I prayed with her, and recommended *two hours*, at least, to be devoted to such studies. May God in His mercy draw her to Christ, and every member of the family!'

But even amidst those sunny days at Geddes, there appear, for the first time, symptoms of sadness, which more frequently returned in after years; and which, though seldom discovered by others, was often painfully experienced by himself. This was always occasioned, I believe, in his case, by the state of his bodily health. He became subject to attacks of dyspepsia; having, at the same time, a great dislike ever to allude to bodily ailments, or to have recourse to medical treatment. I do not mean to assert that such physical causes will always account for those spiritual sorrows frequently experienced by 'the servant of God, who walks in darkness, and has no light.' Apart from the pain of a conscience troubled by neglect of known duty, or any departure from God, there are souls who, in their progress heavenward, and while educating for the enjoyments and employments of immortality, seem destined to endure conflicts and experience sorrows which cannot be accounted for by any physical causes with which we are acquainted. We doubt not there are depths, the only escape from which is *directly* from God—agonies in which the sufferer can find no support or relief but in praying 'more earnestly.' But I have as

little doubt that in many cases in which true Christians complain of the 'hidings of God's countenance,' of darkness, and depression—the cause is solely physical disease: and, what is more to the purpose here to observe, produced not unfrequently by an obstinate disregard to the will of God, as expressed in the human constitution, made up of soul and body; and by which a certain amount of repose, relaxation, and exercise is essential to the right working of both. Let me earnestly press it upon young and ardent students, that it is a very mistaken manliness to despise the demands of the body; and no self-denial but self-indulgence, to sacrifice health and life in the pursuit of knowledge. Let me remind them that God makes them responsible for every talent committed to them, for shortening those days which might have been many, and for turning those hours into darkness and distress which might have been hours of sunshine and peace. That must be no small sin in the eye of God, which is so often punished by an early death or premature old age, and which has deprived many a family of its most precious treasure, and the Church of its brightest hopes.

He writes: '*Monday, Aug.* 23.—My mind all day very clouded. I am in great spiritual darkness; my mind has got hold of some difficulty with regard to repentance and faith, which I can neither grasp nor dispel; I can only cry, "Lord, for Jesus' sake, teach me!" and wait in patience for His guidance. I am continually trying to recover the light, but ineffectually. Thanks be unto God, I can hope in His mercy; meanwhile, my active plans are stopped, and I move languidly.' Though this depression continues for some

time, and though it was referred by him, as it too often is, to mere spiritual causes, yet it soon gives way to a more cheerful state of things; and why? because he takes medicine and exercise. We find him accordingly saying, in a few days afterwards—'Felt my deadness much removed;' and again, 'Rose early, and enjoyed morning reading and prayer.'

Let us be assured that it is the wish of our Father that His children should 'rejoice in the Lord always,' and be kept in 'perfect peace,' through faith in His love revealed to them in Christ Jesus. Yet the more they enjoy this love and the peace which flows from it, the more must they sorrow for those who, through unbelief, shut themselves out from both. But this is a very different kind of sadness from that which is occasioned by their own self-willed neglect or abuse of God's gifts to body or spirit.

CHAPTER III.

Cambridge — Johns the Free Church — The Lakes — Letter from Rev. Mr. Madden—Letter from John Shairp, Esq., Rugby.

CAMBRIDGE had long been a delightful vision to John Mackintosh. He yearned to realize his dreams of study in that venerable home of learning, and there to become more thoroughly accomplished for the work of the ministry, in whatever portion of the vineyard—whether in the Scotch or English Church—he was to be occupied. In the summer of 1839, when at Geddes, he thus wrote about Cambridge to his friend Dalyell. While these letters are characteristic of that free and hearty intercourse in which he indulged with his intimate friends, they were written during that period I have already alluded to, when he was not living in his habitual earnestness of spirit.

'GEDDES, *June* 13, 1839.

'MY DEAR DALYELL,—I was delighted to receive your letter, which I should have answered by return of post, had I not left home that very day, and have only now returned. I have been in one of the wildest parts of Inverness-shire—a very world of hills, and therefore after my own heart. I am sure I should become a "downright genuine" poet, were I to live long in such

a country. In my travels I met with a Cantab, who, on the chord being touched, raved on the theme like the rest of the alumni whom I have had the pleasure or misfortune to meet. He strongly recommended me to go up October first, but *dis aliter visum*. Nothing you have written me of reading has astonished me, except by its ease. We might have got it up years ago. With regard to Plato, I am sorry I cannot answer your questions, having been engaged hitherto in finishing a play of Æschylus, of which I had read a little before leaving Edinburgh. However, as you do not mean to read any for some time, I shall give you my report when I begin him. I am reading Kelland, and though rather *à rebrousse poil*, have better hopes of myself. Mathematics I shall never forswear.'

TO THE SAME.

'GEDDES, *Sept.* 16, 1839.

'THANKS to a terrific day of rain, for an opportunity to answer my correspondents, who, thank goodness, are few and select; for the bore of writing to one you don't care about is intolerable. There are some I should like to hear from, but who never write me a line, *e.g.* Shairp. I would write him an abusive letter if I knew where to find him; but my letter might make a circuit of the kingdom before reaching him. B——, too, is very lazy. What can he be going to do next winter? If he is neither going to the Continent, *nor* to Edinburgh, *nor* to Glasgow, *nor* to an English University, he must be going to teach a parish school, or take a sheep farm, or something of that sort. Next winter my father thinks of letting his house in Edinburgh, as my brother is going to India, and it is nonsense keeping it for me

alone. So I expect to lodge, and mean to write to B—— for some insight into that new method of existence; unpleasant, I calculate, but only to last for six months. Good preparation for Cambridge too. After these six months, what visions of delight float before my eyes!—never, I do believe, to be realized; for, in the first place, I expect to turn out a beast at Cambridge, as I am making progress at present in no study of any one kind. Nothing but Charles O'Malley, tours in Germany, and such like, can I find opportunity to read. O that I was certain of being allowed to travel! It forms my waking and sleeping dream; and a man who does not travel is only half a man—a cross between that biped and plum-pudding. Such a rhapsody of nonsense requires a Latin quotation: *Dulce est desipere in loco.* With Stuart I have had no communication; and therefore heard by mere chance of his disaster. He is so near that I have never written him—if you understand the principle on which that goes—but shall do so this very day, and invite him here, or myself there. The British Association is this week. I wish I were going now instead of formerly. What a bustle they will be in! the professors, I mean. I have been reading Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*, and recommend it as very interesting and instructive.

'Am improving with the gun. Heard from Halley. Still *in statu quo.* Write me soon, and believe me ever yours affectionately.'

His winter (1840) preparation for Cambridge was more earnest than that of summer. He had by this time become alive again. In a subsequent letter to Dalyell, written from Edinburgh in November, he says:

'My lodgings, for study, are glorious! I am troubled with invitations, but these I obstinately refuse: never budge out. As for parties, B—— and I are resolved to shave one side of our heads (having no beards to operate on) to prevent the very idea of such a thing. In plain earnest, we are working very hard with Forbes, who is an excellent Professor.'

Then followed in summer his tour abroad, and his return in autumn to Geddes. As the time approached for his entering upon this new era of his life at Cambridge, his thoughts became more and more solemnized. The evening before he leaves home, he thus writes—

'*October* 10.—To-morrow I start. How graciously has the Lord dealt with me here! O that I may have been made useful to some! I am full of fear for the trials that may await me; even the dissipation of mind and of heart which a week's voyage may occasion. May I walk in Christ, and be kept from backsliding! In all I do, may I have a single eye, that my whole body may be full of light!'

The following Saturday he was in Cambridge, and a student of Trinity.

There is little recorded by him of his Cambridge career, from its commencement in October 1841, until its ending in June 1843. It was made up of a routine of quiet and earnest discharge of duty. He studied hard; enjoyed the society of a few friends; got much good—as many have done—from Dean Carus; and upon Sabbath evenings engaged in his old and favourite work of Sabbath-school teaching.

'*Sunday, Oct.* 24.—Resolved, in the new week, to endeavour through the Spirit to walk more closely with God. If need be, to devote seven till eight evening

to Scriptures and prayer; to bed by eleven, and rise at five; spending from half-past five till half-past seven, one till two, and seven till eight, in using the means of grace. I shall thus have only five hours for study; but 'better is little with the fear of the Lord,' etc. I am in a vortex of ambition and honours' seeking, and the past week has been too much conformed to the same spirit. I believe that while this continues, my studies cannot be blessed. Lord, deliver me, and give me a single eye to Christ's glory and service.

'*Nov.* 20.—May the Lord enable me to live more closely in His presence, that when I lie down and rise up, I may realize it as it actually is, to revive and comfort. May He prepare me for His service, and lead me here and everywhere to make that the very object of my being; and therefore, spiritual exercises the principal part of my education. Lord, prepare me for Thy Sabbath and its enjoyment.

'*Nov.* 24.—To-morrow, the Lord's Supper is celebrated in College. May I receive the preparation of the heart from God; a deeper insight of my need, and Christ's power and willingness to cleanse.

'*Thursday, Nov.* 25.—Set apart the day for religious exercise. At eleven, sacrament in College. Sermon from Whewell—"I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord," etc.; very solemn communion. Felt a good deal of realization of my position before God by nature and by grace. God grant that all who this day partook may indeed be grafted into Christ.

'*Saturday, Dec.* 4.—This week have been more punctual to hour of rising at five; had more alacrity in business, and sweeter thoughts of God, though how deficient still! how often total deadness! and yet I ought

and might walk continually in God's presence and service, for He is at all times ready waiting to give me strength. O may He convince me of my own weakness, and lead me by His Spirit to follow Him with singleness of heart; ready to sacrifice whatever interferes with my duty to Him. Have been much discomfited by forgetting His presence in study, and attacks of carnal ease.

'*Thursday, Dec.* 16.—My first term is ended, and the retrospect is in many respects a pleasant one. Surely I may say, Goodness and mercy have followed me throughout. I am the subject of many blessings. What opportunities for religious and intellectual attainment! Heavenly Father, let not my abuse of them provoke Thee to cast me off, but quicken me by Thy Spirit to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and put no confidence in the flesh, while Thou sparest me here below. Enable me in Christ to spend this new period on which I have entered, redeeming the time to Thy glory!

'*Saturday, Dec.* 18.—Here ends an epoch of labour. Next fortnight I shall be from home. May the Lord keep me near Himself, and enable me to redeem the time. Have some doubts if I do not sit too much at desk, and so work without vigour. More sleep (at present six hours) may perhaps be expedient. May I be enabled to form my plans for the future with a single eye to God's glory, and by His guidance.

'*Sunday, Dec.* 19.—O that it were my meat and drink to do His will; and that I may have grace to walk near Him during my visits to my friends, to which I have been looking forward with too much selfish eagerness; that I may have a single eye in all my intercourse with them, and may adore Him the Giver of every good thing and enjoyment.'

Having spent his holidays in London with his sister, Mrs. Smith, he returned to Cambridge in January 1842. After arranging his time, from five in the morning till night, he says—'Thus I have six hours for study, *and five for actual devotion.* May I be thus strengthened for my Master's service.'

TO HIS AUNT, MISS C. JOLLIE.

'CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.* 6.

'MY DEAREST AUNT,—I received your delightful letter before leaving Cambridge, and that accompanying the parcel in London. For both I am much indebted to you. I joined dear C. on the 21st of last month, and, with the exception of a few days at Bletchingley, remained with her till two days ago. I enjoyed my visit exceedingly, and feel much refreshed by it. *Hermitically* inclined as I fancied myself, I have never truly been put to the test before now; and the result is, I find social intercourse is a very important part of my happiness and cheerfulness. That, it seems almost impossible to have here, as I could wish it, from the ways and habits of the place; and this indeed, from my first term's experience, is the only charge which I have to make against Cambridge—probably the fault lies with myself. I found C. very cheerful: reading much conduces to this. She was deeply interested in D'Aubigné; and if, as I trust, she deeply feels what she expressed to me in some private talks, showing a most clear and simple understanding of the offices of Christ and the Holy Spirit, my mind will be truly thankful and at rest.'

It is interesting to notice his care for his Sabbath-class. He visited the children in their houses. He

prepared the lessons carefully which he was to teach, and prayed earnestly for those who were to be taught. 'Taught school,' he writes one Sabbath evening, 'without much comfort; children ill prepared, and inattentive. May this not be traced to my own remissness in prayer for them? I devote an hour for this on Sunday morning, yet too often allow it to be curtailed. May the Lord fill me with more concern for their immortal souls, and more zeal in His behalf who loves little children.' At a subsequent period, he thus writes: 'Prepared for school too slightly. Earnest prayer for the children must be more attended to.' On a Sabbath morning:—'Although not asleep till twelve last night, rose between four and five; yet taught in Sabbath-school with more comfort than usual.' And again, in the midst of his studies, he adds:—'Visited my Sabbath-scholars.' Would that Sabbath-school teachers, who consider themselves sufficiently well-informed to instruct their class without any special preparation for it, learned a lesson from the humility and earnestness of this Cambridge student.

In all his difficulties he has recourse to prayer:—

'*Feb.* 23, 1842.—Feeling much darkness and deadness, set apart evening for prayer and devotion. But my heart still uninterested. I propose to fast, and set apart thus every Wednesday evening, trusting that it may be a means in God's hands of quickening my soul and advancing me in the Divine life. Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me.'

The following remarks upon his habits of study may be of use to the student:—

'*Saturday, March* 5.—Another landing-place for reflection most rapidly come round. During the past

week I have striven, I may say panted, to progress in my different studies. Have felt, too, a keen relish for them; and thinking that my system of hours trammelled me by forcing me to thwart an inclination often that might have got me forward, I disregarded them occasionally, sometimes reducing sleep to little more than four hours, yet the result confirms me in my method. The next day always suffered, being devoid of energy, and full of lassitude. A single vigorous hour is worth many such. I have been enabled sometimes to lean on the Spirit's help, and commit all to God; acquiescing not in a slothful spirit, but in endeavours crowned apparently with but slight success. Lord, give me a single eye to Thy glory, and make me "fervent in spirit" in Thy service.'

But alas! in spite of such experiences, he writes in a few weeks afterwards—

'*March* 23.—Feel strong desire to progress more rapidly in studies; and last night sat up till two, to-night twelve, wishing to increase my hours of study; yet I expect I will be forced back to the old system as healthiest and best.

'*Thursday*, 24.—Studied with little intermission, save for meals, from eight A.M to one A.M. following!'

He is again warned.

'*Friday*, *April* 1.—Walk with ——. A little tract which he has lent me has, I trust, given me some insight into the folly of my departure this last week from my rules of study, neglecting exercise and sleep; the consequence of which is, that every one remarks my looks, and I have brought on considerable deafness. I trust it is a timely warning, to be rendered permanent by God's Spirit. The greatest sin is that, in this false

zeal, I have been quenching the Spirit, neglecting my hours of devotion. Heavenly Father, restore me the light of Thy countenance, and the fellowship of Thy Spirit, pardoning my sin, and hearing my prayer, for His sake alone who is my Mediator at Thy right hand.'

He had thoughts at this time of going with a reading party to Bonn or Heidelberg—a project which he afterwards realized, and wrote to his father asking his consent. He waited anxiously for the reply. It is an instance of his self-denial and meek submission to what he believed to be right, that his father's letter having come to him on Sabbath morning, he 'deferred opening it, knowing its contents would be most interesting, and engross his thoughts.' But having opened it next day, he writes:—'*April* 25.—Most kind permission, with also a sufficient sum of money enclosed to go to Germany. Whole contents most kind. May the Lord make me grateful for my mercies and opportunities, and for my affectionate father, and so many friends! How can I think of my responsibility for turning all this to account for Christ, save in trusting to his own strength! Lord, guide me in this thing. Give me the single eye. If this scheme is for Thy glory and my good, let it come to pass; if otherwise, frustrate it; and give me a contented heart, for Christ's sake.'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'CAMBRIDGE, *Oct.* 29, 1841.

... It does me good, and, in God's hands, will do us both good, to occupy some part of our letters on our spiritual improvement. I do hope, dearest, that the Lord is leading you, through the use of means which it is your part to use, to a greater knowledge, and, conse-

quently, love of Himself through Jesus Christ. "God is love," and the apprehension of Him as such, is what fills the believing soul with all grace and spiritual gifts. And oh! what gifts are those of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace," etc. (Gal. v. 22.) Strive for these, in comparison with which all that the world can give is but dross. Pray that we may count all things loss for the excellent knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. Be diligent, love, in reading the Scriptures with *meditation and prayer;* and to have your affections in heaven, walking here as a pilgrim in the armour of the Spirit. Do not let us forget each other, and all we love, in our prayers. It is very profitable for our own souls to pray for the welfare of others. I would suggest that, whenever it is possible, you would get good from going with mother to the sweet prayer-meetings at Burnside—a privilege which I would gladly share. There are many of God's people attend them, and by listening to their prayers, you would gain much practical knowledge.

'When you write, I hope you will throw off all reserve, and just write from the heart as if we were talking together. It will carry me back to the happy time we spent at Geddes, if you will write on these or other studies, or whatever interests you.

'I continue to be very happy and comfortable at Cambridge, through that goodness which has followed me all the days of my life. The only want is the acquaintance of some advanced Christians, which is so beneficial to the young; but this will be supplied as the Lord sees fit.'

TO THE SAME.

'*Dec.* 11, 1841.

'. . . Keep this in mind, that a little, a very little,

well learned, in however long a period, is more available and more healthful for the mind than a great field of undigested knowledge which soon leaves you, and is positively injurious to the faculties of your mind. Perhaps you have Latin enough to understand an invaluable rule and proverb, which I often repeat to myself before beginning a study: "Non multa sed multum."

'You will find it give vigour, however, to your work, to mark out a particular portion which you should like to get over in your time set for it. Let this be determined by a few trials of how much you actually can master. Let it even be within this, so as not to be ambitious, and getting discouraged by not accomplishing it; and then, as you already do, revise this at stated times till it actually becomes part and parcel of your mind, thoroughly mastered. Really the greatest part of education is to teach us how to acquire profitably. Actual knowledge soon follows when the mind has acquired a wholesome system of learning.

'But what is the object of this study? If for our own gratification only, it cannot be blessed; it can never make us really happy; but oh! if pursued for Christ's service, that we may use the powers He has graciously purchased for us to promote the knowledge and love of Him in ourselves and others—what a joy and pleasure in them! We may then pray for His Spirit to put us in the right method; and being for Himself, surely He will give it. Study everything in deep humility, as a little child realizing His actual presence, and frequently looking up in prayer to Him who feeds His lambs, and carries them in His bosom. What a sweet confidence you will have! No anxiety and disappointment. The matter is in His hands. You have cast all your care

upon Him, and He careth for you. He can and will bring all things to pass for your good. Dearest, give your *heart* and *soul* and *strength* and *mind* to the humble prayerful study of His blessed Word. This only can make you wise unto salvation. This is the knowledge that will endure, and give sure peace here. Nay, you *must*, if you apply, make progress in this knowledge; and it is literally true that it makes the simple wise. It will give a discretion, a progress, and a zest to all other knowledge and lawful employment, that will make you wise above your fellows. I hope that out of what I have written here, knowing my need to be taught myself, yet, having prayed that I may be of some use to you, you may glean something that will answer its intention.'

TO THE SAME.

'CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.* 22, 1842.

'The great evil is forgetfulness of God, who made us "to live, and move, and have our being" in Him. Let us then seek, dear, to recover this sense of His presence, and really to walk with God, doing all to Him from the least act to the greatest. Cherish a thankful spirit, not only for great mercies, but for the very least. Do you hear of anything that pleases you, or receive anything, will you not enjoy it still more if you recognise it as coming from the Father of mercies, and make it matter of praise in your prayers? Deal not with vague petitions in these, but introduce into them the wants and occurrences of every-day life. So shall they be uttered from the heart to a Father who will surely answer.'

In the month of May he resolved to spend the summer vacation with a reading party, near Keswick. He left

Cambridge accordingly at the end of May, and, accompanied by his friend Mr. Madden, journeyed first of all to Scotland; and joining his family, who were then in Edinburgh, went north immediately to Geddes. After enjoying a quiet month at home, he proceeded to Browtop, near Keswick, where his friends Fenn, Kingdon, and Preston, had taken up their summer residence. With the exception of a visit paid to me in Ayrshire, for a few days, he remained here revelling in the luxury of books and vigorous study, with exquisite scenery and joyous walks, until October, when he once more was busy at his work in Trinity.

'*Geddes, June* 20.—Evening, began *Life of Sir James Mackintosh.* No book is really safe for me to read, unless my heart be right before God, realizing His presence, having an eye to His glory, and a child-like reliance on the Spirit, to help me in the work. In this state of mind I was *not;* and when I know this is not the case, how pressing soever be the engagement, my soul would not rest till God's face and favour be felt and realized.'

THE LAKES.—'*Aug.* 15.—Have for some time devoted from eleven to one to the study of the Scriptures and other devotional books, such as Boston, with other exercises. I propose to continue the practice permanently, that, by God's blessing, eternity may have the first place in my thoughts. I shall learn also, and sing, six verses of a psalm, in metre, between morning and evening, thus learning all in about a year.

'Felt considerable pleasure in teaching scholars in the Sabbath-school—all in attendance, and sometimes much interested. May the Lord guide me in teaching them, and bring them all into Christ's fold.'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'KESWICK, *August* 13.

'I am convinced the want of reflection and meditation is the grand error and misfortune of most around us. Its effect is to exalt what is present and trivial, and to make the experience of the past and the prospects of the future unheeded. You remember, dear, there is nothing I so much press on you as the practice of this *duty;* it is not only the noblest exercise of the mind, but the most useful also. Turn your eye inward to observe and scrutinize the workings and the wickedness of your own heart, but especially direct it to the contemplation of God and His attributes—the person and work of Christ —the office of the Holy Spirit. These are subjects on which we never can meditate enough. Bring your heart daily to Christ, all polluted as it is by nature, to be cleansed by union and communion with Him. Pride is what would ruin us all. It is this that makes us so unwilling and even refuse to take up the cross of Christ, and bear His reproach, because thereby we shall be subjected to contempt from our fellow-men. Believe me, it can never be overcome; and no real advance can be made in the improvement of character, till we have cast ourselves at Christ's feet, to be led by Him and endure whatever He sees meet. I am glad you have found something in Watts which suits you. I hope you will use all freedom in opening your mind to me; as I shall delight to consult together with you for our mutual advancement, and I must be a great stranger to my own heart were I to think less of you for discovering in yours what is so abundant in my own. I hope your pleasures of study will not be much interfered with in summer,

Whatever is encroached upon, do not let your devotional hours suffer, and the study of the Bible, in comparison with which all other studies are dross and vanity.'

TO —— ——.

'KESWICK, *Sept.* 10.

'MY DEAR ——,—Time wears on, and I begin to long for another letter from you. . . . I must go no further without hoping that your progress on the 12th exceeded your expectations. I hear it is a very good grouse season. What does your game-book say? The hills here seem to be nearly devoid of game, as they are (with some exceptions) of heather. My time for quitting draws very nigh, which I shall do with much regret. I have seen a good deal of the beauties at intervals; and certainly the impressions from them on my mind are such as I would not willingly let die. . . . I once thought of getting from Wilson an introduction to old 'Wordy' (Wordsworth). The getting it, I think, would be easily managed; but I, without two ideas in my head to rub against another, could not intrude myself into the presence of such a giant—a very *diplopterus* of mind. I hope to be with N. some time of the week beginning September 18—towards the end, I think—but shall let you know, and lay my commands on you to meet me there "under the hawthorn in the dale."'

Shortly after his return to Cambridge in October, he finally resolved not to enter the English Church as a minister, and thus communicates his feelings on the subject to his father:—

'CAMBRIDGE, *Nov.* 19, 1842.

'I know, my dear father, that notwithstanding the hint you give me in your letter, you have my advantage

at heart, wherever the future sphere of my labours may be; and have even looked upon it as no small portion of my privilege, that you leave me unbiassed to decide for myself. I trust I shall follow the dictates of a clear conscience. The knowledge of your wishes on the one hand would, I think, far more than counterbalance the prepossessions of early education on the other; yet I think I am right in conjecturing that your expectations are not sanguine of my entering the English Church, so that disappointment will not follow either choice. At all events, when the time for final decision comes, I shall state distinctly to you the grounds of my decision, and may reasonably expect that what appears satisfactory to my mind will do so to yours also.

'I was much concerned to hear of your late ailment, and do hope you have completely recovered from it, and will be careful of yourself during the coming winter. I pray God you may be kept in health and strength, daily ripening for His kingdom.'

A few months later he thus sketches, in his Diary, his ideal future as a minister in the Church of Scotland:—

'*Thursday, Feb.* 2, 1843.—I have sometimes thought (and if, D.V., I join the Church of Scotland as a minister, which is likely, and have the power in some respects, which is unlikely, it should be more than a thought), that my wish would be to prove a humble, faithful minister of the New Covenant, in some retired country parish village of Scotland, "walking with God," living in Christ, and "full of the Holy Ghost and of power" to draw sinners to Christ; retaining many of my College hours and habits, rising very early, and spending long seasons in communion with God; and not a little

time, if parish duties permitted, in study. So that, perhaps, I might compile some industrious and sound book, mainly the fruit of Bible study, illustrative of the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, Shorter Catechism, or the like: labouring to catechise and instruct all ages and classes, as well at their homes as from the pulpit, and to establish family worship and instruction in every family, as urged in the Confession of Faith; so that, by the Spirit poured out in answer to prayer, the community might be one of awakened and converted souls, and a heaven might be begun on earth: and at my death to bequeath a good library to the library of the Church, and of a patrimony, say of ——, to leave —— to the Jews' Scheme, and —— to each of the other four, with some memorials to my kinsfolk, and my best blessing to the Catholic Church. If I had more, I should perhaps bequeath some to establishing scholarships, or other encouragements to promising students in the divinity classes (would that on some good principle, not quite the English one, there were the same in all departments of learning in our Scottish Colleges; and would that by the way, the Church had the appointment of the Theological Professors, I mean all pertaining to the Divinity Hall). I might also, if the leadings of God were such, devote the maturity of my life, resigning my beloved flock to a brother in Christ, in some field of missionary labour. How much, if any, of this I may be permitted to accomplish, God knoweth. Meanwhile, may I stand at His beck, waiting to do His bidding: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" "Here am I, send me."'

In the meantime, he did not relax his labours at Trinity; though the result, as far as high honours were

concerned, was rather discouraging. The following are the only entries in his Journal upon this point:—

'*Tuesday, Dec.* 13.—Prizes given in Hall, and received mine for first class.

'*Jan.* 27.—A good deal cast down by —— finding fault, very sharply, with my exercise; and, considering some encouraging remarks formerly, I did not expect it. Said six hours a day of classics, until I get my degree, might get first class. I trust this may humble me, which I much need, and for which, doubtless, the Lord designs it. I cannot now be disappointed at failure in obtaining honours; nor can I grieve if I aim singly at the Lord's glory. May He stimulate me to persevere amidst discouragement, believing I shall make what progress is for His glory and my own good.

'*April* 3.—Called on Mr. G., who advised me to enter name for scholarship, which I did.

'*April* 22.—Examinations for the scholarship ended. Feel a good deal tired. I commit the result into His hands, who will order all things for His glory and my own good in this matter.

'*Thursday, April* 27.—Walked in to Cambridge by seven; —— met me, and communicated scholarship list. Rendall, Holden, Knox, Grant, Blackburn of my year. Thought latterly I might have a chance; but little or nowise disappointed, recognising in it God's appointment for the best. I have no interests of my own apart from His service, and, having sought to use the means, the issue is His. Saw Mr. Heath, who encouraged me to hope for success next year if I went in. My classics good.

'*Wednesday, June* 7.—Lists out. I in second class, which did not surprise me, considering the preponder-

ance of Mathematics; but some in first class whom I thought I should equal.'

But an event had now occurred in Scotland which determined his future course. The ecclesiastical conflict which had so long intensely engrossed the mind of the country was brought to a crisis by the formation of the Free Church. John Mackintosh had been no inattentive or uninterested observer of what was passing north of the Tweed, the *Witness* newspaper having been regularly sent to him, while he also corresponded with friends holding different views of the much-disputed question; and thus it was only after long, patient, and prayerful deliberation, that he resolved to cast in his lot with those who had seen it to be their duty to leave the Established Church. He again addressed his father upon his change of views, in the following letter:—

'CAMBRIDGE, *June* 26, 1843.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have now made up my mind, I trust by the guidance of God's Spirit, which I have sought, to dedicate myself to the service of Christ in the Free Church of Scotland. I had come to this decision at the close of last week, but allowed the Sabbath to intervene, that I might spend it in prayer with special reference to this subject, and so reconsider and finally determine on Monday. I shall now acquaint you with the grounds on which I have been led to this. I first examined the standards and formularies of the Church of England in respect of doctrine, government, and discipline; and while there was much, very much, to admire with all my heart, I found that one service alone, without regarding anything else, would prevent my ever becoming a minister of that Church. The

service is that of Baptism; and the passage which I could not use is the prayer where the priest returns thanks to God for having regenerated the infant with his Holy Spirit. The same sentiment is contained in the Confirmation Service and in the Catechism. Now, as I believe baptism to be an outward sign, accompanied only in some cases by the inward and spiritual grace of regeneration, and these known to God alone, I could not in every case, or indeed in any, assume it as actually bestowed. I have read many attempts to explain the passage by ministers of the Church of England, who held the same views of baptism as myself; but none which appeared at all satisfactory, and I was struck with this fact, that scarcely one understood the passages in the same sense which the other attached to them. I was confirmed in my objections, by considering the rapid spread at this time, of erroneous doctrines on baptism, by the Oxford divines, which I cannot but think is to be attributed in no small degree to the ambiguity of the Baptismal Service.

'I next proceeded to consider, in the same way, the Church of Scotland; and while I found nothing to object to in her standards, my principal attention was directed to the recent controversy, which I followed in its details, as far as lay in my power. I came to the conclusion which I have mentioned, for two very clear reasons: First, I could never be a party to intrude a pastor on a congregation against their will. Second, I would never enter a Church which has surrendered the power of the keys, intrusted to them by Christ, to a civil magistrate.

'I feel quite satisfied that both these points are practically recognised in the Establishment, and that they

are insuperable objections, especially the last, which seems to me to strike at the very existence of a Church of Christ. With this I desire to feel no change of love towards those who view it in a different light; but I also hope to be allowed to act on my own convictions.

'And now, my dear father, I must say that while my course is clear, I write in great heaviness of heart. In the first place, it is a bitter pang to leave this place, my congenial friends and my quiet study, where I have spent many happy days; but much greater than this is the knowledge of the grief it will give you, from whom I have never received anything but the very greatest kindness, and the highest advantages I could receive: and lastly, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that I am about to join a despised and destitute Church, in which scarcely any of my friends sympathize with me. I cannot face all or any of these trials of myself; but cast my burden upon the Lord, who has promised to sustain it. I pray that He may incline your heart to acquiesce, and that my way may be made plain before me. I know that your objection will proceed from a desire for my welfare; but I do not seek an earthly portion, and am content, by God's grace, to suffer the loss of all things, that I may serve Christ according to conscience.

'I called on Mr. Heath this morning to inform him of my decision, and to have my name taken off the books. He has always been most kind to me, and now at parting expressed to me his esteem. I think of going from this to Oxford, and thence to London by railway. A good many of my old school-fellows are there, and I should thus see the sister University before leaving England. With warmest love to mother,—I remain your very attached son, JOHN MACKINTOSH.'

He thus alludes, in his Diary, to the same important event in his life :—

'*June* 26.—Having prayerfully and carefully examined, so far as I could, the Church of England, Scottish Establishment, and Free Church of Scotland, in respect of doctrine, worship, government, and discipline, I have come to the conclusion, without hesitation, to enter the last, if the Lord spare me to become a minister. The baptismal service is, of itself, an effectual barrier to the first; and as I consider the doctrines—first, that no pastor be intruded on a people against their will; and second, that the power of the keys be exercised exclusively by the Church—of far greater moment even than an Establishment, I have no choice but to enter the last. Among the books that I have consulted are Hooker, Soames, Strype, Bramhall, Boyd, Gillespie, Rutherford, Calderwood, etc.; besides the respective formularies and standards. Acquainted Mr. H. with my decision. He very kindly arranged to have my name taken off the boards.

'*Thursday*, *June* 29.—Started at half-past eight for Oxford, bidding adieu to Cambridge, perhaps for ever. Passed through St. Neot's, Bedford, etc.; pretty drive, especially latter half. Spirits sad, and my future prospects, if I am spared, impressed me much.'

And thus he left Cambridge, and it was indeed for ever. But he left it because he believed God was leading him, though he knew not whither! Like Luther, he could have said, 'God help me! but I cannot do otherwise!' And so he never looked back with regret to this or any other step in life which he had unselfishly taken, and with a single eye to please his Father in heaven, in whose hands he ever desired to be as a little child.

After spending a day at Oxford with his friend Mr. Shairp, he journeyed home. But the following letters, kindly sent to me, about those days, will show that they are yet fresh in the memories of some who knew and loved him well. The first is from the Rev. Mr. Madden, incumbent of Trinity Church, Wakefield; the other from John Shairp, Esq., Rugby School,[1] containing also reminiscences of an earlier period of John Mackintosh's life.

'WAKEFIELD, *April* 3, 1854.

'. . . I knew him well, and loved him much. We sat together in the class-room of Professor Kelland, at the University of Edinburgh, but never spoke. In my freshman's term at Cambridge, in October or November 1841, we met as he was coming out of Trinity College gate. His face brightened up. I reminded him of Scotland. We shook hands, and from that time were friends. Those who knew him at Cambridge, will not easily forget the rooms in which, for the greater portion of his time, he lodged, or, as the University phrase is, *kept*, so exactly were they suited to the man. At the end of a passage in a house in Trinity Street, a small staircase led to his two rooms above. At the top of this staircase, a green baize door shut out all the world: it was most generally closed. I and a few friends had a private signal, by means of which we could induce him to open it; but I have more than once given this signal in vain; I heard afterwards, that had his own brother been at the door, he would not have been admitted.

'Whether these were times of intense mental labour, or of special communion with God, I never knew. He did not often speak of his own method of study, or times

[1] Now Professor of Latin in St. Andrews.

of prayer. Yet his life at Cambridge was in every point the student's life. He came with a fixed intention of taking a degree, but chiefly for the benefit of the University course. And most thoroughly did he take advantage of it. I believe I might say with truth, that during the two years of his residence at Cambridge, he never lost an hour. His time for rising in the morning, even in winter, was about five. To insure this, he had an alarum in his room; and that he might not sleep too heavily for it to awake him, he slept with very light covering. Until chapel time, seven o'clock, he studied in a room without fire, often with his fingers dead with cold. And all this, not from any superstitious and unchristian idea that there was merit in it, from which he was singularly free, but simply to attain his object—time to get through his appointed work. It is not without feelings of sorrow that I remember these habits. We have lost him, and were not these partially the cause? When I first knew him, he seemed to have an iron constitution; but few frames could have borne his unceasing mental toil. I know that in after years, he felt he had committed a mistake. I remember his telling me in Reading, that he rejoiced to find a man who could sleep till seven or half-past in the morning. He had experienced the difference in vigour of mind and body, when he had begun to allow himself sufficient rest. At Cambridge, it is the habit with reading men, whatever may be the hour at which they commence in the morning, to study, including lectures and private tutor, until two P.M. Our dear friend's hours were long, for he began so early; but they were not unvaried. John Welsh could not pass the night without rising to pray. John Mackintosh could not study from five till

two without more than once turning to the Bible and to God. I know not how often; but I well remember how, in his quiet and expressive way, with one of his own smiles, he told me where he sought refreshment. At two P.M., most men turn out to walk, or ride, or boat. Our friend's usual exercise was walking. It is customary to make engagements, and not to spend this time alone. John Mackintosh had many companions, and most of them looked forward to the pleasure of a walk with him. I enjoyed this privilege usually once a week; and a privilege certainly it was. Our day was Saturday. Many an earnest conversation I have had with him in the fields round Cambridge. His mind constantly bent one way. Something about Christ, or the ministry, or Christian doctrine; or if Scotland—and Scotland was a favourite theme—Scotland's Church, and Scotland's worthies, and Scotland's faith; the very rivers and hills of his own loved land suggested thoughts of Jesus and His truth. These walks have a hold on my memory which it never can let slip. Yet much as he enjoyed the society of his friends, certain days were set apart, and not at very distant intervals, for solitary walks. He loved communion with man, but he loved better fellowship with God. These quiet rambles were seasons of great refreshment. I never heard him say much about them. I judge only from the manner, look, and voice accompanying some passing remark. But these words, dropped by the way, were to those who knew him weighty.

'His friends were numerous; I can mention, however, but a few names. We were members of different Colleges, and our companions, in many instances, were not the same. Among those with whom he was most inti-

mate were—Preston of Trinity; Pollexfen of Queen's; Hutchinson of Corpus; Ragland of Corpus; Garrett of Trinity; Fenn of Trinity; also Stewart and Sands of Trinity, who were both from the Edinburgh Academy. I believe all who knew him, valued and respected, if they did not *love* him: for there was such consistency in all he said and did, that those who could not fully sympathize with his deep spirituality of mind, at least honoured and spoke well of him. I have said his life in Cambridge was in all points the student's life, yet he found time to work for Christ. There is a Sunday-school taught and managed entirely by the young men of the University, and in this he was a constant and most efficient teacher. The children came chiefly from one of the most depraved parishes in England; and it was no small break into the Sabbath's rest to take a class in that school. But the love of Jesus was strong in him, and he persevered, delighting in his work, and not unfrequently visiting some of the children and their parents during the week. There is also at Cambridge a tract-distributing society for the villages around, conducted by the students. Madingley, about three miles from the town, was taken by John Mackintosh. He went there with tracts, either every week or every fortnight, I forget which. I never accompanied him on any of these expeditions; Garrett, I believe, was his helper in this work. But I feel sure he did not confine himself to simply changing the tracts. There would be some kind encouragement, or weighty advice for many.

'To the Saturday evenings I look back with great pleasure; an hour or two was always then spent in his rooms with Preston and himself. We met to read and talk over the Bible. We began with prayer, then read

a few verses round, made any remark which struck us, dwelling on each verse, and turning up references to illustrate the meaning; and having passed a happy hour or more in this employment, we concluded as we began, with prayer. We then separated; he generally returning to his studies. I do not remember much of the conversation which we had on these occasions; but I never can forget his prayers. They made an impression which will not easily be effaced. So simple, yet so solemn; so familiar, yet so reverential. He combined what so few can combine, intimacy of communion with a Father, with the humility of a sinner before God.

'In prayer, he was indeed in fellowship with the Lord. We were one day speaking of the manner appropriate to private devotion, whether it should be audible, or in a whisper, or simply mental. He evidently was not aware how it frequently was with himself. He was so absorbed in communion, his spirit was so engrossed, he took no notice of the manner. O that we had many such men of prayer! During our joint residence at Cambridge, the Non-intrusion controversy raged in Scotland. We were both pretty diligent readers of the *Witness* newspaper; and often did we converse upon the subject. I mention this only because I was particularly struck with the sober and careful way in which he formed his judgment. His feelings all went with the Non-Intrusionists, but he calmly and dispassionately weighed their arguments. In the summer of 1842, I met him in London, and we went together in the steamboat to Edinburgh. We had a rough passage, and were considerably delayed. It was Saturday morning, about two or three, before we arrived at Granton Pier. It was too early to drive into Edinburgh to our friends'

houses; but after waiting some time in the vessel, we walked, just at daybreak, to the bottom of Pitt Street. It was a most lovely summer's morning, and our dear friend was in an ecstasy. The scene was so familiar —it was his own loved Scotland—and his arrival was looked for by many with delight. Those who have seen him gaze on the beauties of nature, and speak of those he loved, will be able to realize his look and words that morning.

'I must just notice his visit to me at Reading. It was in 1848. I had settled as Curate of one of the parish churches, and was married. We had not met since we parted in Cambridge in 1843. He arrived on a Saturday, October 7; spent Sunday with me, and left for London on the Monday morning. It was impossible not to notice how he had grown in grace. His conversation was so sweet and spiritual. With perfect ease he introduced and dwelt upon the most solemn subjects. Every word he said came manifestly from the heart. He spoke so impressively of dependence on the aid and guidance of the Spirit, one felt his daily steps were ordered by the Lord. On Sunday morning he greatly enjoyed the service and sermon at the Rev. C. J. Goodhart's chapel—his mind was full of them. The English Liturgy he had not heard for some time; it was devotionally read, and he joined in it with delight. Mr. Goodhart's text was Psalm xxxix. 6: "Surely every man walketh in a vain show." We parted on Monday morning, and never met again. In one of his letters he writes to me: "The memory of my visit to Reading is still fragrant;" it is so still with us. He was no common friend. His place cannot soon be filled.'

'RUGBY, *April* 10, 1854.

'MY DEAR NORMAN,—It is long since you asked me to write down my remembrances of John Mackintosh. I have long delayed, but shall do so no longer. Many of the times and scenes through which we passed together, the things we did, long talks we had, have already passed from my memory, but they have left behind a total impression which will not pass.

'It was about the beginning of November 1837, I think, on his first coming to Glasgow College, that we met and became acquainted. Years before, we had been at the Edinburgh Academy together, but as we were in different classes, we had not known each other to speak to. I knew him, however, by name and appearance; and seem now to see, as it had been but yesterday, the two brothers uniformly dressed in a suit of sky-blue from head to foot, sitting always together at the head of their class—the younger and smaller first, the elder next to him. Though it is full twenty years since, his appearance is clearly before me, and the reputation that went with him not only for ability, but for character beyond his years. There was about him even then a calm collected air, as of one who had a purpose before him, and went straight to it, undisturbed by other aims. It may be that I look back on that early time through the light of what I afterwards knew; but however this may be, such it now appears in retrospect.

'The time when he entered Glasgow College was, as you will remember, a stirring one in that University. Peel had been elected Lord Rector the year before. The Peel Club had been established to support his principles: political feeling, which was then high among the students, added interest to life, and quickened the

stir of thought. But it is not as a young politician that we think of him, as he then was, but rather as a chief favourite in that small circle of friends, of which your father's hearth was at that time the centre. There were in all about ten or twelve of us, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Many of these had come from the Edinburgh Academy: most were preparing for Oxford or Cambridge. We were then at that delightful time of life when the fresh heart of boyhood, first freed from restraint, leaps forward eagerly to the opening interests of manhood. Seldom do a band of friends live together on terms so happy, so intimate, so endearing, as those on which evening after evening we used to meet in that room in your father's house (known amongst us as the coffee-room), or in the lodgings of some one of our number. Many interests there met and harmonized: poetry, philosophy, politics, or field-sports, and other amusements. In these things, though John took some part, he was not ardent or conspicuous. Two things specially marked him. One was his scrupulous regularity in all things, and his conscientiousness in preparing each evening the College work of next day. In this he was a pattern to all of us, to which all did honour, whether they followed him or not. The other was the singleness of aim and resolute purpose with which he set his face toward divine truth, and to live an earnest religious life. This last I have heard of, but never saw equalled in a boy of his age. He used at that time to attend the meetings of the College Missionary Society, and other things of this kind—a practice in which, as far as I knew, he was alone among the younger students. But he was not remarkable for any precocious activity, but rather for strict self-discipline and thoroughness of purpose, which

made him, while earnestly seeking the highest things, never neglect the lowest duties. Mr. William Burns, who was then his private tutor, greatly encouraged him in his religious endeavours; and he used to know and often to attend the church of Dr. Duncan. I ought perhaps to add, that these high moral and religious qualities were at that time not unaccompanied by a certain shade of that austereness which some think characteristic of religious people in Scotland. But however this may be, all his companions felt the force of his goodness. Their great love for him as a friend was mingled with deep respect, I might almost say reverence, for his whole character. Two sessions, two most delightful winters, we were together in Glasgow, and then came the first of May 1839. On that day our band of friends shook hands, and bade farewell to each other. They went each on his separate way, and never all met again, nor can meet now any more in this world. It was indeed a golden fellowship, much to be remembered by all who shared it; and none did more to sanctify and endear it than he who was among the earliest taken.

'After this, I have no distinct remembrance of our meeting till the midsummer of 1843. Then, after he had taken final leave of Cambridge, before returning to Scotland, he came to visit Oxford and some of his old Glasgow friends, who were undergraduates at Balliol College. It was then I heard from himself, and for the first time, that after long deliberation, he had made up his mind to join the Free Kirk. Much had passed over both of us since we parted at Glasgow; and you can imagine how delightful it was, after so long an interval, to renew our old companionship. For several days

we wandered together among the Colleges and old gardens, and by the banks of the river; and the antique air of the place seemed greatly to impress him. He noticed, I remember, some difference between undergraduate life as he had known it at Cambridge, and what he saw of it at Oxford; and seemed to think that we were more intimate with the rest of our College than he had been with the men of his. This may have been owing to the difference between a small College like Balliol, and one so large as Trinity. At the same time, my impression is, that while there he had lived a secluded life, chiefly with a few like-minded friends, and never entering into the main current of College society. He seemed to think that it would have been otherwise with him, if he had been at Balliol. It might have been so, but of this I cannot judge. "The Oxford movement" was then at its height; and he took much interest in all he saw and heard regarding it. I can remember standing with him in the great square of Christ Church, to watch Pusey's spare, bowed down, surpliced form, as he returned from prayer in the Cathedral. He was present also in St. Mary's on one of the last Sunday afternoons that Newman's voice was heard there or elsewhere as a minister of the English Church. After a few bright days we parted, and were never again so long of meeting till he last went abroad. One change, and only one, seemed to have passed over him during our long separation. The tinge of severity which I was aware of formerly, had wholly disappeared. Without losing his singleness or strength of purpose, he had grown, I thought, more gentle, more serene, more deeply loving towards all men. Every time we met, up to the last, this impression was confirmed.

'From this time onward, I had the great happiness of seeing a good deal of him, generally twice every year, at Christmas and at midsummer. He used sometimes to visit me at my home; but oftener I visited him in Edinburgh, or met him in your manse. During this time he was attending Dr. Chalmers's Divinity Lectures, visiting the poor in an old town district, teaching their children, and sometimes he attended some other of the Professors. He was much taken up with Dr. Chalmers, and used to tell me much about him. He loved to dwell too on his little peculiarities, some of which greatly amused and delighted him. Our conversations during these times often turned on the things in which he was then engaged, on the difference between English and Scottish Universities, English and Scottish Theology. About this time, he read a good many of Newman's parochial Sermons; and was greatly struck by his wonderful power in laying bare men's hidden character, and putting his finger on the secret fault. Not that he ever inclined towards the peculiar *doctrines* of Newman—from these, you know, he was always far enough removed; but this did not in the least hinder him from freely opening his heart to these wonderful writings, which for depth and inwardness are perhaps unequalled in this century. I did indeed admire his rare candour, which was with him fully as much moral as intellectual. However widely a man differed in opinion or sentiment from himself, it seemed he did not care to dwell on the differences, but rather to open his mind fairly to take in whatever of good or true he had to teach. This open-mindedness in one so earnest and fixed in his own mind, was very remarkable; and the whole seemed so evenly balanced, that while he was not

only fair, but sympathetic towards all men, there appeared no symptom of that weakness and uncertainty of thought often visible in those whose sympathies are stronger than their heads. Akin to this was his power of entering into works the ablest, and to many men the most perplexing, without harm. One summer while he was in Edinburgh, I remember he went carefully through Kant's *Religion within the Limits of Reason.* Few books, I imagine, would be more unsettling to most young men; but though he read it with much attention, and seemed thoroughly to perceive its bearings, it did not seem to cast even a momentary cloud over his clear spirit. This may have been, in part, no doubt, because the turn of his mind was not speculative; but much more, I believe, because religious faith was in him no longer matter of mere opinion and discussion, but rooted there, where no reasonings of men could shake it.

'In those years, when I used to meet him in Edinburgh or elsewhere, there are some days which stand out with peculiar vividness in my memory. One summer he retired to Queensferry for a time, to combine more undisturbed study with pure air and a pleasant neighbourhood. His days were there divided between his books and solitary walks among the woods and grounds of Hopetoun and Dalmeny, enjoying the grand views they command up the Forth to the Perthshire Highlands, and downward to the German Ocean. Twice I rode over from Houston, and spent an afternoon with him. One of these times he took me into the park of Dalmeny, to a shady terrace, which was a favourite haunt of his; and there we walked up and down for long in earnest talk. He then accompanied

me for some way on my road homeward. The thought of that evening brings strongly to mind the depth and tenderness of his sympathy for all his friends' anxieties, whether outward or inward. In freeness it was liker a woman's than a man's sympathy. And there was a healing for the griefs of others in the pureness of the mind that opened to share them. Another time we met, and whiled away part of a summer afternoon on the high pastures of Midhope, looking over the Firth of Forth. Then we made the burn our guide, and let it lead us from the open grass fields, down through its deep woody glen, past the antique house of Midhope, till it reaches the salt sea-water. Tennyson was among our other thoughts that day, and we chanted to each other that beautiful melody of his—

> "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea—
> Thy tribute wave deliver."

We knew not then how truly that burden applied:—

> "No more by thee *our* steps shall be,
> For ever and for ever."

But no shadow passed over that afternoon; it was altogether a bright one, and is as bright in retrospect as it was when present. Afterward he wrote to me saying how much he had enjoyed it, and enclosing some feeling verses of his own. I would have sent them to you, but I cannot now recover them.

'Those visits which I used to pay to you twice yearly at Dalkeith Manse, were generally in company with John Mackintosh. We went together and left together; and as we returned to Edinburgh, the feeling was shared and expressed by both, that there were few things so full of refreshing as these visits. One Sunday morning in winter, I specially remember we had set our tryst at

a certain spot, a little way from Edinburgh, whence we walked leisurely through by-roads to Dalkeith. The morning was very calm, and his spirit was in keeping with the quiet of the time, and seemed to lead others insensibly to share his own serenity.

'It must have been one of our last times of meeting, that I went on a summer day to find him in his lodgings, hoping to spend some hours with him. He told me that he was going that evening to the West Port, to hear Dr. Chalmers speak to the working people about the church which he was building for them in the heart of that unsightly district. We went together through lanes and closes, foul with all uncleanness, till we found ourselves in the loft of a large tannery. That low-roofed noisome loft was crowded with the poorest inhabitants of that poor neighbourhood, who had come together from their work or their garret just as they were. At the head of the low-roofed dingy room stood the venerable man, his hair more white, and his body feebler than of old, but with energy unabated, speaking to these unlettered people not in his usual copious eloquence, but with a direct homeliness of speech, such as the poorest could understand. He told them how he had got that church built, that others had subscribed much, but that they must give some help themselves; that others might well assist them, but that they should not suffer everything to be done for them; that he would not, even if he could, get the church completed, till they had given him each what they could. From this he branched off to speak of self-help in general, of masters and employers, adding maxims of thrift and practical political economy, moral advice, and religious exhortation, all naturally blended together, and all

warmed by the most open brotherly heart for those he was addressing. It was the last time I remember to have seen Dr. Chalmers, and one of the last surely that I was with John Mackintosh. After this I must have been with him at least once—the Christmas before he left Scotland. But I cannot recall anything special that then took place. Neither, strange to say, can I now remember the time of our last parting, so little thought had I it was to be our last. When I heard that he was going abroad, I wrote to ask him to visit me here on his way. But soon I learned that he had gone to London by sea, on that continental tour from which he did not return.'

CHAPTER IV.

Home and Happiness—Winter of 1843 in Edinburgh—The Continent —Heidelberg—Letter from Rev. Mr. Macintyre.

THE summer and autumn (1843), from July to November, were spent in his much-loved home, Geddes. He enjoyed much out-door exercise, 'riding a great deal,' and making many excursions to scenes of beauty in the society of cheerful friends. He records in his Diary, with great gratitude again and again, 'what a happy time' he spent; 'how serene and sunny!' In September he set off on foot, by himself, through the wilds of Ross-shire. Here is a leaf from this tour:—

'*Saturday, Oct.* 7.—Started at eight, and walked up banks of Loch Monar to the furthest extremity, about five miles, during half of which enjoyed a road, afterwards but a track. The day set in stormy; and scene grand and imposing. Took Highland gamekeeper as guide, and sallied across hills for Grantown on Loch Carron. The streams were swollen into strong rivers, and we had to ford several not without danger. After taking me two-thirds of the way, the poor man left me, thinking I could easily follow the track; but, ere ten minutes elapsed, I could not distinguish it from the thousand rills that furrowed the mountain side. On I sped, in what I thought the direction; but there was no sun to mark the west, and after ascending and de-

scending, crossing torrents and morasses, till my strength was spent, amid battering rain and wind, there appeared no alternative but to spend the night, which was fast drawing in, upon the dismal mountain. Strange to say, however, I continued to hope against hope; and just as I was sitting down, entirely done up, I descried a shepherd boy as if dropped from heaven. With much persuasion he approached me, and by signs —for he spoke only Gaelic—I explained my wishes, and he led me to a shepherd's hut, in a gorge, concealed from sight. I welcomed it as though it had been a palace; and yet the hardships were considerable—a hut with two rooms—about a dozen inhabitants; for there was a gathering of shepherds for sheep-smearing, and the English of the whole would scarcely make up one Sassenach. A dog to each shepherd, always in the most comfortable place, busy scratching; add to this, an atmosphere of *reek* that was almost palpable. All, however, vied in supplying my wants—and what would such hospitality not cover? Some cakes, porridge and milk, with a little mountain-dew, formed my supper; and I then retired to the sleeping-room, where a whole bed was assigned to me. It was too bad, as it turned out, to deprive them of it, for I never closed an eye—heather and dried grass, under a blanket, composed the mattress, and my carcase was soon mapped out for the denizens of the heather, in a manner creditable to them but excruciating to me. I sallied out at midnight, and drank the calm rapture of the quiet sky; and the intense sleep that lay upon the lonely hills, while the hoarse raving of the stream below sung their lullaby, and only enhanced the universal repose.'

On his way home he visited Mr. Stewart of Cromarty,

for whom, with all who knew him, he entertained the greatest admiration. 'I sat up with him,' he writes, 'till one A.M., and spent a delightful evening. We had a charming "crack" next morning after breakfast.'

In November, John Mackintosh went to Edinburgh, and enrolled himself as a student of divinity in connexion with the Free Church; entering the classes of Hebrew (Dr. Duncan), Church History (Dr. Welsh), and Theology (Dr. Chalmers). In addition to his labours in College, he undertook—as a member of an association, formed among his fellow-students, for home-mission work—to visit a district in the old town in connexion with Mr. Elder's congregation. He became also a member of the 'Speculative Society'—a literary reunion for debate and essay-writing, which, during its existence for nearly a century, has had the most distinguished men enrolled among its members, while pursuing their studies in our Scottish metropolis.

'*Jan.* 1, 1844.—Rose at four, and spent some time in devotion, seeking to dedicate myself and all I have anew to the service of Christ, and imploring his Spirit to direct me in everything. At eight walked out to visit —— at Dalkeith; magnificent frosty morning, and enjoyed many pleasant thoughts.

'*Jan.* 9.—To-day I enter on my 23d year. The thought appals me; so old, and hitherto so unprofitable. Many have entered into glory at this age, after much service in their Master's vineyard. I do not desire to hurry myself into the work, yet what ample field for serving God is and has been before me even in my preliminary course! May the Lord give me strength to improve it better than I have done! I seek to be more habitually mindful of my high vocation.

'*Jan.* 21.—At six to prayer-meeting at St. Leonards. May the Lord water our meeting, and make us a blessing to the district. Came home very despondent of my being able to address a meeting. The thought that I have made myself over to the Lord, and that therefore it is His concern, who can and will give me all necessary strength, comforted me entirely, and until I fell asleep my frame of self-renunciation continued.

'*Jan.* 30.—Read essay at Speculative, on "Life and Writings of Samuel Johnson." Praised; but I knew its merits better. I was much ashamed to read it before the Society.

'*March* 17, *Sunday*.—To-day I have had a silent Sabbath. May my visitation be blessed to me, and lead me to hold nearer communion with God, and so cultivate close intercourse with Him, through the Spirit, however numerous my studies and engagements may be. In this I have come far short of my duty this winter.

'Blessed be His name for all His mercies. I read of many cut off recently after short illness. May my life be spared for the advancement of His glory.'

About this time I received from him the following characteristic note:—

'9, WEMYSS PLACE, *Monday*.

'MY DEAR NORMAN,—I yearn to see you. Shall you be at home on Thursday? If so, expect me to breakfast. I should have been out long ago, but unfortunately arranged to go with Baldy; but, of course, when I could come, he couldn't, and *vice versâ*, as always happens in such cases. I have in vain tried to see him to-day; but if I can, shall bring him on Thursday. I think I shall one day die of suppression, if this kind of

isolation goes on, with no one "like-minded" to whom I may confide joys, sorrows, and, in short, my whole soul. I sometimes think it unkind of you, that you never come near me, and take no more thought of me than if I were blotted, as I deserve to be, out of existence; but I suppose I oughtn't, and you may be saying the same of me. Certainly my tendrils, which were made to entwine, are beginning to coil into themselves, so that, perhaps, the discipline may be good in converting my ivy disposition into that of the oak. I don't know.

'Well, I was at Glasgow last week, and have left my whole heart with the Ramsays and your mother, so that it must be bigger than I thought it was. I do envy them in Glasgow. Sorry I missed you to-day, for, on being told you were to be in town, I poked into the coach-office, and Dalkeith coaches, in quest of you.

'Don't scold me as querulous for the above; but I have been hunting all day for some creature to lavish my affections on, and have been obliged to bring them home unsuccessful, and consume them myself. But I mean to heave anchor soon, and go home.—Your affectionate, JOHN.'

After partaking of the communion in connexion with the congregation of his much-valued friend, the Rev. Charles Brown, he says, 'O may this season be a rallying-point. May the Lord give me grace to cultivate closer communion with Himself. My very studies suffer instead of gaining by time which should not be given to them; and alas! instead of leading others in the right way, my own conversation takes the stamp of theirs. Evening, to the prayer-meeting—many there; and tried

to speak on a passage from Scripture. I endeavoured to surrender myself to God, and so my anxiety vanished.'

And thus the winter passed in works and labours of love, and in growth of grace; but before it ended, he had a short and severe illness (alluded to in the above Diary), and resolved that, with spring, he should once more visit the Continent.

Like an arrow springing from a bow bent to its utmost, he left Edinburgh early in April, with a light and merry heart, once more to cross the Channel.

'*April* 17.—Sailed at three for London, neither elated nor depressed. I am becoming prematurely old, so that changes little affect me. The mercury too of my composition is at present low. Agreeable companion on board, who lent me *M'Cheyne's Memoirs*—a feast which I devoured. O for grace to follow him, as he followed Christ!

'*April* 19.—Arrived after beautiful passage at twelve. The repose of the Thames at the Mart of Nations, and laden with their crafts, was to me most romantic, and almost oppressive. Had to remain till ——'s carriage arrived. Sat on deck under a glorious sky, and read aloud Epistle of St. Peter, with meditation of Him who had brought us in safety; and before entering London—the world epitomized.

'*April* 23.—

"Though I go to Stamboul,
Scotland holds my heart and soul."

'The winter is past; one of laborious and somewhat harassing occupation, and though jaded with illness and anxiety, with a light head, and for me a heavy purse, I wend my way for a summer in Germany. In

this I believe that I am actuated by a desire to become familiar with other languages, with the customs and institutions of different nations, and especially their universities, and to receive unbroken leisure for study and meditation. In all this God may, and by His grace will be glorified. I have taken with me Butler, Leland's Deistical Writers, and other text-books in theology, which, with Hebrew, shall form my principal study. I am provided by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Welsh, and Sir William Hamilton, with some introductions to German professors, and literati, so that I shall not be altogether friendless, if

—— "Sick for home,
I stand in tears amid the alien corn."

He remained abroad till the month of August, residing chiefly in Heidelberg, where he enrolled himself as a student with Lewald, Professor of Church History.

'*Ostend, April* 24.—Embarked last night, as the vessel sailed at two this morning. Wrote letters to —— and —— and then retired to a broken slumber, in a choky cabin, quite full of roosters. To-day exquisite, the sea like a pond, and at four P.M. we arrived at Ostend—

"Once more I tread the continental shores."

'I hoped for this against hope, yet had a presentiment, when I quitted them before, it should not be for ever. No man ever wrote *one* book, I argued with myself; and, analogously, no man ever tasted the sweets of foreign travel once, and once for all. My dream has been realized. My heart beats high with a thousand thoughts, associations, memories of the actual and the spiritual world. The prevailing fragrance rises from the recollection of the honeymoon of my life, which I passed with Professor Forbes. Therefore, O Ostend, plain as

thou mayest be in the hand-book's eyes,—to my soul-book, thou art more beautiful than tongue can tell. . . .

'I am alone. O how I hope to revel in solitude! My passion for the romantic maid was ever great, but never have I enjoyed such an opportunity of wooing her. The Recluse or Zimmermann's sweet book on Solitude (I never read it, but if it be not sweet on such a subject, the author should be chained to a tree or a wife all his days) shall be but tame to my spiritual feast. To mingle freely with the natives will not break my spell, but, for my own countrymen, my motto shall be, "Anglus sum, et omnem Anglum a me alienum puto." With a low bow—a salâm, and then a fond embrace to solitude, I conclude this Journal.

'*April* 25.—Took early train, and passing through level but highly cultivated country "with whose sweet orchard blooms the soft winds play" at this exulting season of the year, I arrived at Bruges, to breakfast. A few days ago the mercury of my composition stood very low, the blood refused to permeate my veins; now all is "life, and splendour, and joy." "The light has returned to my eyes, and they dance like boys in a festival." This energy must not be wasted. Let me agonize at German and other studies in the serene evenings I enjoy after a laborious day of sight-seeing. In Bruges, I am a denizen of the Middle Ages—in short, a middle-aged gentleman, tenanting the *corpus*, we shall say, of some fat burgher with a pipe half a mile long, and a purse without any end. Of course I have no sympathy with the present Brugensians. They could have no part in these fine old Gothic structures; on the contrary, wherever they can, they show their degenerate taste for square unmeaning-looking houses like themselves. Middle-aged ladies to

keep me company there are none, but plenty pretty girls with regular features and eyes of jet flashing from under their silken snoods. The priests were right in describing as famous, "formosis Bruga puellis." For description of the town, I need do no more than set my seal to Murray's account. I conclude with a free translation of Horace's line—

"O matre pulchrâ, filia pulchrior."

"Bruges, thou art fair; but fairer still thy face, daughter of Bruges."

'*April* 26.—

"Hail, town of Ghent, time-honour'd Manchester!
Hail, town of Ghent, the Belgian Manchester!"

For this full bathos in comparing antique and romantic Ghent to a city of tallow-chandlers like Manchester, thank Murray, not me. Spent from "morn to dewy eve" enjoying a similar feast to that of yesterday. But who shall tell the ecstasies of that eve! My hotel is in the Place d'Armes, and my windows open upon it. Long after the bright star of evening had taken his watch in the sky, I wandered like one entranced, "while every passing zephyr whispered joy;" and ever and anon the quaint old chimes of the cathedral, "most musical, most melancholy," broke the silence, but only enhanced my waking dream. "The measure of my soul was filled with bliss." I seemed to dissolve into spirit, and to take my place as a steadfast portion of the influence which surrounded me.

'Dr. Johnson's rule would probably apply here. Whenever you think you have written something unusually fine, draw your pen through it. All I mean to say is, that this evening, in the firm of Mackintosh, the material appeared to form a very junior member of the concern. This is it in right Manchester phrase.

'*Sunday, April* 28.—(Aix-la-Chapelle.)—

"How many thousands on this day are wending
Through Scotland's glens and mountain-paths their way
Towards spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elm ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day!
I may not tread with them those pathways."

'My first Sabbath abroad! It is refreshing, amid the laxity of foreign observance, to turn the thoughts homewards, where, with all our shortcomings, God has not yet given us over to a general and shameless breach of the fourth commandment. This feature abroad has shocked many, who yet knew little or nothing of the blessedness of a Christian Sabbath, when spiritually observed. Does my feeling proceed merely from habit or sentimentalism? I think I have tasted somewhat of the promised reward annexed to this duty, and therefore grieve that this people should be so blind to their best interests; but I am sadly deficient in jealousy for the Lord God of hosts, my Lord and Father, who has challenged this day as his own. Do Thou give me more of the spirit of the Psalmist, that "rivers of waters may run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy laws."

'The thought occurs to me sometimes—are we right in Scotland in desiring a strict observance of the Sabbath, and, generally, in the shape which religion assumes with us, which even with some of the better Protestants abroad would be termed mysticism? I speak, of course, of *spiritual* religion at home. After bursting, as far as possible, the shackles of habit and prejudice, and viewing the matter in the light of Scripture example and precept, as well as in that of reason, I am abundantly satisfied that we are right, and that any attempt at a

religion below this standard, be it recommended by bishop, statesman, or savant, must be vain and unsatisfactory. If religion, hearty love to God in Christ, with all those spiritual graces which it implies, be not wrought into the spirit of man by the Spirit of God, it is nothing at all; and yet I suspect this would be called mysticism by many Protestant divines abroad, and by some at home, though not perhaps in so many words. I say "suspect," because I wish it otherwise, and have had too slender opportunities of knowing it to be true. My clean retired room, in the quiet hotel court, with my Bible, Winslow (a choice book), and Owen, was enough to make me forget the surrounding profanity, and to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, under the shadow of the Almighty.

> "Sweet is the breath of Sabbath eve,
> And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
> These sacred hours this low earth leave,
> Wafted on wings of praise and prayer."

'*Sunday, May* 5.—(Mannheim.)—Never shall I forget that evening, in the gardens by the river-side, long after the stars had come out in the silent sky, while the myriad-minded river itself bore burden to my thoughts, more myriad-minded still. What soul was mine! Attuned it was in unison with the Sabbath eve, and while long it could find no utterance in words, it at length found vent in repeating the Apostles' Creed, and this alone, every word of which seemed fraught with a new meaning, and almost lay on my mind like a substance.

'*May* 6.—(Heidelberg.)—My windows command an enchanting prospect far down the course of the Neckar, and terminated in the distant west by the Vosges moun-

tains of France, whose dreamy outline of blue transports my soul into another world. Beyond them, almost in a direct line westward, is Paris; and were I disposed to be romantic, there might be something in the thought, and some appropriateness in the song, "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw;" but it is not so. There is one sublimer consideration which overwhelms all others, and that is, that my windows are looking towards Jerusalem, or Scotland, and every evening the glorious sun sets right in the direction of the beloved hallowed land, surrounding it visibly with that halo with which to my mind it is invested, and bearing to it, at this solemn season of her Assembly, my fervent, spirit-drawn prayers. Never can I forget the sweet solitude of these rooms, and yet not so solitary as to be irksome, for I enjoy the novel and noiseless traffic of the river, and the busy thoroughfare of the Frankfort road on its farther bank, visible, but inaudible from its distance. Never can I forget the sober and contemplative evenings, and yet not sober, for the joy of the climate and the scene amounted to an ecstasy. I shall here record an outline of my day's disposal; and "ab uno disce omnes." Rise sometimes at four, but occasionally later. Read and meditate on the Scriptures with prayer till six; when breakfast *à l'Anglaise;* study German and Hebrew; read with master; attend lectures in the University till twelve. Read and meditate till dinner at one, in Museum with the students, after which read the newspapers, German, French, and English (*Times* and *Galignani*) for a short time. I then return home and study history and theology (Thierry's *Norman Conquest* in French, and Butler), for two or three hours, till five; after which I bid farewell to study for the day, and

sally forth to enjoy the evening coolness, in walking among the beautiful environs of the place alone, or, more generally now, in company with some fellow-students and others whose society I much enjoy. My bow is then unstrung, and for the time being I adopt the sentiment of Wordsworth—

> "The impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man—
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

At all events it conduces very much to my improvement in German conversation; at nine, when the shades of evening fall more heavily on the plain, I retire; and after closing the day as I began it, in meditation on the Alpha and Omega, I commend myself to His care who slumbereth not nor sleepeth, and fall asleep to the lullaby of whispering winds, and the river murmuring beneath my window.

'Sometimes, for variety, when the weather is cool, I take my contemplative, *i.e.*, my walk after dinner, and thus reserve my evening for study and meditation at the open casement of my room, when balmiest thoughts float or frolic in my mind, and the whole measure of my soul is filled with bliss. The following lines are a faint echo of those thoughts, fragrant of myrrh and aloes and cassia, but incommunicable, which I penned under the influence of the scene—

> "Place me in some westering tower,
> Where, at the thoughtful twilight hour,
> I may see the car of day
> Majestically roll away.
> While on his footsteps star-bedight,
> Slowly ascends grey-hooded night;

And bright Hesperus on high
Glimmers clear and silently!
Alone of all the starry train
In the unfathomable plain;
While the river, broad and deep,
E'en in its motion seems to sleep,
Well pleased upon its breast, I ween,
To bear that star of wondrous sheen;
While the hills increasing seem,
Like phantoms in a waking dream."'

In the same buoyant and joyous strain is every Diary at this time on the Continent. The healthy body now seconded the healthy soul, and both rejoiced!

Partly from curiosity, and anxious to drink a little of the spirit of the Burschen life, he attended one of those burlesque scenes—a duel with swords, several of which were fought every week by the students; but are by no means so very deadly as those encounters which, under the same name, were once so common in our own land. 'Picture to yourself,' he writes, 'two ugly rascals confronting each other, with long padded trousers reaching up to their middle, their right arm bound with padded bandages to such an extent, that during the intervals of fighting they must be supported by a friend; their neck protected by a cravat (not hempen) similarly padded, and a long snouted cap drawn over their head and concealing the upper part of the face; such, and so bedight, were the heroes on whom all eyes were concentrated. So much for defensive armour. The weapons of offence were long, narrow, sharp rapiers, sharp enough to cut, and blunt enough to make a very awkward wound. Behind each combatant stood his second, in many respects similarly equipped. The second is always one of the leading men of the respec-

tive corps, and a good swordsman. Around stand the spectators, of course all students or privileged persons like myself. At the word of command, the German of which I forget, but, *Ite capellæ*—"Go it, ye cripples!"—will serve the purpose; a noisy scuffle ensues for about two seconds, when the supporters interfere with the word "Halt!" and the principals drop their swords; this is repeated for twenty-four rounds, as the case may be, of which note is kept by the umpire. How any damage is done in this mimic warfare, illustrating the proverb of "Much cry and little wool," or "Much ado about nothing," might well afford matter of much astonishment; but yet two students out of three have traces of wounds in all parts of their face—a badge of distinction, it seems, in many cases retained through life. *Chacun à son goût.*'

Soon after, he enjoyed a meeting of a very different description, and one more congenial to his tastes.

'*June* 10.—On Sunday I went as usual, to the English service, at eleven, in the Museum. I was seated near the door, and had not been engaged long before a family entered, the sight of whom was so unexpected that at first I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was none other than Dr. and Mrs. Duncan, from whom I had long expected to hear; but failing to do so, I had at length given up all hopes of seeing them, in what, as regards congenial spirits, may be called "the house of my pilgrimage." What joy was mine once more to worship with him! The place became to me the gate of heaven, and my recollections of it are hallowed ever since. My heart overflowed with gratitude to God, the Giver of every mercy. The preacher had occasion, in his sermon, to define the object and end of baptism.

The Doctor's head bowed involuntarily at the end of each proposition; and when the whole was concluded, without any reference to baptismal regeneration or the like, except in way of condemnation, an Amen of approbation and satisfaction proceeded audibly from his lips. It was very characteristic of the embodied "Confession of Faith."

'The remainder of the afternoon I spent in their company, listening with astonishment and gratitude to an account of the wonderful things God is doing for the beloved Church of our fathers, which, in the midst of much tribulation, He is yet visiting with such peculiar favour. The spirit of humiliation and self-abasement, which I understand to be more abundantly felt throughout its borders, is the most eminent token of good we could have, both for the stability and wellbeing of the Church of Scotland itself—for our living in charity and brotherly love with those who differ from us—for healing the divisions of our beloved native land. O may the Lord bless the whole Church, and especially His own office-bearers, that they may be faithful watchmen on the walls of Zion, living in His presence, and drawing from the fountain of life, rivers of grace to be imparted to all the people! O may He bless and multiply all who love the Lord Jesus, and hasten the coming of His glorious kingdom. Amen.

'After worship in the Hotel, I left them and repaired to Professor Tiedemann's, Vine Hill, where I was introduced to Professors Ullmann, Umbreit, and Rothe. There were others there, but I confined my attention principally to them, and enjoyed some very pleasant conversation, conducted, of course, in German. Their kindness to me was very great. I obtained Professor

Umbreit's leave to introduce Dr. Duncan to him next morning, and was invited by the others to visit them, which I was anxious to do, and accomplished soon afterwards. Next morning I accompanied Dr. D. at seven o'clock, to hear Director Rothe lecture; and at nine, to visit Umbreit. The reception was most cordial. The conversation turned chiefly on the Oriental Languages—Professor Umbreit speaking German, and Dr. D. Latin, which he does with great beauty and accuracy. They appeared to harmonize very much in their views of the subjects discussed, and after an hour's interview we departed, Umbreit having presented Dr. D. with one of his works recently published; and the Doctor having obtained permission to correspond with him on the common subject of their professorship. . . .

'Dr. Ullmann's opinion (of the Free Church), in common with that of most others of the German divines, is in admiration of the men, but in disapprobation of their proceedings. Were it otherwise, I should be much astonished; their own ecclesiastical position being still more Erastian than that of the Church of England, and the principle on which the Establishment was rejected, appearing very naturally of minor importance, when compared with their own matters of controversy, which are the very elements of Christianity. But in how far their own fearful heterodoxies and doctrinal anarchy is to be attributed to this very cause—the want of ecclesiastical discipline and freedom—is a question pregnant with significance and moment.

'*Week the 7th.*—On Monday visited Professor Rothe, and had an interesting conversation with him. I read to him Dr. Chalmers's letter to me, in which, among other things, he asks me to ascertain in what esteem

Stapferus, Maestricht, Pictetus, and the elder Turretine, are held by the divines in Heidelberg; and also the names of such German authors as are in greatest request among them. To the former question I understood him to reply, with some *naïveté*, that the above-mentioned books were out of date, and almost unknown among them. To the second query, he kindly furnished me with the following names:—"Storr, *Schleiermacher*, *Twesten*, *Nitzsch*, Hahn, etc.; Rationalist—Wegscheider, Bretschneider, Hase; Speculative—Marheinecke, Strauss."'

Mackintosh left Heidelberg at the end of June; and after parting with the Reitz family, and many friends, he writes:—'I then crossed the bridge, took a last view of my windows, as I drove along the road I had so often witnessed from them; and finally, bade a long and sorrowful adieu to Heidelberg, as the turn of the road at Neuenheim concealed it from my sight. It has been the witness these two months of many hopes and fears, joys and sorrows; a little sadness no doubt at first, from being among a strange people, and unable to communicate with them easily; yet, on the whole, what goodness and mercy and enjoyment, temporal and spiritual, have I to record! Lord, fill my heart with gratitude, and whatever I have learned that may tend to Thy glory, enable me to retain and improve.'

I received from him the following letter while on his tour, after leaving Heidelberg:—

'ERB-PRINZ, WEIMAR, *July* 24, 1844.

'MY DEAR NORMAN,—My heart leaps up at the thought of writing you, and this too at Weimar the birthplace of your soul. While I write, my spirit is "haud

præter solitum" at Dalkeith, and while you read your spirit will doubtless be at Weimar, and therefore I have been particular in giving you the very spot from which I indite this. O Norman, I have seen Sabbath sights and inhaled spiritual feasts since we parted *that* evening, which are to dream of, not to be, and all this too "with no one near, to whom I might confess the things I saw!" Whether this added to the charm or not I leave you to judge; but this I know, there is but one I can think of whose presence would have enhanced instead of breaking the spell, and that is you, for we should have had but one existence between us—and that part and parcel of the witchery around. I consider Weimar the crowning point of all; it is indeed a most love-worthy place, fit paradise for the mighty dead. Haunted as it is by the shades of the departed, there was another shade that haunted me still more powerfully, for here it was that "joyous Norman loved and sang." I visited your old house before that of Goethe and Schiller! The landlord was delighted to hear of you, and sends you his hearty greeting. I soon found my way to Dr. Weisenborn, who still lives. This forenoon I had the Doctor all to myself. He is quite a trump, and has the same loving recollection of you which you have of him. No trouble was too great for him to undertake for your sake, and, accordingly, under his agreeable auspices I saw all the mark-worthiness of Weimar, from the Grand Duke upwards, or rather downwards. He has made me the bearer of a letter to you, which in due time I hope to deliver to you at your own fireside, along with the other boiler full of suppressed remarks with which I am ready to burst!

'And now I must give you a brief sketch of my previous

doings in Germany, premising that delighted as I have been I almost reproach myself I did not come here at first. Well then, in the first instance, I journeyed leisurely through Belgium, enjoying at every pore the wonders of its cities, and almost fancying myself a middle-aged gentleman. I cannot describe to you how the blood shot through my veins from the first hour I set foot on the Continent. For some time before it had been very stagnant, but now it was like the breaking up of the winter's ice. On reaching the Rhine I halted a few days at Bonn, and presented my introductions, with several of which I had furnished myself from Dr. Welsh and Sir William Hamilton to different Universities in Germany, that I might not be altogether friendless, if

"Sick for home,
I stand in tears amid the alien corn."

'From Bonn I passed to Heidelberg, and spent there six weeks of unalloyed happiness. My rooms were on the banks of the Neckar, with a glorious view down its course, terminated in the horizon by the blue dreamy outline of the Vosges mountains of France. There was something to me in the thought that in that very direction lay Paris, something which would tickle you I know, but still more in the thought that my windows were looking towards (my) Jerusalem, and that every evening the glorious sun bore thither my behests. I mixed very much with the students, and found them, under a wild exterior, above average gentlemanly and kind. I attended lectures three times a day, and sometimes more, German as a living language being yet to learn. I rose betimes—the shepherds of Persia were not earlier abroad; and thus, between study and relaxation, to say I *lived* in ecstasy would be too tame a word. I pitied

Cæsar; often during this time I wished to write to you but did not, and I daresay you have abused me for it before now; why not, I don't know, but from experience you must be aware that the seat of such procrastination is the liver, and not the heart. Towards the end of my stay I made a short excursion with Dr. Duncan, who visited me on his way to Pesth, to Carlsruhe, and Stuttgart (I thought of writing you thence), and so home by Heilbronn and the Neckar. On leaving Heidelberg, I visited Baden-Baden, a spot that must have dropped ready-made from the third heaven; then back to Frankfort, and on foot through the charming Brunnens of Nassau to Coblenz and Bonn. At Bonn I remained a fortnight, and as at Heidelberg made the acquaintance of most of the theological professors. The kindness of one and all is something marvellous. My dear Norman, my heart is too big for utterance of all I think of this extraordinary people. In the first place, there is something singularly beautiful in the brotherhood, the sort of freemasonry of letters that exists among these sages who are scattered all over Germany, almost as thickly as "the mild assemblage of the starry heaven." Is Dr. Neander sick at Berlin? His greatest literary antagonist in the most remote south mourns over it as a brother. The wildest student is as proud of a Neander or a Nitzsch, and respects him as much as he does Goethe or Schiller. I fear it is not so with us. The John Bull of Germany is a large square-headed man, with a face like a great tom cat's, and smoked as dry as a Finnan haddock; a cap, a surtout or Mongol greatcoat reaching near his heels, and pipe sticking out of his mouth or his pocket. This character I like pre-eminently. He is what is very rare with us—a thinking man. But this nonsense should not

have been put on paper. From Bonn I crossed by Coblenz to the valley of Giessen and Cassel, Göttingen, Eisenach, Erfurt, Weimar; thence to Lena, Leipsic, Dresden; and this sheet is written on my return to Leipsic. I now go (D.V.) to Halle, Berlin, and thence make the best of my way home. Sweet word—an epitome of all that knits me to earth, of which you are a link.'

He spent his autumn at Geddes in health and joy.

'GEDDES, *Sept.* 27, 1844.

'MY DEAREST AUNT,—I received your delightful letter with great pleasure, and I trust profit. It is stimulating in the midst of our own lethargy in Christ's service, to hear of one so greatly made over to Him as you describe my dear pastor to be. After all, I am convinced that half-measures in religion are most unsatisfactory, that there are also more of those half-measures in our dedication of heart and life to Christ than we are ourselves aware of; and that the full flood of Christian joy and consolation can never be reached by us, until we become as it were dead to ourselves, and Christ alone lives in us. For this blessed state I long and pray, knowing its sweetness from the experience of others, and some slight but precious glimpses I may have had of it myself. I cannot but think that the atmosphere I am now in is not the most favourable for making such attainments; and yet I blame no one but myself, for I have multitudes of privileges. I have such redundant spirits when surrounded, after a long and far absence, by my dear family, that I shall sympathize more for the future with those whose natural spirits are always such; and who, from this cause, cannot know so much of the broken and

contrite heart as those whom the Lord is pleased to chasten more. I once thought them enviable, but I do not any more. You have now, perhaps, little acquaintance with the state of which I speak; and that it is otherwise should form, believe me, no small portion of your song of praise. At the same time, there is a spiritual buoyancy, such as bright and holy Joseph Alleine felt, which is the best state of all, and the Christian's portion.'

The Rev. Mr. Macintyre, now minister of the Free Church, Monikie, has kindly furnished me with the following reminiscences of John during the period in which he studied in the New College, Edinburgh:—

'It was during the four years he spent at the New College that I became acquainted with him, and had opportunities of intercourse with him. It has often been matter of grateful recollection that these opportunities were frequent, and such as in time to beget friendship. What afforded them was not merely our being members of the same classes, but also of the same societies, literary and sacred, of which the members of necessity come into close contact. Mr. M. belonged to several of these, and took a great interest in them, especially those whose object was the mutual religious improvement of the students. He was a deeply interested and active member of the Students' Missionary Association, of which he was eventually made President; and when he had associated with him in the direction several of his intimate friends. If I remember rightly, Mr. Rainy of Huntly, Mr. Carlile of Brechin, Mr. Ker of Deskford, Mr. Lundie of Birkenhead, Mr. Sandeman, and others of his friends, were then on its committee; and as its

business brought them frequently together, so their meeting seemed to cement their friendship. For, indeed, it was the noble and rare quality of Mr. M., that the more he was known the more he was esteemed and loved. The most frequent and familiar intercourse never seemed to disclose anything that tended to diminish either the admiration or affection with which his friends regarded him. At all times he was found to be the devout Christian, the warm friend, and the superior man.

'I suppose his friends will all agree in this, that of all the students of his time there was probably not one that combined the two characters of the humble and devoted Christian and the ardent scholar so completely. It was manifest that he prosecuted his studies with great zeal and success, by the earnest attention he always gave to the lectures and exercises of the class; by the care with which he husbanded the time; by his anxiety to improve conversation to useful purposes; and by the ripe knowledge he showed of many of the subjects of study. But this ardent success never seemed to chill the fervour of his spiritual affections, or lower the tone of his piety. He seemed to make it his business to give heed to our Lord's injunction, to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and not to allow anything to interfere with the interests and duties of spiritual religion. He once told me of a practice he frequently adopted, when he felt the desk becoming too engrossing, or when he felt the dust and drought of any occupation not strictly religious gathering upon his spirit, which was, to shut his books, and take a long walk into the country *alone;* and endeavour by meditation and ejaculatory prayer to bring his soul into a healthy state,

and that it very often proved successful. There were two other methods, besides the ordinary and necessary one of conscientious private exercises to keep his lamp trimmed and burning, which he also practised. The one was meeting regularly with a few friends for the study of the Scriptures and prayer; and the other, visitation of a district of poor, ignorant, and, in general, wicked people, in whose religious welfare he took a very sincere and warm interest. By such means, and by the rich blessing of God, his soul was kept as a well-watered garden, fresh and fruitful; and he was enabled to exhibit spiritual religion in as amiable and attractive and withal healthful light, as I ever witnessed.

'There were two things about him that struck me much—struck me because they are not commonly found. The one was his breadth of interest; and the other, his seeming continually to feel that his mind with all its faculties and powers was immortal, and given him by God to be trained and cultivated for immortality. There were few things beyond his interest. His sympathies and likings did not move in a confined and narrow channel. His knowledge was not limited to a few departments. He loved to let his mind expatiate freely over man and nature, and seemed to take an interest in whatever was worthy of it on broad and general grounds. In this way his mind was kept from getting into ruts, and moving only in the tracks that habit and association have formed. But while there was this freedom and generality of interest, there was no risk of its running to waste, for he had both a sound judgment and a strong will to regulate it; and so far as he was able, he would not allow it to influence unduly his opinion and his conduct, but kept himself

strictly within what he believed to be the requirements of truth and duty.

'The other thing I mentioned was very noticeable in him. He seemed to feel that God had given him not his heart only to prepare for immortality, but his mind also,—his intelligence and taste, as well as conscience and affections; and he appeared assiduously and devotedly to cultivate them with that end in view. It seemed to be his aim to improve his powers to the utmost, not merely for service here, but as a spirit preparing for immortality.'

CHAPTER V.

Last Years in Edinburgh, 1845-47 — Father's Illness — West Port—Wales—Home—Christian Friends among the Poor—Father's Death —Lasswade—Mr. Tasker's Account of his West Port Labours.

JOHN MACKINTOSH returned in December (1844) to Edinburgh, to resume his studies in the Free Church College, and his labours as a district missionary. These labours were now connected with Dr. Chalmers's Territorial Church of the West Port, where 'the old man eloquent,' with all the vigour of youth and all his early enthusiasm mellowed and chastened, but not lessened by advancing years, was applying to a wretched district in Edinburgh, those principles for Christianizing the masses, and reclaiming the outcast heathen of our cities, which he had attempted with such success nearly thirty years before in Glasgow. John also took as great an interest as before in the Speculative Society, and received much good from attending the ministry of Dr. Buchanan, Mr. C. Brown having been laid aside from bad health.

'*Jan.* 1, 1845.—May this year, on which, through grace, I have been spared to enter, be an epoch in my preparation for the ministry!'

TO HIS MOTHER.

'9, WEMYSS PLACE, *Jan.* 8, 1845.

'DEAREST MOTHER, — I have *intended* writing you ever since your birthday, which I did not forget, but

alas for intentions! However, I begin the year well, and need not mention to you how much it is in my heart at this epoch that you may be long spared on earth, and made from year to year, or rather from day to day, more ripe for glory by being more and more conformed to the image of Christ, our blessed Redeemer! I should not wonder if I had a letter from you to-morrow; but if not, I do not deserve it, being in your debt. I shall then attain the advanced age of twenty-three, and to my mind, one's own birthday is a more solemnizing season for reflection than that of the year. I have to look back on much shortcoming and cause of penitence in my duties both to God and man, and many mercies and causes of thankfulness to the Giver of them all. Blessed be His name, I can look *forward* to acceptance and pardon in the name of Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and for the promised strength of His Spirit to perfect me more in time to come. Let this, dearest mother, be your prayer for me, as I know it is. Indeed, as I grow in years and reflection, I recognise more and more deeply the loving-kindness of God in having granted me such parents; and not least her who, both by precept and example, trained up my youthful mind in the knowledge and love of Himself. I say not this to flatter, because I know that you acknowledge it to be of His mercy that you have been enabled to do so; but to express the just debt of gratitude I owe you both, and the call I feel to show myself sensible of it, while life is granted me.'

'*Jan.* 12.—Writing retrospectively, I have omitted to record that my birthday was on Thursday, January 9. I endeavoured to mark it, by prayer and fasting, as a day of solemn reflection; considering and repenting of

my past shortcomings, and resolving, by God's grace, to realize more in time to come, the precept, "Walk in the Spirit."'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'EDINBURGH, *January* 1845.

'I say, write me, will you? To you, in that Elysian den of yours, it ought to be like a glass of nectar to do so, as it would be to me; but I am so horribly busy, that I've scarcely time to blow my nose—d'ye hear?

'And yet I have a sweet study to which I become daily, I should say nightly, more wedded, with my silent but pleasant midnight darlings smiling around me; and my thoughts generally engaged on the loftiest of all contemplations, whose base is indeed on earth, but their summit higher than the heavens. Write me then, dear, often: for

> "Sweet is the postman's matin bell,
> Its chimes to me are dear;
> The letter come, oh! who can tell
> My joy, my hope, my fear!"

'JOHN THE RHYMER.'

'*Feb.* 2.—In this week I desire to be more with God in meditation, reading, and prayer; to realize more genuine humility and brokenness of heart—more dependence on God in all duties; in short, more of the feeling, "Not I, but Christ liveth in me."'

At the end of February he was summoned home—'much overwhelmed in mind'—to attend, as he thought, his father's deathbed; but to the great surprise and joy of himself and the other members of his family, he was spared. He thus writes his mother after his return to Edinburgh:—

'EDINBURGH, *March* 17, 1845.

'MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am indeed delighted by the cheering and satisfactory accounts of dear father which I have received since my return. Agreeably to your request, I asked Drs. Muir and Buchanan to return thanks publicly to God; and —— tells me nothing could have been more hearty and beautiful than the way in which Dr. M. complied yesterday. Had he been one of the family, it could not have been more appropriate. Dr. Buchanan has taken the most Christian and affectionate interest in us all. He had previously done what I wished, but repeated it yesterday. God grant our prayers may be still further answered, in the surrender of ourselves, one and all, to Christ, to be His followers in spirit and in truth, trusting in Him for our salvation, and seeking to love those things which He loves, and hate what He hates. Ah! except the Spirit deepen and perpetuate the work, this warning, solemn as it has been, will soon be forgotten and ineffectual for good. Let us be instant in prayer, that so fearful a result may be averted, and the reverse accomplished.

'You would be astonished and gratified to know of the interest our affliction has excited; and the sympathy, prayerful sympathy, it has met, even down to my poor paupers, old and young, of the West Port.

'I have endeavoured, by calling and writing, to express our gratitude to ——, and many others who have been unceasing in their inquiries. None have been more kind than dear old Dr. Chalmers; I never see him that he does not ask me my accounts. To-day was his birthday, and his students had a breakfast in honour of it in Gibb's Hotel.

'I am again in the full swing of study, much refreshed by my fortnight's interruption; and my fellow-students, by their note-books, have quite made up any lectures I have lost.

'Tenderest love to my father, and all. I trust, dearest, you are getting repose now, and recovering strength. A line at your leisure would be most welcome; especially to say when you think my father could receive a letter from me. Ever your fondly attached son,— JOHN MACKINTOSH.'

Next month, to his great delight, he received a note from his father, and replies :—

'EDINBURGH, *April* 5, 1845.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,—I cannot express my joy on seeing your writing once more; and desire to feel very grateful to God for his goodness in restoring you so wonderfully. I pray that this great proof of his loving-kindness may lead us to repentance, and to devote ourselves more entirely to God in return for all his benefits, seeking in all things to please Him through Christ Jesus, and to walk before Him in love. I have felt, especially of late, my dear father, the unspeakable necessity of having a personal interest in Christ, not merely nominally, but in very truth—such an interest and union as makes us new creatures: for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." May you and I, through God's grace, possess such an interest!'

Early in May he visited Glasgow, on his way to pay a visit to his friend Mr. James Brown at Fairlie. After passing through the old courts of the College, he says: 'Old memories cluster thick around this hallowed Col-

lege—nowhere more so. Its dim courts and gloomy arches are to my mind peopled with forms of the past, made up alike of the living and the dead. And hence my spirit is always solemn and my emotions very varied when I visit these walls. Here I truly entered upon life; and so deep was the impress upon the page of time, at this period of my history, that I can as it were turn back to it upon the spot, and compare it with that which intervenes.'

After returning to Edinburgh he attended the 'deliberations of the General Assembly of the Free Church for the first time, and was greatly gratified by the solemnity, decorum, and spirit of sanctity which pervaded them.'

Immediately afterwards he was joined by his youngest sister, and both started for Wales, to pay a visit to their brother Alexander, with whom he spent a month of great enjoyment—touring it on foot through the lovely scenes of that beautiful land; ascending Snowdon; and, *en passant*, being present at the great annual Conference of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

DIARY.—'*Bala, June* 11.—At four in the morning the people began to pour in on foot, in cars, and on horseback, from a circumference, I am told, of forty miles. Booths and stalls were erected in the principal street for the sale of Bibles and religious literature, in Welsh; as well as for other refreshments. At ten o'clock the multitude repaired to the common, where the preachers addressed them successively from a text; the better sort being seated on vans and waggons round a circle, in the centre of which stood or sat the body of the people, numbering probably 10,000. The language and manner of the preachers reminded me of our own

Gaelic ministers. How far the good in such meetings preponderates over the bad, I am unable to determine. When God is active, Satan is generally active also.

'*June* 13.—After breakfast walked down the truly lovely valley to Maen-Twrog, left knapsack there, and crossed the stream to the delightful terrace-walks and grounds of Mrs. Oakley. The views up the valley, the shade, the perfumed air, were luxurious and perfect bliss. I had Wordsworth, and spent some hours here of highest enjoyment.

'*July* 6.—Took communion in Gresford Church.

'*July* 9.—Adieu to Gresford, with much regret, having enjoyed much happiness there.'

In August he was present at the Assembly of the Free Church in Inverness, and records, with great thankfulness, the good which he derived from the addresses and sermons to which he listened, and the persons whom he met on that occasion in the house of his friend Mr. Mackintosh of Raigmore, where he was a guest during the Assembly week, and his sojourn in which he 'enjoyed exceedingly.'

'During rest of time at Geddes, secluded, in general, till two every day, and had thus some pleasant hours of labour. Good deal of satisfaction in my Sunday evening class; founded library for their reading, with considerable success.'

He thus writes to his aunt, Miss Jollie:—

'GEDDES, *August* 14, 1845.

'. . . I think I am learning two things at present; that the situation we are in, if of God's appointment, is *the* most favourable for progress, and should be so improved without vainly sighing for a better and looking

to the future; and next, my utter inability to resist temptation of myself; I trust I may add, in some degree from experience, the possibility of doing all things through Christ's strength. Let me have your prayers, as you certainly have mine. I have frequently felt myself arrested, when contact with the world was paralysing my soul; and to what is this to be attributed, but to the intercession of saints, and of the Great Intercessor?'

He once more began his winter labours in December. These were much the same as during the previous winter, without anything peculiarly marked in their character. The old routine of patient duty was repeated; and then, hard study at home; attending lectures in College; fagging in the West Port; enjoying the Speculative Society; daily and loving intercourse with Christian friends and fellow-students; and, upon the whole, sunshine, with some days of gloom and despondency in his spiritual life—such features as these made up his winter's history.

Having heard of the illness of his friend, Mr. Alexander Burn Murdoch, he writes to him:—

'*January* 1846.

'I can understand that it must be difficult for you to bear the trial, and say, The will of God be done. Yet I am convinced that whom the Lord loves He chastens, and that this affliction must be sent you for His glory and your own good. How light would every trial be, were our will wholly swallowed up in God's, and were we so completely made over to Christ and His work, that we could say: I am Thine; do with me what seemeth to Thee good. By action or suffering, enable me to serve Thee the few years of my earthly pilgrimage,

ere Thou takest me home to enjoy Thee for ever. Ah! it is hard to say this, for our souls and affections cleave to earth; but Christ's Spirit can put it in our hearts, though when we pray for the Spirit we may be in much darkness. May our heavenly Father sanctify this affliction to you, as I believe He will. You shall have my prayers for your speedy recovery, such as they are, as if it were for my own.'

'*Jan.* 16.—Had a long walk with ——. On some topics of religious thought, we coincide remarkably; as, for instance, on the characteristics of Scottish and English piety, and the superiority of the latter when genuine; also on the independence of thought which should be fostered for candour in religious opinions, but which in Scotland and in our halls is too much repressed. Theologians rather made, than taught to make themselves. For the few who might fall off from the freedom of indulging inquiry, the rest would become more earnest and manly in their beliefs. The religion of Scotland too controversial in its character. The injury of the Reformation to the fine arts still too apparent, and this to the popular mind, especially when there is no religion to counteract the evil.

'*Jan.* 31.—Worked hard all day, from eleven A.M. till twelve P.M., except a hasty meeting at eight in the West Port.'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 5, 1846.

'I am in a kind of mad humour—hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! My spirits are perhaps only the whirr of a bow long tightened closely,

now relaxed—for I have been inconceivably busy, sometimes desking it thirteen to fifteen hours per diem; but say not this to our venerable mother, or I shall have a fresh influx of flannels, honey, and jams. 'Tis now over, and there's an end on't, and of my silence.

'Meanwhile, a word of sobriety ere I close, as we often used to have; although I know not how it may sound after so much jocularity. It is this, and I meant to have said it to you at the beginning of the year. With all your progress, are you making any, my dear love, in the ways of God, in the *knowledge* and *love* of Christ? I have sometimes feared *not*, and if you really wish it, I know no more effectual way of getting out of apathy than by *doing* something for Christ. Concern yourself about others, teach the young, visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep yourself unspotted from the world; and I am sure, using the closet means as well, you would soon begin to bud and blossom. Do lay this to heart, and believe me ever,' etc.

The following remarks upon an essay which he was writing, and which greatly absorbed his thoughts, show how watchful he was of himself, and how anxious, according to his frequent prayer, to have a single eye:—

'I fear, indeed I am sure, that I am writing this essay more for my own glory than for God's. May He even yet turn my heart, and ere I lay down *convince* me there is nothing worth living for but Christ. And oh! if this essay can really promote my usefulness, let not my unworthy motives prevent it. O God! baptize me with the Holy Ghost, to be a vessel consecrated alone for the Master's use. I wish now to prosecute more search-

ingly this inquiry: Am I really a child of God?—and if so, Have I *really* a Divine call to the ministry? Lord, make me faithful in these inquiries, and enlighten me. If I have, or am to have, no call from Thee, turn me aside to another field of usefulness. If otherwise, fit me now manifestly, and in due time employ me. I think I am willing to place myself at Thy disposal, blessed Jesus.'

There is a tendency, however, more or less visible in his Diary, during the later months of this session, to indulge in a too minute and morbid analysis of his character and motives, when overwrought and fatigued in mind or body. Without the slightest evidence of his halting or of his being weary in well-doing, he sometimes palpably misjudges his religious state, and reproaches himself for everything but what he was justly blameable for—overtaxed energies. Alluding, for instance, to a visit which he had paid a friend whom he greatly loved, and who greatly loved him, he says (*March 22*)—'I do reverence his character and love him, and feel grateful to him that I am not myself in speaking to him—that is, I seem more amiable, humble, meek, and the like, than belongs to my true character. This grieves me, because it is a kind of imposition, and yet it is involuntary. I cannot be otherwise with *him*.' Again, in going one day to visit the West Port, he finds Mrs. H., an old randy woman, who, from whatever motives, had always appeared a better person than she really was; but who, on this occasion, was discovered by him in a towering passion, excited by a neighbour, whom she had overheard traducing her character. Nothing could pacify Mrs. H.: her wrath was not a sudden ebullition of feeling, but a steady rage which continued for days together. Alas! those who are long

accustomed to deal with old reprobates, become too familiarized with the power exercised upon them by inveterate habits of evil, to be surprised by such outbreaks, however much they may be regretted; but this having occurred to the young missionary when his body was wearied and his spirits low, he thus writes of it (*April* 2) :—'I was quite nonplussed. My conscience reproached me for going without due consideration and prayer for such a case, and sore perplexed. I felt heartless, and left her as I found her. Many thoughts have crossed my mind. . . . Do I yet know anything myself of Christ in deed and in truth? I have shut up the avenues to the world, and spend my whole time professedly, and I believe desiringly, in the service of Christ; but am I yet doing more than groping uncertainly in the dark? Have I yet one spark of genuine love to Christ, or genuine love to souls? In one word, is duty not my god—a more honourable one, no doubt, than the world or self, but still a lifeless god? . . . All this perplexes me, and coupled with low spirits from weariness and east winds, have brought on a habitual dejection. I cannot smile, I cannot love; the Lord lead me into life and liberty. Have I any call or fitness for the Christian ministry?'

It was surely high time for him to be off from the West Port and Mrs. H., and seek repose and refreshment among the old hills and green fields! And so, once again, with the same companion as formerly, he sought refuge with his brother at Gresford, and soon felt the benefit of the change.

'*April* 9.—Charming day! The voice of spring returned! Read and studied *Faust*, and *Lamb's Life* by Talfourd.

'*April* 10.—Good Friday, which, being in England, I resolved to keep sacred. Sunny day!

'*April* 12.—Took sacrament with Aleck (his brother), in Gresford Church.'

On his way back to Edinburgh, at the end of April, he met his friend, James Brown of Fairlie, in Glasgow, and says:—'He is reduced by illness; my heart yearned over him. My ever dear friend—a relic of college days, when our acquaintance commenced in our being bench-fellows in logic, and soon ripened into intimacy. I think I love him as myself. May the Lord tend him graciously in his illness, for better or for worse.'

He returns to his work in the West Port, and finds Mrs. H. much as he left her; and is so impressed by all he sees in the district that 'even her tornado broke the stillness of death.' The old dulness and sadness return. He says (*May* 7)—'My walks are dreary. My soul is dreary—have few near and endearing thoughts of Christ as at Gresford—I am, in short, dead. How strange this seems, when I thought my present mode of life would make my communion more in heaven than on earth. At two, dear Shairp called; my heart leaped up! And yet I feared my present ungenial spirit would show itself and disgust him.' Every kind of work becomes oppressive to his spirit; still he labours on until July, when in order to find more quiet for study and rest for his mind, 'in a paroxysm of despair,' he set off for Queensferry, and hired lodgings, where he remained for a month. Reviewing his summer's work, he says, 'A more signal failure than it seems to have been for every purpose, is scarcely conceivable. Broken health, and consequently broken, nay jaundiced spirits, unceasing interruption, and con-

sequently little progress in work. The town is not for me, and the less I have of it in future the better. At Queensferry, how very different! I overtook a great deal of reading and thorough reading, with every day a charming walk, and pleasant friends to visit in the neighbourhood.' And thus, with health, rest of body, quiet thoughts, undisturbed devotions, and the sweet influences of God's beautiful world, came peace to his heart; the rage of Mrs. H. vexed him no more. Heaven and earth were seen in their true light. The hills began to sing, and the trees to clap their hands!

In September, his grandfather Mr. Jollie died at the extreme age of ninety-three. Mr. Jollie was the *beau idéal* of the thoroughly upright lawyer, with the most refined sense of honour, combined with the most affectionate and genial disposition. To him was intrusted the winding up of the affairs of Sir Walter Scott; and his family gratefully preserve Sir Walter's presentation to him of plate and of all his works, inscribed with an expression of his own personal regard for him. Mr. Jollie was an unswerving adherent, till the last, of the National Church, of which he had been an elder for half a century. John loved him much. In a letter to his aunt the previous year, he says: 'Remember me to grandfather *fondly*. I often think still of my interesting interviews with him after breakfast, and how much, I believe, I learned from him.' He writes of his death to Mr. Burn Murdoch:—

'*September* 7.

'My grandfather died at a great age; and, I trust and believe, was gathered as a ripe shock into the garner of the Lord. His death was truly a falling asleep in Jesus, and for this we all return thanks to God amid our sorrow.'

His autumn months, until October, were again spent at Geddes. By this time, his visits among the poorer families in his immediate neighbourhood, had made him acquainted with several persons with whom he was able to enjoy true Christian fellowship. These were indeed in very humble life, but yet among such poor as Christ blessed, and who are 'chosen rich in faith, and are heirs of the kingdom that God has promised to those who love Him.' His communion with such did not end when he left Geddes, for he never ceased to write to them from time to time. He thus speaks of one of them—

'*Sept.* 28.—Romantic walk and interview with old Saunders Rose on that marvellous moorland behind the hill; then down upon the Black Mill, where I found them all at tea, in a clean clean room, and with a cheery wood fire. After tea, he insisted upon walking back with me, and escorted me accordingly through the black wood. His conversation was truly heavenly, and so full of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. In bidding me farewell, he said—"I am thinkin' this will be the last walk we'll ha'e, Maister John, and my heart's knit till ye; the Lord be wi' ye, and mak' ye a blessin'." My heart was like to burst, for, from his years and frailty, 'tis very likely to be his last summer. Besides, this walk and benediction has been an annual thing for many years back, and thus reminds me of bygone days —of the flight of time—and of the uncertainty of the future. Such men are indeed the salt of the earth, and to me the noblest spectacle beneath the skies; for what are they but kings on the eve of possessing their inheritance?—to-day the denizens of a hut, ere long high in the ranks of heaven!'

Another poor but much valued friend of his was old

Widow Mackenzie, who only a few months ago has gone to her rest. The following letter, though introduced here, was written to her at the beginning of the year :—

'DEAR MRS. MACKENZIE,—You see I have delayed to the last day you gave me, if I intended to gratify your request that I would write ; and yet, after all, I am going to send but a short letter. I shall begin by calling on you to join with me in praise to God, who has spared us to enter on another year, and given us so many mercies during the past on which to look back. May we not from this be confident that He is ready to be the same God to us in future, if we diligently seek him and love his name? What a solemn season this should be when we reflect on our ingratitude and provocations, on our shortcomings, on how little we have lived to God's glory, and at what a distance we have been content to dwell from him! Blessed be his name, although he might have shut us out for ever from his communion, wherein alone is life and peace, we may yet come to-day as if we had never come before, and lay our sins on the head of the great Victim, and so be received as justified and dear children. May the Lord fill our hearts with sincere repentance for the past, and enable us by his gracious Spirit to walk more closely with himself in time to come. I hope you enjoy your usual health, and delight in reading, and that your deafness is no worse. May He who has brought you from your youth, be the strength and support of your old age, and finally bear you through the swellings of Jordan to His everlasting kingdom. Were I seated with you by your fireside, I should read you the 71st Psalm, which you will perhaps do for yourself, thinking of me.

And now, my dear widow, in conclusion, let me seek an interest in your prayers, that He who alone can, may prepare me for His own service. Besides my studies, which are my chief duty at present, I have some practice in visiting and holding prayer-meetings in a neglected and poor part of the town, which I find of great spiritual benefit to myself, and which serves to show me the great requirements, chiefly of the heart, which are necessary for a minister of Christ, and which can be had through prayer alone. I often think with pleasure of my summer class of young men, and am glad to hear that they still meet. I endeavour to be with them in spirit every Sunday evening, interceding with God on their behalf. Good-bye, and trusting, if it be God's will, we may meet again in summer,—I remain, your sincere friend, JOHN MACKINTOSH.'

Before returning to Edinburgh for the winter, he took lodgings for a month at Corstorphine; and early in November commenced his old work in the town. The day before he left the country, he thus writes:—'I desire anew to make myself over to Christ, body, soul, and spirit—first to be prepared for His work, and then, as now, to live entirely for Him. I desire self and all other idols to be utterly extinguished, that I may have one aim and only one interest—the advancement of Christ's cause in the world. Blessed Lord, do Thou accept me, a poor and vile worm, out of infinite mercy, and fit me to be an instrument in Thy hands. My heart is grateful to God for His mercies here. To-morrow I go into Edinburgh. May His presence go with me, that His work in my soul may be *daily* deepened instead of obliterated.'

Though his bodily health and spirits suffer as usual from his life and labours in the city, he says—'I think I am content to walk in constitutional heaviness of soul, if God wills it, and look upon it as for good. I desire to seek not my own ease, but Christ's glory and service. My soul praises God for the many mercies with which I am still surrounded.' He was, however, very thankful for any release, however short, from physical or mental troubles: 'To-day the cloud of biliousness and dejection seems rising off my spirits, like a cloud from Helvellyn. I trust it is so, and will be permanent. How light I feel, how thankful and loving and ready for all work! I trust my bearings are forward as yet, and not retrograde in the life of God.'

His West Port labours were continued in all their vigour.

The year 1846 was closed by a visit to the north, to attend the marriage of his sister Jane, to Sir William Gordon Cumming. He was happy in being able at this time also to see much of his father, who was still in a very precarious state of health. 'Each day,' he writes, 'I read, talked, and prayed with him in the forenoon.'

The year 1847 began by his being summoned once more to the north, by the intelligence of his father's death. Upon the 25th January, he laid him in his grave, in Geddes churchyard, and sorrowed much for one who was a most tender, sympathizing, and loving parent, as well as a genuine 'old country gentleman.'[1] Geddes, the home of his youth, the ideal spot of his greatest earthly happiness, was to be his *home* no more.

He returned to Edinburgh alone to prepare a resi-

[1] Mr. Mackintosh had been for many years the Convener of the county of Nairn.

dence for his mother and sister.—'May He who has done all for me hitherto,' he writes, 'look in mercy on me now, strengthen my feeble will, and enable me to cast in my lot with Him entirely and unreservedly. May I have done with the world for ever, and may I acknowledge myself a stranger on the earth. The cares of a residence for my mother, etc., press upon me, but I desire to commit them to Him in perfect but humble faith.'

On March 17th, he presided at a large morning breakfast of upwards of a hundred students of the Free Church, to commemorate the birthday of Dr. Chalmers; and at the request of his fellow-students, he prepared, and along with a deputation, presented an address to their venerable teacher at Morningside.

After paying a short visit to his brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. Smith, then living at Temple Sowerby, near Carlisle, and taking a short tour in Westmoreland, he left Edinburgh, and, along with his mother and youngest sister, took up his residence at Laurel Bank, Lasswade.

Almost the first tidings which greeted him on entering his new home, was the death of his beloved and venerated teacher, Dr. Chalmers. It was to him, as well as to many, a deep personal affliction. He had known him as a friend, and had a great affection for all the members of his family.

'*May* 30.—News of Dr. Chalmers's death—much overcome. I feel as if I had lost a second father, and the world were now too dreary. Often am I tempted to disbelieve that that voice is now "gone silent," and that mighty heart has ceased to beat. It seems like a translation.'

TO HIS AUNT, MISS JOLLIE.

'Ah! what shall I say of Chalmers? I dare not yet speak of him; I have felt it *almost* more than my own father's death; for words cannot tell the love I bore him, bordering on idolatry. I cannot conceive of a wiser, greater, or better man. Every part of his character was colossal; he had the heart of twenty men; the head of twenty; the energy of a hundred; and then to be cut off in the vigour of all!—I cannot but think, killed by this visit to London. He has not left his equal in the world. For the present I am stunned by it; and yet we must not murmur or repine. How providential!—he died at home, among his own people, and on such an anniversary, having just completed, too, the first curriculum in the Hall since the Church entered on her new condition. *He* has "exchanged the bosom of his family for that of his God," and is now enjoying those "felicities" he took such pleasure in describing. The Church above is enriched; *nor will the Church below be left desolate.*'

TO THE SAME.

'*June.*

'A pensive walk to Morningside, and a return through the Meadows to the High Street, that made my heart burst with old thoughts of the departed and the past. Our communion walks were not forgotten; and thinking of Chalmers now in heaven, and the allusions I had heard in the forenoon to the united Church triumphant, I tried to realize this future, and to ask, Would I enjoy it? Could I part with all that is earthly, and relish the spiritual, and God himself, for their own sake? I don't know; I fear *not yet*.'

I cannot better close this period of his history, than by giving the testimony of Mr. Tasker, the indefatigable missionary in the West Port, as to the earnestness and success of John Mackintosh's labours in that district. In spite of his days of despondency and sadness, it is cheering to know now that these labours were not, as he thought, all in vain; but that he has left behind, on other hearts, sanctifying impressions of his character.

'I had the privilege,' Mr. Tasker writes to me, 'with many others, to be his fellow-student under Dr. Chalmers, and very soon we all discerned his constitutional diffidence, elevated into Christian humility. As a matter of course he became a leader in all our literary societies as well as home missionary enterprises in this city, not certainly because he stood forward; but because, with common consent, we determined to make him our head. I dwell on this phase in his character, and its silent and instant effect on his fellows, because it brings out this testimony to what grace did in him, in the way of ever-burning zeal, conquering his native diffidence—even more than conquering; for grace made that native diffidence a beauteous and an ample cloak of humility, in which he was ever invested and adorned. As might be expected, such a student became, from the first, a fellow-worker with Dr. Chalmers in the West Port. The mission had been six months in operation before I entered on its ecclesiastical superintendence. He was, therefore, my senior in the good work. I well remember with what zeal, tempered with his uniform, Christian, and gentle modesty, he urged me to accept the charge of what seemed then—of what seems still—a formidable undertaking; and, having entered on its duties, I can never forget the brotherly kindness which he displayed;

his prayerful and sympathizing efforts sustained and augmented, as long as he was at home, until failing health as well as a deepening sense—in which, however, he stood all alone—of the need of far higher literary attainments in divinity, induced him to visit our most illustrious continental Schools of Theology.

'I need not here explain Dr. Chalmers's territorial mode of operation, as exemplified in the West Port. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Mackintosh was the gentleman visitor of one of our twenty districts. The lady who was appointed to co-operate with him among the same families still survives, and by the grace of God continues with us to this day. I have conversed with her ere writing this letter, so that what follows may be held her testimony as much as mine.

'In that district, inhabited chiefly by the most sunken of immigrating as well as migrating Roman Catholic Irish people—the remainder being Scotch, yet more deeply sunken—there was, when they began, scarcely to be found one member of any Christian church. The consequent moral and social degradation may be more easily conceived than described. Besides visiting from house to house, Mr. M. opened and maintained a district prayer-meeting in one of the humble houses, and by dint of domiciliary visits of unwearied kindness on the part of the lady and himself, a goodly number was drawn out to attend an hour weekly to hear the Word of God at his mouth, and listen to the prayers which the Holy Spirit helped him to present, in Jesus' name, on their behalf.

'He conducted, besides, a Sabbath-evening class of young men—half a dozen or so of the lads in his district, whom he found in some instances strangers to the ordi-

nary routine and proprieties of a daily school, they having never been within the walls of such a place. These he induced, by the humanizing power of his Christian kindness, to attend our week-day evening classes, opened for such from the first, within our old humble tan-loft church.

'No doubt we yearn to see and hear of fruit; but the Word of God and experience warn us to beware of dogmatizing about any while yet in this wilderness. Nevertheless, the lady of whom I have spoken, and others my fellow-labourers, as well as myself, have no hesitation in speaking of two—a man and a woman—who, in health and in sickness, in life and in death, gave pleasing and decisive evidence of being brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, while residing in that district, and who, we believe, are now where he is—"with Christ, which is *far* better."

'Others were brought to church-going habits, and need not explain to you the restraining and elevating power of two decidedly godly among even twenty families. At least one lad of his class was effectually awakened to self-respect, in such a degree as to remove to the west country, and, under an uncle, there to become an apprentice to a respectable trade which he has acquired; recently to withdraw his brother with himself, in order to his moral elevation also, which he certainly was not attaining at home; and he continues, we believe, to help to pay his mother's rent here from term to term. I regret that I cannot add, that I feel sure that he does all this in the fear of God and out of love to Christ; still, such qualities render him hopeful.

'I may mention, as a distinguishing mark of his Christian character and missionary zeal among us, his simple

helped, as he could, the poor; and enjoyed the society of his friends.

'*June* 11.—Finished and returned vol. i. of *Foster's Life*, but have not yet got vol. ii. Like it on the whole. The character intense; imaginative; original because observant and thoughtful; little addicted to the serener parts of philosophy; pensive, but not *horror-ish*. Yet withal, under the cloak of "individuality," too misanthropic and selfish. Many feel insulated as he did, who yet make nobler and more successful efforts to overcome the feeling. Chalmers seems an instance of this, as may be gathered from his commentary on Ps. cxix. 19: "I indeed feel myself a stranger, and have marvellously little sympathy with my fellows; but hide not from me a knowledge of Thy will, nor suffer me to hide myself from those of my own flesh." And yet who so singularly laboured with and for his fellows!

'Went in the afternoon to a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Edinburgh. Heard some good things from Angell James. But I seem to myself so little able to understand sectarianism, that all this fine talk is like so many truisms;—'tis like a sermon to *me* on justification by faith alone, my mind seems so incapable of receiving any different idea of justification. The common love of my neighbour, however, and of his soul, is a topic on which I cannot hear too much, being sorely deficient in it.'

'Deficient,' no doubt; but yet real hearty love to the neighbour was there, as the following letter to old Widow Mackenzie testifies:—

'LASSWADE, *June* 22.

'MY DEAR MRS. MACKENZIE,—I have been very long of writing you, so long that I daresay you think I have

forgotten you altogether. Ah! that is impossible. My thoughts daily revert to the dear old place and its inhabitants, whom I envy, and with whom I think I could gladly exchange lots. I can scarcely believe that I am not again to come down this summer to see you all, and have my Sabbath evening meetings with the young men, and my sequestered meditative walks past your house and in other quarters. I often picture you and some others to my mind, and wonder if you are still the same, and if everything goes on as formerly, now that happy home is shut up and silent. There are few things I look back on with greater pleasure than my religious associations with the place, and my intercourse with God's people among you; these are the brightest, greenest spots in my memory, and the joy of such thoughts is *solid*, because it relates to that which can never pass away. I think especially of the old folk among you, and the words of counsel I have heard from your lips; I owe you all a debt for it, which I trust I shall acknowledge throughout eternity. How are you, my dear old friend? I hope as well as your advanced age can lead you to expect; still happy by your quiet fireside, and able to read and feed on the Word, and other good books founded on the Word. If this be the case, you have reason to be thankful. May God grant you still a green old age, and ever clearer views of your own sinfulness, Christ's fulness, and the Spirit's power. Be assured you are not forgotten in my prayers, as I believe I am not in yours. I need it much, having received many mercies from God, and proved as yet an ungrateful and unprofitable servant. My mother and sister are now living with me here. 'Tis a pleasant house and neighbourhood, about six miles south of

Edinburgh, and though not yet a manse, as near a manse in its character as I can make it. My mother and sister are both well and happy, and desire to be remembered to you with old kindness. All my other friends are well whom you know of. I stayed for some months with your friend Miss Jollie, and found it very agreeable and improving.

'The students and the Church generally have sustained a sad loss in the death of Dr. Chalmers, of which you must have heard. He was, indeed, ripe for glory, and has left us a rich example to follow his steps as he followed Christ. My minister, Mr. Brown, is in excellent health, and much blessed and favoured of God in his own soul, and in his ministry. I hope your own minister has turned out as well as was expected.

'Would I could come and see you! but ever believe me, present or absent, your very affectionate friend,

'JOHN MACKINTOSH.'

The only events which broke in upon the even tenor of this year, were, first of all, a residence for a few days at Callander with his aunt; then a pleasant 'raid' into the Highlands with his youngest sister and his cousins, Robert and Thomas Strong; and finally, hearing Jenny Lind in Edinburgh. Passionately fond of music as he was, this was a great delight to him. He thus writes his youngest sister, then in the north, about the concert:—

'O the darling! She was received rapturously, and I literally yelled. She is not pretty, but—the very embodiment of poetry—her face is literally suffused with genius; and, as she sings, becomes beautiful and heavenly. She's little, very pale, looks about seventeen, her hair

crisped, her nose flattish, but pretty mouth and teeth, and an eye (that is to say, two eyes) full of meaning, neck and arms very white, and well-bred-looking; to complete all, very nicely dressed. She was at first very nervous and melancholy-looking, but very soon threw her whole soul and being into the song, and forgot her own emotions. I think this is one of her greatest charms—her earnestness, and her impassioned seriousness. O child! how she wailed out Malibran's song in the Sonnambula! and then with notes of silver clearness and sweetness bounded off in the "Ah non giunge"—it haunts me with ecstasy! There is far more originality in her voice than in Grisi's, it is round and ringing; and she passes so exquisitely from gushing fulness into low, sweet, plaintive airs, and trills just like the wind.'

A few days after this, he received a letter from a Christian friend, 'attacking him' for going to the concert. He is good-natured enough to discuss the matter in his Diary, as if it was a matter of grave importance.

'Were I a minister, I would probably not go, knowing that some disapprove of them, and fearing to make such stumble. In the meantime, I would encourage them to the disparagement of the stage, there being nothing necessarily wrong in a concert, *even as at present conducted*, while there is such in the present condition of the stage. Music is a divine art: its performers of average respectability; the audience grave, and of all classes; the hours regular, and the excitement moderate. It is very easy in everything to go all lengths, but I doubt its judiciousness; extremes meet in their effects. By drawing the line too tightly, it snaps altogether.'

We should think so!

DIARY.—'*Sept.* 21.—Just as awoke, received note inviting me to ——. Delighted to go; yet sore cast down at fresh interruptions to study. Lay retracing past life, especially my connexion with Halley, and the dawn of my mind and character, so far as I can now from an eminence look back upon it. Prayed and read. Got several verses in my portion of Proverbs that rebuked my impatience under God's providence, as these interruptions of course are, and brought me to a happier mood—"The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and fretteth against the Lord," and the like. May these interruptions not be for my greater good? and am I not too apt to form my own idea of what will fit me for God's service, and, as it were, force that upon God? . . . Home at half-past twelve, and had just composed myself for study when —— announced. Remembered verses in the morning, and went down cheerful and resigned. . . . With my desire and deep-felt necessity for study, these interruptions are a painful mystery. Is it an intimation that I should not enter into the ministry?

'*Sept.* 29.—I regret I have dropped my classics; must retrieve my error. Began with Plato's Phaedon, and relished it. Many serious thoughts crossed me in studying; the importance of greater sacredness of life, and deeper and more vivid thoughts of God in Christ; much humbled and solemnized. I think it was Lushington's remark, in his fresh and beautiful inaugural lecture, on the difference perceptible in the Greek Fathers who had found a resting-place for their souls, and the classic Greeks, who had none, that first struck the chord within me.

'*Oct.* 4.—By putting off, was not in time to meet mother at the railway. I feel very sensitive of inatten-

tion to her, however slight, and this cut me to the heart. May such never happen again!

'*Oct.* 17.—Talk with —— about the Christian's bearing to the world, and condemned excessive separation from it of some; coinciding with Simeon's views in his letter to the Duke of Bedford, which I have often expressed almost in Simeon's words. Nothing irritates me so much (I fear to an unguarded degree) as the idea of spiritual despotism. I should like to read Taylor's opinion on this point. I can bear to be remonstrated with on spiritual subjects; but not to be dictated to. O for a soul-subduing look from Christ, such as He cast on Peter! how effectually could it accomplish the matter at any time, and far more! ——'s birth-day. Thought much of her, and prayed much for her.'

A few days after the above Diary was penned, a minister of the Free Church, whom he much loved, and whose judgment he had hitherto respected, called for him at Lasswade, and earnestly remonstrated with him against 'occasional attendance at churches of the Establishment,' as 'indicating a departure from his principles!' Alluding to this conversation in his Diary, and after recording the argument held on both sides, he says: 'It agitated my mind, as I am constitutionally nervous and timid, and greatly dislike controversy. My desire is to serve God quietly and unnoticed, if men would only let me. . . . But timid as I am, I know that the whole universe cannot turn me from my sentiments, till I am satisfied of their untruth.'

After calmly and prayerfully weighing the question between him and his friend, he addressed to him, 'and through him to all and sundry,' the following letter—a copy of which was found among John Mackintosh's papers.

'MY DEAR SIR,—As your visit yesterday was so hurried, I think it right, and indeed cannot rest until I set you in possession of some of the leading arguments on which I ground my occasional attendance in churches of the Establishment—a line of conduct which I conscientiously determined to pursue before I left Cambridge, and gave in my adherence to the Free Church, which I have, from the first moment of coming down to Scotland, followed out, and which I have never shrunk from not only defending but advocating among my friends of all classes, as many of them can testify. It is a subject on which I feel *deeply;* and, therefore, if I should appear guilty of vehemence or presumption in stating my opinions, I can only plead the strength with which they possess me, and my unwillingness to counterfeit a tone of diffidence which I do not feel.

'As I stated then to you before, I view the Established Church as homologating the doctrines more or less directly, that the State may interfere in spiritual matters, and that in certain circumstances a pastor may be intruded on a people: I can agree with neither of these doctrines, nor in any way be a party to their practical working; consequently, I cannot be a member or minister of the Established Church. But here my "consequently" begins, and here it ends. In the abstract view of the subject, I have never yet seen any valid argument for going farther, nor can I conceive of any, and the *onus probandi* rests with you. To secure our principles, we abandoned State support. Had those who now compose the Establishment chosen to waive their Erastian sentiment for the sake of unity, and remained with us, I suppose we should have allowed them; but having, the majority of them, preferred State

alliance to Church unity, they left us, and are now, as we consider them—the Established Secession. Why, then, should we treat them differently from any other evangelical body of Seceders and Dissenters from us, and put a ban on their churches and their pulpits? By occasional attendance there, or even by occasional preaching there, I no more homologate their obnoxious doctrines, or render myself liable to carrying them out in practice, than I do in the case of other churches by like conduct. The majority of the present Establishment never held our doctrines on the disputed points, and consequently never lapsed from them, and are, therefore, entitled to be treated as conscientious Seceders. I cannot see that their receiving State support alters the case, though I cannot but think, in many minds this is the one reason for their being marked out for a special treatment.

'But to come to the expediency view of it, it will be said that the separation being so recent, we should be more jealous of countenancing them in any way lest some should be misled, and think our difference immaterial. To this I reply that I think it best to begin as we mean to end, otherwise there is far more risk of our afterwards appearing to decline from the steadfastness of our convictions. Why, from motives of policy, put the matter on a higher footing even than we think it deserves? There is no course of conduct that may not be misinterpreted, if people choose; but I think, that from the first, so strong has been the general repugnance to the Establishment, so little the likelihood of halting and concessions on that side, that the counteractive should be applied all the other way. I am persuaded that many of our people entertain very

erroneous and unenlightened notions of the grounds of our separation, and any ultra conduct on my part would only tend among those around me to heighten these. Indeed it is with poignant regret, I could even say with distress, that I have long observed what I thought the false position which our Church and the members of our Church were taking up—that instead of the high and dignified attitude of regarding mainly the State in their separation, and cherishing a feeling of benevolence and love towards all, whether erring or dissenting churches, they have, to some extent, degraded themselves into the character of a sect by hostility to the Establishment. I feel deeply persuaded, that had we from the first assumed a loftier and more generous tone, our position in the country would have been different, even from the splendid one which we still are permitted to occupy. Our bounds would have been greatly extended, and our opportunities of usefulness to the Establishment and other Churches vastly increased. Instead of this, we have voluntarily checked their sympathies and kindly feelings, and thrown up a wall of separation between us, which it would take generations to undo. We gave such emphatic testimony to our principles at the Disruption, that no further measures, it seems to me, were required for the purpose, and all beyond it, whether justly or not, is set down by the world at large to the score of revenge; the first we did rightly enough for God, they say, the rest for human nature. Be it so, I have always answered—and allowances must be made for infirmity in all human transactions—but it is not too late yet to retrieve our way in part. By taking up a position which is not tenable by argument, we incur the risk, as has already happened, of losing adher-

ents who, when forced from ground that was in truth ultra, hastily abandoned all. By a calm but judicious bearing, we shall not only make sure of our friends, but be more likely to win over our opponents. In this hope, I have never omitted any opportunity, within my own sphere, of stating my opinions to friends and companions; and not without the belief that in the judgment of some of those whom I most respected, I found a response. Moreover, I had always till yesterday pleased myself with the idea, that you and others were tacitly of the same way of thinking, and even now, while I admit the apparent presumptuousness of holding my opinions in the face of such a majority, yet holding them so clearly and strongly as I do, I can account for the unanimity on the other side on no other supposition than that it is a spell communicated from one to another in the enthusiasm of the battle, but which must one day give place to milder sentiments. Taking the wider survey of the Church as the Church Catholic, I know that I should find support in the authority of many who are most distinguished for piety and wisdom, so that my belief in their correctness is entitled to greater confidence.

'In conclusion, allow me to say that I trace the injurious effect of our present position not only on those who differ from us, but on ourselves. I cannot refrain from saying to you, that I think it has no small share in that want of progress in our own, and consequently our neighbour's Christianity, which you yesterday deplored. In the mass of minds, I feel it must be inconsistent with the spirit of love, and tend to beget self-complacency as well as other sinful feelings. While in regard to the diffusion of the Gospel, and of a loving spirit, I will freely confess, for my own part, to take but one instance, that

I have never been able to get over the feeling of incongruity to my mind, in our Church, or members of our Church, advocating the Evangelical Alliance, while they treated the Establishment as an exception. I fancy to myself that I have traced the blight and dwarfing effects of this feeling even more in individual members of our Church.

'To be more personal in my communication, I must say that I never felt more strongly attached to the Free Church than I do now; and on this account all the more do I feel grieved for the above circumstances. I have to thank you very cordially for being the first to speak so frankly to me, and thereby give me an opportunity of speaking out my sentiments, and vindicating my conduct. I have long known that my conduct was canvassed, but felt much pained that I could find no opportunity of explaining myself. Your kindness has relieved me, and while I feared at first it might disturb the serenity of my studies, I now believe your visit happened well for me in the Providence of God. I have no wish this letter should be private between us, but that it may be submitted to whom you please. If you are kind enough to meet my arguments by writing or at our next meeting, I shall be very grateful to you, and, I hope, weigh your answers impartially, as I know no consideration that should bias me either way against the truth. Entreating your prayers that the Spirit of grace may lead me into all truth, I remain, with unalterable affection and respect, very truly yours,

'JOHN MACKINTOSH.

'*P.S.*—I should be unwilling, if it could be avoided, and as there will be abundant opportunity for inter-

views, to carry on the discussion by writing, as I find it would occupy so much of my time.

'I should also say—which, however, is of no consequence while the principle is held—that I find I have attended at an Established Church more than once since I came here—I believe, on three occasions. I said *one* to you yesterday, having no time to recall the right number. I have kept this letter for a re-perusal, and also that it might not interfere with your Sabbath preparations. In reading the Scriptures this morning, it struck me that, on the subject of expediency, Paul's example to Timothy to avoid stumbling weak brethren, is that most generally quoted; but that being a matter of expediency, it was not likely the one side of his conduct would be recorded without an instance of the other. Accordingly, the narrative in the second chapter of Galatians immediately occurred to me, where he gave place to the prejudices of *his friends*, "no, not for an hour." Many points seemed to me, on referring to the passage, as very parallel to my case. While I say this, I repeat what I said when we met, that were I minister of a congregation, I might see it my duty to yield in some measure to the prejudices of those whose good I had specially to consider.'

Being thus obliged to differ in opinion with such a friend on such a subject, gave him more pain than could be believed by those who did not know his acute and sensitive feelings. In his Journal, he remarks: 'I have been violently moved by this business, yet spirit-solemnized, and looked up to God in Christ for countenance and support, and felt much love. I posted it with the prayer that it might not be misinterpreted, or alienate

my dear friend Mr. ——, or others. Resolved anew to make myself over to Christ, and, forgetting self, to seek only to do His service.'

There was nothing he guarded with such jealousy as his own sense of what was right. On another occasion, when he thought himself unduly interfered with by a leader of the Free Church as to his not taking license, he says :—'Whether under delusion or not, I chose the ministry, and subsequently the Free Church, from a simple regard to Christ, without reference to any human being's influence or opinion; and having found the freedom and elasticity which this gives me, I feel very jealous of the interposition of any other influence or restraint. May God give me grace to reject such, if it present itself, and to maintain my liberty in Christ without licentiousness.'

I may add, that the mutual love which existed between John and the friend to whom he addressed the above letter, remained unabated on both sides, all the days of his life. But John held fast to his own view of duty.

'*Dec.* 29, 1847. . . . ——spoke to me of taking license and succeeding——; a most eligible place from size, neighbourhood, manse, and seclusion: —— it seems, intends to resign, and wishes me to succeed him. Replied decidedly that the reason of my delay to take license, viz., unfitness, could not yield to so tempting an offer; that though the work there was mild, that the people might not have me, and I might be ushered on that field of bustle elsewhere, which I deprecated. Moreover, that in entering the Free Church, I had made up my mind to hardships, should God so order it, and did not therefore feel at liberty to go out of my way in order to secure an easy berth, or

avoid sharing alike with my brethren. I thanked him most warmly for his kind interest in suggesting it; and that I might not appear hasty, said, I would look on his proposal as a call to inquire my way of the Lord, and then respond finally and deliberately, although I suspected my first impressions were correct and final.'

In a letter written about this time to his friend, Mr. Macintyre (Free Church Minister, Monikie), he says—

'. . . I could wish to grow in simplicity of dependence upon Him, taking orders, as it were, every day and every hour at His mouth, what He would have me to do as His servant and soldier. What a deal of uncertainty and over-anxiety as to our course and present employment would this take from us! It would, indeed, be rolling our burden on the Lord, and if done with unceasing prayer and childlike humility, making Him responsible as if for our progress and success. But it would need a very very single eye, and deadness to self in all its subtle interests. Were each servant of Christ thus to radiate from the centre, what an army of occupation would the Christian host be!'

I have already alluded to his humble friends at Geddes, and the friendship which he never ceased to cultivate with them by 'pen and ink,' when unable to see them 'face to face.' Here are two of those letters. The ploughman is still alive, and still, I believe, bears an excellent Christian character. Alexander M'Arthur was the son of a small farmer in the north, and was then dying of consumption.

TO JAMES ——, PLOUGHMAN.

'LASSWADE, *Sept.* 18, 1847.

'MY DEAR JAMES, ... The tone of your letter is

such that, believing you to be diligent and earnest in the Christian life, I do not feel qualified to send you advice, as in the case of some other young men of my acquaintance, in different parts of the country, to whom my letters, therefore, may be more necessary. My chief object, then, in writing you, is to perpetuate a friendship which you seem unwilling to drop, and which is certainly endeared to me by many very sweet and tender recollections of the past. If you are indeed a child of God, you will not feel flattered by what I say of my incapacity to advise you, but probably humbled from a knowledge of your own heart, such as I cannot have, while you give God the praise for whatever *He* has done for you, in enabling you to know its desperate wickedness, and in some measure to subdue it. It is a feeling of this depravity of heart that makes me write so humbly to you—for I am not a Reverend, as you suppose; but I am still delaying to labour among others, with a view to further preparation for it. This I find renders me more exposed to the assaults of sin and of the world; for I verily believe there are few things so helpful to our growth in grace, as concerning ourselves actively for the souls of others. Still I trust that with me, as with you, the current of my soul is towards God, and the desire of my heart after holiness; but the progress that may be made in this, by a faithful use of the means of grace, I seem but beginning to know, while I feel greatly guilty for the meanness of my attainment.

'The prevalence of ungodliness in our land, and the withdrawal of so many of God's witnesses, call upon us to be more than ever circumspect in our walk and close in our relations to God. Each of us should live and

act as if on him depended the maintenance of vital religion in the Church, or, at all events, the preserving of a healthful salt in his neighbourhood. Indeed, did we but know or consider what depends upon our individual exertions for good or evil around us, it would make our walk more careful, our feelings more solemn, and our reference to God more real and habitual every day and every hour; but I trust you know something of this, and that with others you will be honoured and blessed of God in maintaining His cause where you now are, and by and by supplying the places of those whom He takes before you to glory.

'I heard from Mr. C. not long ago, and am delighted to know, from a later date, that the Sunday evening meetings still continue and prosper. My thoughts often recur to them and to you all at that precious time, nor can I well describe to you the feeling I have in thinking that some of you remember me at the throne of grace, and thus return the interest I take in your welfare. The accounts of Sandy Macarthur's protracted illness grieve me much. I may perhaps write him, but I trust the Lord is ripening His work in him, so that to him to live may be Christ, and to die gain.

'Remember me very warmly to my friends around you, at the Square and elsewhere, and believe me to be, my dear James, your sincere friend,

'J. MACKINTOSH.'

TO ALEXANDER MACARTHUR.

'LASSWADE, *Nov.* 19, 1847.

'MY DEAR, DEAR SANDY,—On asking my sister, who has just returned from the north, about all my friends, I came to you, and she said she had not seen you, but

Father's glory and the salvation of our fellow-men, and in the great design of His
Him! That Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth, can bestow on us all our concerns
please and bless us, and preserve us now and ever in His love, and
Well knowing that we are in the hands of God, I am
for Christ's sake. Amen.

is very warm to you when I think of the past, and those qualities in you which endeared you to me. How I wish I had the prospect of again seeing you, as of old! I pray God He may lay His hand gently upon you, and sweeten your cup with many mercies. I fear I cannot expect you to write me, from your weakness; but if it were not a burden to you, it would give me very great pleasure were you to dictate a few words to George or any other of your family, which they might send me. It is for them I feel, for I am sure they must love you very much, and be very sad to see you drooping. Pray remember me to your father and all. Tell George I hope his studies are prospering, and above all, that his soul is growing in grace. If you have opportunity, will you remember me to Widow M., to the Campbells, and any other friends about you, to Jenny and Wm. F. And now farewell, my dear Sandy. Remember me sometimes when you feel near the throne, and believe me to be, your affectionate friend,

'JOHN MACKINTOSH.'

Having received a reply to this letter, he says, in his Diary:—'A very touching and gratifying letter from Sandy, for which I desire to humble myself and give thanks to God.'

'*Jan.* 9, 1848.—My birth-day, aged twenty-six. Awoke to renewed confession of sin, recognition of utter weakness in myself, and profession of reliance entire on Divine grace. Anew made myself over to Christ; to renounce self, the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to consecrate myself to His service. Prayed long and fervently on those heads, and that this year I may grow in grace, in the knowledge and love of God,

and of His Son Jesus Christ, of His Word, of His people, and of His cause; that I may grow in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness, in fitness for the ministry, and in discerning clearly my call to it. I pray also that I may better discharge my duty to my neighbour, whether relative or friend, high or low; and, on this head, that in certain company I may neither err by unbecoming levity, nor offend by undue austerity; to hit the mean here. My chief snare in time past is indeed beyond me; but Lord, give me a single eye, and do Thou teach me the way wherein I should go.

'*Jan.* 24.—God grant my heart may not decline, but in the midst of a jarring and suspicious world, keep me in the secret of Thy presence. Hide me from the strife of tongues, and make me unobtrusively useful to my fellow-men in Thy service.'

TO WIDOW MACKENZIE.

'LASSWADE, *Jan.* 18, 1848.

'MY DEAR WIDOW MACKENZIE,—I bear you on my heart often at the throne of grace, and should be glad to know from you that, as you approach the gates of the celestial world, your soul is admitted to nearer communion with God, and to a foretaste of glory. Is *the Word* becoming more and more precious to you above all other books, however holy? Is Christ becoming more invaluable to you—your all in all—in His person, His offices, and His work? Ah! my dear old friend, this world passes way, and the things thereof, but Christ is a portion that can never fail us. Without Him how gloomy—with Him, how bright and intelligible all events, even death itself! I suppose, if we are to make any real progress in the divine life and know-

ledge, it must be in the direct acknowledgment that the Holy Spirit is our great Teacher; and may He, therefore, teach you and me, even when our natural faculties appear to be failing.

'I have a strange feeling, through not having been north as usual last summer, and seen all my old friends about Geddes. I sometimes doubt whether summer has really fled without it; yet not the less does my heart cling to the very dust and stones of the place, and how much more to its inhabitants, old and young! . . .

'It is but too probable we shall never meet again in the flesh; but I trust we are both travellers to that world where there shall be no separation.'

TO JAMES ——, PLOUGHMAN.

'LASSWADE, *March* 3.

'MY DEAR JAMES, . . . I can conceive no situation more favourable for leading a quiet, honest, godly, and happy life, than that of an unambitious tenant farmer. I might even go the length of warning you against too enterprising a spirit, by which your worldly cares might be increased, to the disadvantage of your peace and piety.

'I could sometimes almost envy those whose walk it is to ply a healthful labour, with Solomon's mean between poverty and riches, and ample leisure, even in the calling, to occupy the soul with thoughts of God and the welfare of those about them. Every condition, however, has its own trials, and with these its own supports, its own promises, its own rewards. Blessed be that overruling wisdom that assigns to each of us our own place! Let our part be to learn what that place is, by direct counsel from God. Of course this matter

of yours you will spread before God, and ascertain what He would have you do. When we thus acknowledge Him in *all* our ways, we may expect His blessing in our path, and His guidance to the end; whereas when we devise and struggle on without God, not to say against Him, it is but one succession of failure upon failure.

'It is a great matter, I feel, to attain to that personal and habitual communion with Christ our Lord in prayer, that we can, as it were, see Him face to face, and be guided by His eye. I believe we are too content to walk in a kind of twilight, guided by an obscure sense of duty, which may be called the reflection of His beams, when, were our spirits more exercised, we might have the clear and quickening radiance of the Sun Himself. We are entitled, if only our hearts be pure, to expect a voice continually in our ears, saying—This is the way, walk thou in it. Let us seek this, then, dear James, especially in matters of importance, and we shall never err or go astray.'

TO ALEXANDER MACARTHUR.

'LASSWADE, *May* 18.

'MY DEAR SANDY MACARTHUR, . . . My mother writes me that she did not see you, indeed, but heard you were very much reduced, and this again gives me sorrow and apprehension. Yet why should I say sorrow, for I believe you can say, To me to live is Christ, and to die gain. Blessed are they whom God chastens, and thus brings near to Himself, to be taught by His gracious Spirit the mysteries of the kingdom, and to be enlightened in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The sufficiency of His atonement, the riches of His love,

the tenderness of His care, the glories of His character and person, the faithfulness of His promises, the excellence of His precepts, become to such a one *realities*, and not mere doctrines and names.

'I trust, my dear Sandy, that you are daily feeding upon Christ in all His manifold attributes and offices, and finding him meat indeed and drink indeed. You will thus be prepared, meekly and lovingly, for whatever may be His will concerning you. I have sent you by Mrs. Mackintosh the present of *M'Cheyne's Life*, which, I am sure, you will enjoy if you have not read it before. Pray give it to George to read, with my kind regards. I hope he is making progress intellectually and spiritually; and if you should be able to write me again, I should be much interested to hear of him, what he is doing and intending to do. After all—the Word, the Word, the Word—this is what actually makes us grow through the Divine blessing, and especially in sickness, sorrow, or any other distress; every other book beside it appears poor and insignificant.'

Although of a later date, I shall here give the last letter written to Widow Mackenzie, which will also finish his correspondence with those friends, then among the poor on earth, but the society of two of whom, I doubt not, he now shares in heaven.

TO WIDOW MACKENZIE.

'LASSWADE, *August* 22.

'MY DEAR WIDOW MACKENZIE, . . . I trust the Lord is continuing to sustain you, and to fulfil that word in your experience, that having known Him in your youth, now when you are old and grey-headed, He will not

forsake you. You are drawing nearer and nearer to the eternal world, and I trust have a desire to be with Christ, and to see Him as He is. I trust He is daily revealing to you more of His surpassing beauty, holiness, tenderness, and compassion, and enabling you to feed upon Him in your heart by faith. I wish I were near to talk with you of Him, and to hear what He is teaching you. I think I have been in His school myself for some time—the school of discipline—and have been learning somewhat, which may yet be useful to myself and others. God grant it be so!'

'*April* 7.—My work very regular this week, my progress steady; yet it is long now since I felt any elasticity of mind, or any of that "joy," which, as Coleridge says, clothes all things with its effluence. I believe the weather of these two months has much to do with it, as well as my sedentariness; and am not without hopes that one day it may return. Meanwhile, let me persevere humbly, prayerfully, resolutely in duty.

'*April* 17.—While many fancy I am indulging in selfish luxury in study, I have daily cause to know that it is a weariness to the flesh. I *envy* those in active employment; my present position I compare to that of the British troops at Waterloo before being allowed to charge.

'*May* 2.—At Exhibition, and again delighted with Turner's picture; what refinement of colouring, what perspective, what scope for the imagination! Contrast this delicate ideal picture with the best landscapes in the room. They so deteriorate the eye, that it is some time before it can be purified for the higher style. The more one gazes upon him, the more one comes up to somewhat the measure of his suggestions.'

Not a month passes, hardly a week, in which some allusion to declining health does not occur.

'*May* 4.—My strength wonderfully gone; I may say, "My flesh is dried like a potsherd." I attribute it to the rain we have had for the last three months, and my sedentary habits.

'In future I shall endeavour never to let myself get so low. In the meantime, may this experience be blessed to make me forbearing with those whose bodily ailments quench their spirit.

'Heavenly Father! if this trial be also chastisement, show me wherein I have offended Thee; for verily I thought that this winter my walk with Thee, in spite of many shortcomings, had been holier than wont, and my communion with Thee, and labour among Thy people, nearer and sweeter.'

To recover strength he went off for a tour to Aberdeenshire, and on his way home spent some days with my brother John—an old Glasgow friend of his—at Crawford Priory, Fifeshire. He came home much refreshed, and blessing God 'for all the happiness he had enjoyed, and desiring to consecrate his renovated powers anew to His service.'

But no sooner does he again settle at Lasswade than his sufferings are renewed—sleepless nights and weary days. Such distressing entries in his Diary as the following occur:—

'*May* 20.—O that weight! I feel stifled and oppressed. My mind is as if under night-mare, and yet unable to shake it off.'

'O that weight!' It was indeed time to do something to cast it off. Wearied and oppressed with this 'stifled. drowsy, unimpassioned grief,' and dreaming of the sun-

shine and joy of the olden time, his heart turned instinctively to the north. He longed once more to get his foot upon the heather, and to 'wander lonely as a cloud' among the solitudes of Braemar; while a strange yearning seized him to visit his father's grave, and to snatch a glimpse, if but for a moment, of the well-known scenes embalmed in his memory by which it was surrounded. The morbid feeling, occasioned by the state of body, can be better understood than explained, which induced him to keep his intentions secret, even from his mother and sister. Unknown to all he must pursue his journey; and neither to relative nor friend, north or south, will he discover himself, but revel in the undisturbed society of his own thoughts, whether these were of joy or sorrow, including the memories of a happy past, or the dim anticipations of a sadder future. Such was his humour, and thus he began his journey.

'*June* 6.—Forenoon, read old journals. Packed portmanteau for Braemar, putting in Gibbon, three vols., Mosheim one, Locke two, Reid's Works, Coleridge's *Aids*, Milton, Keats, Vinet, Fragments, and two last vols. of Scott. This will do, I think.'

From Aberdeen he started with his 'knapsack on back; day fine, but showery; halted twice, and read Keats and Scott, the latter with great gusto; delicious siesta in wood, lulled by soft winds and waterfalls.'

His first halt was at the Castletown of Braemar, where he began to devour his books, as usual, within doors, and to enjoy the glories of the world without. *Scott's Life* greatly delighted him.

'*June* 13.—(Castletown of Braemar.) Incessant and desperate rain. Read Locke and Gibbon till four. Sauntered out for a short time. Dined at five, and

had a tumbler of toddy and a cigar; then read Scott, beginning vol. x. The interest is now most pathetic, indeed, so as ever and anon to force the tear into one's eye; the strength departing from that mighty spirit so suddenly, and so consciously withal; and the many beautiful traits of character, formerly concealed, but, as Lockhart says, "now trembling to the surface." In reading it, too, we know the sequel, which adds a peculiar pathos to Scott's forebodings, and yet manful struggles against yielding to them. It is quite refreshing to hear of the universal kindness and sympathy shown him throughout the whole of his decline. There is something very wonderful in those overtowering spirits, and their influence over others, the recipients of a gift divine—they have a mission to perform. Mark how all the previous circumstances, or, as we would say, accidents of life conduce to this; how in due time it is accomplished; and then the machine, as in one sense it may be called, is exhausted and removed. It is encouraging to think, that in the Christian world, where every stone has its part to fulfil, this process is enacted even in the humblest; and I take comfort to myself in the thought, that though at present apparently useless on the earth, God may be fitting me in spite of my seemingly slow progress for some service to my fellow-men.

'*June* 17.—Reached Scott's death; and how affecting the whole narrative of his stay in Italy; his indifference to everything except as it reminded him of Scotland, and latterly, under a presentiment of his fate, his intense yearning to be home; his last autograph at an inn in Switzerland, "Walter Scott, *for Scotland;*" the sympathy shown him in London; his revival and remarks

on coming in sight of Tweedside and Abbotsford; the scene with Laidlaw and the dogs; and finally, that minstrel close within hearing of his own dear Tweed. I am not ashamed to say that I have frequently sobbed outright—*Grata quies patriæ.*'

But he had not as yet dived into the recesses of the wild hills. So he started for Glen Quoich, 'whose loveliness and delicious odours,' he says, 'I enjoyed excessively. At top of the glen, turned to the left and saw a cottage, where I expected refreshment, but no one was in it; I lay down faint with hunger—soon refreshed. Started many fine deer, and among them a doe, with fawn not many days old. The mother fled with little difficulty, but I caught the fawn, a lovely creature. I made of it so, that when I wished to leave it, it still ran by my side; fearful that the mother might lose its track, I took to my heels, and it could not keep up with me. At first I was afraid that its mother might desert it, but consoled myself by thinking that we had both the same Protector. Descended into Glen Derry, which, as the sun declined, looked very beautiful. On reaching its outlet, where it joins Glen Lui, I discovered a cottage. It was now seven o'clock, and the idea struck me of asking a night's shelter here, and starting next morning for the ascent of Ben Macdhui. I did so accordingly, and found the owner of the cottage at the door, a tall handsome man, one of the Duke's keepers, and he at once, with the greatest courtesy and hospitality, bid me welcome.'

And now for the ascent of Ben Macdhui:—

'*June* 20.—Started by moonlight, and according to keeper's directions took up Glen Derry. After some marshy walking got upon Speyside track, on left bank of

Derry; but left it again at head of valley, when the path crossed *col*, but I followed the stream up a glen and a very steep hill to its source, in Loch Echatal; a black tarn reflecting on its bosom the snow cliffs that rose from its margin. By this time I had passed considerably the snow level, and found myself among large fields of it. Much at a loss which way now to go, seeing no probable summit for Ben Macdhui, and, indeed, the highest visible in what I considered the wrong direction—to the north. Moreover, the Sappers and Miners' track now abandoned me, which the keeper had led me to expect was traceable to the very summit. Drew out map (Black's); thought I could make out Loch Echatal on it, and accordingly pushed on with crossing or rounding loch, and then clambered up very steep granite walls of hill. On getting up, saw far off what I thought must be my bourne, and accordingly made for it by a very circuitous route, owing to the quantity of snow which I encountered, and which it was dangerous to traverse. At last, about seven o'clock, and considerably (no, not at all) fatigued, I reached a precipice at the base of the point I was making for, and here *I was* bamboozled. An open country of corn fields, wood, and cottages lay before me, and a great extent of prospect to the north and north-east. It must be Speyside, and yet could it be Speyside,—for it did not quite answer my ideas of it. One thing was clear, my summit was not Ben Macdhui, for where were Glen Lui and Glen Dee, into which I was to descend? It might be Cairngorm, and then the Ben would lie to the southward. I drew out my map, and *tried* by the sun and by Loch-na-Garr, which I descried to the east; but among such innumerable summits, and having often been forced out of my path

in getting hither, what certainty could I have? One thing, I thought, I still knew the whereabouts of Loch Echatal, and might find my way back as I came. Also, beyond Loch Echatal, I had descried in coming up another loch which I took to be Loch Avon, and which the map placed in the north side of Ben Macdhui. Well, I feasted on the view,—saw what, if it were Speyside, must be Aviemore Inn—tried some barley bannocks, being hungry, but oh! so dry, I could not use it; and then my watch having now stopped from having no key to wind it, pushed southward for two black snow-covered peaks, which I there saw. Feeling a little chagrined, in case, after my trouble, I should miss the view from Ben Macdhui, I lifted my thoughts to God, as a Christian will do in perplexities, small or great. I had not gone far ere I heard a man's voice, and perceived sheep running towards me. I soon descried the cause, and hailed my friend. He came gladly, no doubt expecting a flask of whisky, being very thirsty like myself. He was a shepherd from Speyside, neighbourhood of Rothiemurchus; told me the hill I had been on was Cairngorm, pointed out, not far off, the summit of Ben Macdhui, and told me my black friends were Cairn Toul and Brae Riach. This was most satisfactory. I regretted much having no dram to reward him with, and pushed on without crossing any valley to climb the summit. It was steep, covered, as I got higher, with perfect quarries of granite boulders, hard for the feet. At last I gained the pile of stones erected on the top by the Sappers and Miners, and sat down to reconnoitre. The day was on the whole favourable, though not so hazeless as yesterday; the hour, I guess, about nine o'clock. I distinctly made out houses, farms, Aviemore Inn, and the Spey,

in Speyside; but considerably more distant-looking than from Cairngorm. The knock of Brae Moray, and beyond it a long white line of sea, the Moray Firth probably at Nairn, awakened in my heart unutterable feelings. Indeed I was fairly overcome, and filled both with yearning and sadness. I briefly looked at Ben Wyvis, Ben-y-Gloe, and a very high range between these giants—probably Schehallion or Ben Aulder, and then again, and again, and once again, turned and yearned towards the north. O how lonely did I feel, far far off from men, and yet not far from God! I felt as though I could talk with Him in Christ, as a man with his fellow. My past life, from its very source, seemed spread out and mapped before me; and from this stand-point I felt as if I could even gaze into the future—so much did my heart yearn at the thought of Geddes, as it was, and as it is, with all around it, that I was forced for relief to turn my thoughts upward. O God, my Father in Christ, how great has been Thy goodness to me, an unworthy child, all the days of my life! To Thee anew I dedicate myself, and commend me to Thy keeping. What a Father! What a Saviour and friend! How sure Thy word! How faithful Thy promises! how wonderful Thy condescension! O Lord, I am Thine, fit and employ me in Thy service. All else, as those past joys and thoughts, pass away, being of earth; but Thy service is an everlasting service, and Thy pleasures are for evermore. In this strain I went on, reading and singing part of the 103d Psalm. I then bethought me of all my friends and relatives, and those whom I am wont to pray for, and interceded for them, with a special remembrance of those at Geddes. At last I tore myself away from the summit, fearing clouds

might gather and endanger the descent. One other look, and with a heavy heart I made for the south edge of the hill.

'Here I saw Cairn Toul and Brae Riach before me, undoubtedly the wildest-looking mountains I ever saw —the very brigands of the race. I saw the source of the Dee opposite, in the side of Brae Riach, and then its long winding, comparatively tiny, course in its valley. Also striking off from the centre of Glen Dee, and separated from it by a *col* of no great height, Glen Lui. All things considered, my hunger, etc., I determined to make for this *col*, and then down Glen Lui as the shortest way home. It was, indeed, kittle work getting down, being just one sheer pile of loose granite boulders—the progress slow—the strain all on one set of muscles, and the footing hard. At last, however, by dint of patience and much care I did reach the *col*, and congratulated myself; the keeper had deterred me from going up on this side. I descended Glen Lui, which at last seemed interminable, and the heat tremendous; several times I tried to court the shade, but it was of no use. At length reached my friend the keeper's house; where would fain have fed, but dreaded to take any more milk and cakes, having already suffered from them. Took a notion of whisky and water. Again bade them all adieu, with much gratitude, and started for Castleton, ten miles off. Hunger, however, and heat fairly exhausted me ere I reached Mar Lodge, half way—added to my entire want of sleep the previous night. I felt very breathless and uncomfortable; besought a sofa at the Lodge, on which to rest a little, and some bread and water. The housekeeper gave me some ale and cranberries, on which I refreshed; and after two hours

again fit for starting. Lovely evening, and pushed on to Castleton. Made good dinner at inn, and relieved my good landlady, who, it seems, had been much alarmed at my disappearance.'

But the chief object of his expedition had not yet been accomplished, for Geddes had not been reached. Thither he proceeds on foot *via* Tomintoul and Grantown. In the midst of rain and storm, drenched to the skin, yet singing lustily, and 'in ecstasies, striding forward like a hero, feeling gusts of poetic thought and sentiment,' he reached the Spey. 'I declare it seemed to know me! What a monarch it looked, rolling dark and majestic, with the inspiration of the Highlands in its flow; not even the great Rhine so inspires me!'

'*Grantown, June* 28.—How quaint my feeling last evening after crossing the Spey, and now to think of my being so near Geddes. I am in a state of high and thrilling excitement; and (partly perhaps owing to the peat fire), scarcely closed an eye last night, but lay pleasantly awake thinking Geddes, Geddes, Geddes! Rose early—day promising. Trode with peculiar feelings the first seven or eight miles, until at length my own familiar objects hove in sight—the knock of Brae Moray, the distant sea, the blue hills of Ross and Sutherland. At Dava I turned off to Lochindorb, about two miles westward. On the way two gigfuls of fishers passed me, whom I did not recognise; but who, I feared, would recognise me. I reached the loch, and there it lay as of old, when, years ago, —— and I made an expedition to it. A goat-herd by the side, and his wife, invited me to partake of some goat's milk, which I accepted, with some cakes. I then crossed a gentle hill, and on reaching the summit sat down to weep, to

muse, to drink the spectacle. The panorama of the sea, the Cromarty Bay, the Sutherland hills, and nearer Dulsie, the Findhorn, the Black Wood, and numberless other landmarks, brought back other days with an intensity almost painful. I can say no more of what passed through my mind in reviewing the chain of years; but, of course, my father's death and grave were uppermost in my thoughts, and tinged the whole with sadness. I descended the oft traversed route to Dulsie Bridge, and rested an hour in a shady spot, reading some chapters as well as musing. There lay the black pools, as motionless and as solemn as ever—all unchanged. I recalled five years ago, when, fresh from Cambridge, and just embarked on my studies for the Free Church, I opened a quartette of years, perhaps the happiest of my life hitherto. Here I came with a peaceful domestic party, and how much quiet bliss, how much holy society, and how many pious epochs of my life have since occurred! Alas! too, how much yielding to the enchantments of the world—I do not mean to a heinous extent, but in subtle forms, to which now I fain would be a stranger. At three left Dulsie, and took road to Clunas. The thoughts and sights soon became intoxicating, and I forgot all fatigue. A short way beyond Clunas I made bold to cross the morass for the Black Wood, to avoid some riders who perhaps might have recognised me. I emerged just where the road turns down to the Black Mill. Here some women were working; but I turned my head, to their chagrin, and passed them. I soon took the low wood, and wound my way gradually round for the edge of the old Black Wood. I gained it, and followed the well-known path, fragrant of a thousand memories—passed some wood

men unobserved, and at last reached the hill of Urchany. Just at Price's. Here I was, indeed, familiar with the passes, where at early dawn I so often stood with James, Wisheart, and others, stalking roe. The day was lovely, but very hot. The smell of the larch luxurious, the hum of the bee, the far-off cries as of old, the baying of collies. I strode on among wood, intending to strike down to Castle Findlas; but inadvertently I walked on to the trunk road of the hill, and descended on Donald Bowie's bridge. I then retraced my way up the glen to Castle Findlas; the solitude was a luxury, but oh! an agonizing one. The "days that are no more," how often trode at eve and all hours, and with what various companies! but ever with that house, and its rich domestic pleasures, its serene repose, its substantial cheer, looming as the bourne. I sat long at Castle Findlas, plucked a sprig of heather as a relic, and then, it being now about six o'clock, made for the top of the hill. The pensiveness, if not the sadness of evening had stolen on when I reached it; and so, though all was clear, all looked melancholy. I gazed around, and around, and around, upon the glorious scene, and then, ere I left, took out my note-book, and wrote off as follows:—"My heart is full; I have been for hours traversing the old familiar walks upon the hills, conversing with the dead. O God, I bless Thee for the past; sad, sad as is now its retrospect, from the removal of one who gave unity to the whole! May the future be devoted to Thee; and may I learn to cherish and value her who still remains to me, as I ought, remembering that, in human probability, I shall one day look back on her too as no more. My heart is like to burst. O how lonely do I feel on earth; but on Thee,

O my Father in heaven, through Thy dear Son, will I pillow my head!

'"The sea is like a mirror; but as if mirroring sadness. Cromarty Bay, Nairn, the sand-hills, the yellow broom on the Forres Moor, Brodie, Forres Tower are all most visible. The tall larches—my father's pride, make moan around me. Night is closing in, and I go now to visit my father's grave. May it be unobserved. —Seat on top of Urchany Hill, Wednesday evening, seven o'clock.—June 28, 1848."

'I did go, crossing the wood behind Sandy Milne's, with much trepidation, lest I should be recognised. I tied a wide handkerchief across my mouth. On reaching the road behind the forester's, made eastward for Clerk's, then turned up by dyke into field but one removed from Geddes, hurried across it unmet, and climbed gate into burial-ground—there I knelt by grave, and lingered some time; finally, jumped gate again, quaking, and boldly made for Macarthur's. His daughter, I think, passed churchyard just as I was leaving it, and I hid behind a tombstone. She afterwards paused long below her house, as if to see who it was; I also saw her father returning from Raith, and so, like a wounded deer, I made a rapid circuit by hill above reservoir, passed Raith, descended into valley of Grantown road, and once more breathed freely.'

And so he parted from his early home, which he never saw again!

The last week of July was spent with his much-valued friend, Professor Ramsay (of Glasgow) and family, at their country residence in Perthshire. In spite of much suffering from bad health, this was a very happy week. After his return to Lasswade he addressed the following

letter to Miss Ramsay, then a mere child, and which I select as a specimen of his letters to his young friends:

'LASSWADE, *July* 25.

'I, too, was very dull on leaving you that morning, and have scarcely quite recovered my spirits yet. I amuse myself with thinking over the different days at Rannagulzean, and what we did;—how we pasted the the kite, and made it fly; our walk to old Jenny's; our expedition with Solomon to Strowan; our gathering blackberries; our games at night; and lastly, how I saw you asleep, with Bushy at your feet, the night before I came away. I was very much too happy, and am suffering for it now; you may think, then, how happy I was, since I could not get yourself, to get your letter to-day. I knew at once it was from Cassy; and such a nice letter! I am glad you haven't forgot my representative, and I wish I had some little robin to feed, and call it Cassy. My mother (whom I know you would love) thinks it very improper for me to receive a letter from you, but I hope to get another some day; that is to say, if young Mr. Wishaw when he comes does not supplant me. Talking of my mother, do you know I am very envious of your mamma and your aunt, whom I do not think you can love half enough, much as you do love them.

'I wonder how you would go to Banff? in a cart, I suppose, across the moor; and I hope you enjoyed yourself as much as I did the day I walked with papa. I hope poor Nelly is better. Have you had any more games in the evening, or any moonlight walks? Ah! we never made out our *tête-à-tête*, but I hope we shall some evening yet. I am so glad you like the biographies. I am told papa is to be in town next week, and

I shall try and get him to take you the sacred history of which I spoke to auntie, and which, I think, you would like; my copy is quite ready for you, and it would be such a pleasure to me to think Cassy had read out of it. Mr. B. has a nice little nephew, whom I took to-day to see the prizes given at the Academy, and he was quite delighted. It was not so grand as your first of May, but still there were some very happy faces, and some nice-looking boys whom you know,—Lewis Campbell, and others. Tell cousins Mary and Maggie not to be angry with me for sending them some trash in return for all their nice music.—Give my tender love to mamma, papa, and auntie, and believe me to be, etc.

'Remember me to old Betty.'

'DIARY.—*Wednesday, July* 25.—Lord Cockburn spoke to me very kindly, and, when I told him I was going abroad, warned me not to come back and found a new sect!

'*Thursday, August* 24.—Wrote Professor Forbes, from whom had note alluding to expressions about my sadness of mind, and offering sympathy if anything was distressing me. My heart wept over his kindness, and I wrote to tell him my dejection was entirely physical.

'*Tuesday, Sept.* 26.—I feel I have gained much by the perusal of Gibbon, and would not willingly have skipped any portion for speed sake. It has formed, to say the least, a fine background to my mind before which to place the events of that period which I may learn more vividly, and in detail, from other sources. It has connected together periods which formerly I viewed disjointedly, often wondering what was between them; and though the answer often be nothing, yet it is well to know even that.'

CHAPTER VII.

Leaves Scotland—Letter of Alex. Burn Murdoch, Esq.—Diaries in Geneva, 1848; and Letters to his Mother, Rev. N. Macleod, and the Rev. W. Madden—Diary, 1849.

IN May (1848), John Mackintosh says in his Diary:—'I have resolved, D.V., to spend next winter at Geneva, thinking it may enlarge my future usefulness, and add a year to my preparation for the ministry. I think I seek God's glory first in this, and I pray Him, if it will lead to this, to make my way plain before me, and if not, then to thwart my plan. I have as yet broached it to no one.'

As the summer and autumn advanced, the state of his health confirmed him in his resolution to go abroad. His way became still more clear, when he found that his friend, Mr. Burn Murdoch, was willing to accompany him.

In writing to him, he said: 'Should you make up your mind then to go, I trust we shall look for, and obtain God's blessing in making us profitable to one another, and in turning our labours to account in His service.

'I have already hinted to you, what, I fear, you may have to put up with in me, in the way of *physical* moroseness; but perhaps your cheerfulness may communicate itself to me, or at all events, it will enable you to bear with me.'

I shall leave Mr. Burn Murdoch himself to tell the reader his early remembrances of John, and of their journey to Geneva, and residence there, as he has kindly told all this to me in a letter received from him. Before doing so, there are a few of John's Diaries previous to his departure, which may be recorded.

LASSWADE.—'*Sunday, Sept.* 24.—Sweet thoughts on waking; at ten got to room, and most unusual meditation. I thought I could trace God's hand in all my past suffering, and that it was designed, in love, to chasten and correct. Like Samuel, when God spoke to him, I have been long in recognising the voice as His. I now seem to see it distinctly; and what is more, my mind was filled with adoring gratitude and wonder, that God should condescend to discipline me, that His faithfulness and goodness in it quite melted my heart. I prayed Him not so much to remove the rod, as to bless it to the sanctifying of my soul. I have needed it much for purifying, and, for punishment, have suffered infinitely less than my iniquities deserve. Of what self-seeking in my life am I conscious, although professing to be only Christ's; that is, I love the praise of man more than the praise of God, and am not willing to be counted a fool or a disagreeable person for Christ's sake, or to give up all and follow Him. O Lord, give me grace to renounce self, and to live only for Thee and my neighbours' good.

'*Tuesday, Sept.* 26.—Tol lol night, but woke jaded. Short walk before breakfast; afterwards finished Gibbon. It took him twenty years to write, and as he says, linked year to year, and afforded much delight. It has taken me a year to read, linked month to month, and connected together their very varied, sometimes happy,

often sad experience; yet, in looking back, the sad is forgotten, and the pleasing alone prevails with a deep tinge of pensiveness. I am surprised at my slowness in getting through, but, alas! dire ill health has had much to do with it. . . . To West Port, and saw Mrs. ——, with ——, also old Rachel; spoke and prayed at both houses; walked up Port, and many old and profitable thoughts of past years crowded my mind; in which dear, great, good Dr. Chalmers stood as centre. With all the suffering that has been since, "the thought of my past years in me doth breed perpetual benediction."

'*Wednesday, Oct.* 4.—Rose early, and after a brief feeling of awe, in the thought of leaving home, experienced much assurance of God's favour and presence, and, in particular, with that promise, as if from the Lord Himself: "Lo, I am with thee alway, even to the end of the world." After devotions, dressed and packed; much overcome at family prayers. . . . At parting, solemn prayer with mother. Farewell to Kate, and departed much unmanned.'

His next meeting with his mother and sister was not in his own beloved Scotland.

And now I shall permit Mr. Burn Murdoch to go on with his narrative:—

'From the circumstance of my brother being in the same class at the Edinburgh Academy, of which our dear friend was all along the head boy, I of course had known about him for years. It was not, however, till we met in the class-rooms of the New College that I had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with him. His appearance there was very striking. He always sat in the same place; and I believe few, if any, failed to remark his animated intelligent countenance,

his perfect gentlemanliness, and his demeanour irreproachable alike by the gravest or the gayest, being quite untinged with either the censoriousness of the cynic or the boisterousness of the boy. Some pleasant strolls with John, and one or two other friends, invited like myself to visit him at Laurel Bank, and wander together on the shady banks of the Esk, recur to my memory as marking our last months in Scotland. But I hasten on to our journey. When we had agreed to go together to Geneva, he came for a day or two to Gartincaber in September 1848, where, besides my brother John, he met another old class-fellow, George Kinnear, now a clergyman in the Church of England, and my own and his friend, Robert Watson. I well remember that the day after he arrived he asked me to retire with him, that together we might ask God's blessing on our proposed journey. And when we sailed from Granton Pier on the 4th of October, after Robert Balfour and my brother William had bid us farewell, and when the forms of James Howden, and my own dear and now absent brother, James, who alone of our friends lingered on the point of the pier, were no longer visible,—again, at his request, retiring to our state-cabin, we sought the blessing and guidance of Him for whose glory our dear friend assuredly undertook the journey. We slept at Folkestone on the 10th; it was a lovely moonlight night, and long we paced, almost silently, up and down the short jetty, gazing on the moon, the gently undulating silvered sea, and the shores of the dear land we were about to leave. His every look that night seemed to me an outgushing of the love of country, which in him was only second to the love of his mother and of his God.'

I shall here interrupt Mr. Burn Murdoch's narrative by giving an extract from a letter written by John Mackintosh that night to his mother:—

'FOLKESTONE, *Oct.* 10

'. . . I can say no more just now, than that your letter filled my heart with prayer and thanksgiving. I have felt, I may say, in a very peaceful frame of spirit towards God my Saviour, since I set out on my journeyings, and, as I told you, for some time previously; God grant it may last and increase! Who knows how far a mother's anxiety and prayers may have to do with it?

'It is a sublime night here, as I write; the moon is shedding a wonderful effulgence on the great English Channel, which throbs beneath its beams as if it knew the mighty place it holds, and has ever held, to our beloved country, defending it from danger, and, as at this day, separating it from convulsions. The lights of France are visible; the waves lash the chalk cliffs of old England with a solemnity of sound that is appropriate. I am in the neighbourhood of Cæsar's landing-place, and the Conqueror's great Norman battle-field; so that, you may suppose, my poetic temperament is worked up to the highest pitch. To-morrow morning we cross the channel for Paris, which we expect to reach by evening, and bidding farewell to you almost in the same breath with which I say good-night to my native land, —I remain,' etc.

'PARIS, *October* 16.—I feel impressed with the greatness of the French as a people, which from national prejudice I have been slow to admit. They seem to me most like the ancients of any modern nation, and a sort of combination of the Greek and the Roman, having

the feebleness, subtlety of intellect, and vivacity of the one, the ambition and nationality and grandeur of the other. Napoleon must have been a genuine Roman. Alas, that they resemble the ancients also in their atheism and idolatry!'

'On the 17th we left Paris for Geneva, per *Diligence*, in the *banquette* of course; it was a sixty hours' journey of almost uninterrupted travelling. It was only in the end seat of the *banquette* that one could sleep, and we took it alternately; and it was not my kind companion's fault if I had not far more than my share. What a pleasant journey it was! . . .

'Many of the students attending the Theological Academy of the Evangelical Society at Geneva come from a distance—from France, from the Waldensian valleys, from Belgium and from French Canada. They are not, generally speaking, of the rich of the earth, and most of them find it convenient to live in boarding-houses, almost confined to themselves, where the style of living is simple, and the expense moderate. John at once resolved to take up his abode in one of these. His great object in going to Geneva had been to obtain a thorough knowledge of French, a good general view of French literature, and a familiar acquaintance with the theological students and the theological teaching. It was among students that these ends could be best attained; and accordingly, we very soon found ourselves inmates of a students' boarding-house—a pretty, irregular building, with its garden, vine-covered promenade, adjoining field, and artificial mound, up which a spiral walk led through thick young fir-trees to a favourite seat on the top. It was pleasantly situated, in the suburb of

Champel, some half a mile west of Geneva, and nearest that point of the fortifications where a suspension foot-bridge, thrown across the moat, gives access to the city. Close to this little bridge is the Oratoire, where the classes in connexion with the Evangelical Society meet. Our boarding-house was presided over by M. and Mme. Loup, excellent people; and there were fully a dozen of students besides ourselves. It was a great inducement to go to M. Loup's, that we found there a dear friend, William Ker, now minister of the Free Church in Deskford, who had arrived just before us, with the intention of spending some months at Geneva. Indeed, our house was quite full, and M. Loup put himself considerably about in order to accommodate us. We had all separate bedrooms, with fire-places or stoves, which had to serve also for study and sitting-room; but we met at meals in a common dining-room. We breakfasted at seven (in summer still earlier), dined at one, and had tea, which in Switzerland is generally a somewhat more solid meal than with us, at seven. The distinguishing feature in John's character was, I think, conscientiousness; and hence his ordinary daily life was characterized by extreme regularity. One was sometimes tempted to wish that he would follow more unthinkingly the fresh impulse of feeling in little matters; but it was a wish arising probably from a less vivid and constant realization than his, of the presence of Him who is invisible. His blamelessness of life deeply impressed the students, from some of whom I have had letters since his death, showing that, after the interval of many years, they still retain a most affectionate remembrance of him. Being away from home, I have not these by me. One is from a most amiable fellow-

student, M. Ambresin, now pastor at Thiat, in the Department of Haute Vienne; another from an equally kind-hearted friend, M. Harmégnies, now a pastor in Belgium; another from Italy. After our early breakfast we three met for a sort of family-worship in English; then John shut himself up for study till dinner-time. After dinner we walked, and he almost always found his way to the reading-room in the afternoon, where we saw the English papers, and news of home. He very generally walked with one of the students, that he might have more intercourse with them, and might be compelled to speak French, and this, I am sure, from the home-feelings that creep over one at such a time, must have cost him no small self-denial. As to Ker and myself, wandering up the shady banks of the yellow Arve, and seeking for the first flowers of spring, we very unscrupulously made the woods ring with our mother-tongue. After Ker left us for home, in the middle of March, John and I had our daily walk oftener together; but I was generally requested to speak French. Both in the forenoon and afternoon, we occasionally attended the theological lectures at the Oratoire, not indeed with great regularity—we had had much lecture-attending before—but often enough to understand the system pursued; less frequently at the excellent theological lectures of Gaussen, the Church history of Merle, and the Hebrew of La Harpe, as these differed little from our own in Scotland; very often at the admirable but occasional lectures of Pilet, on preaching and sermon-writing, and the fresh and interesting though somewhat Germanized exegesis of Scherer —both subjects hitherto comparatively neglected in our own theological schools.

'M. Loup had prayers in the evening in the public dining-room, where we generally, however, had but a small attendance. There were almost always, however, at least two or three students, an excellent old watchmaker, Jacottet, since gone to his rest (our only non-student housemate), and, to do them justice, "les trois Ecossais," when they happened to be at home. Sometimes M. Loup conducted our devotions himself, pouring forth his supplications with a faith, a fervour, and, above all, a volubility unexampled but among French Christians. Very often his place was taken by La Fleur, one of our students, who, with his countryman Cyr, were regular attendants. La Fleur was a French Canadian of good talents and blameless life, greatly beloved and respected by us all—by none more than by John. It was a great privilege to join in his calm and solemn prayers. He is now at the Mission de la Grande Ligne, St. John's, Canada, where, I doubt not, he is about his Master's business. When speaking of the students, I might name them all as showing unvarying kindness to the English strangers. The steady Ledune, the musical Chatelanat, the jovial Delhorbe, the half-English Auberjonois, Roux, Lecocq, even the impetuous arguer, Ferrette,[1] all were kind to us. The students had a prayer-meeting at the Oratoire, in which John occasionally took a part, so soon as he had sufficiently mastered the language. He also attempted a little in the way of home-mission work, but he did not speak of it even to me. I only gathered that he found his nationality an insurmountable barrier, as he was importuned for temporal aid whenever he was perceived to be an Englishman.

[1] Now missionary agent at Damascus of the Synod of Ulster.

'I have spoken of our evenings at the "Pension Loup." But, indeed, the "Trois Ecossais," thanks to the kind hospitality of friends, were under little necessity of spending evenings at home. Pleasant unceremonious evening parties are quite a feature of Genevese life, and especially in the circle of our most intimate acquaintance, which was not thoroughly English, nor yet thoroughly French; but one in which the two elements, by intermarriage or otherwise, were very much blended. The venerable occupant of the Pré-Béni is, as everybody knows, the *hospes* of all our nation, and many an English chat had we under his roof. Mr. Stevenson, although within an ace of being a thorough Frenchman, was English still, and his wife not English merely, but Scotch, and a Sinclair; and a Scotch welcome we invariably received from them. Count St. George is half-English, and his wife is English; but it was not nationality, but the large-heartedness of Christian love that dictated their unvarying kindness to us. Madam Scherer, too, is our countrywoman, and Professor Scherer is well acquainted with our language and literature. They had one evening in the week, when any of the students who pleased were welcomed, and many availed themselves of it; but we strangers and foreigners were far more constant guests, and we shall never forget the unwearied kindness which made "Les Grottes" to us a second home. Pleasant evenings too we passed with the excellent Professor Gaussen, with Dr. Merle, the Perrots, and several others, which relieved the monotony of student-life, and gave us an insight into a very pleasant and Christian society.

'One feature in our Geneva life I must not omit; John's health was not very vigorous, and an uninter-

rupted course of sedentary life always induced great torpidity of the system. To throw aside books and dash into the country, was the only remedy. You know his intense enjoyment of nature, and can therefore understand with what delight he started on such an expedition, when his health rendered it imperative. And here, indeed, I could let my pen run on. Fancy us three, with a French friend (whom we nearly killed by overwalking), on an intensely cold and brilliant day in the end of December, following the course of the Rhone for some twenty miles, spending the long evening in pleasant chat round the stove of the most primitive of French wayside inns; and hailing the sunrise among the rocks and icicles that surrounded the "Perte du Rhone." Fancy us trudging along to Chamonix in the middle of February, astonishing the snow-bound inmates of the Hotel de la Couronne, and crossing the Tête Noire to Martigny, over ten to fifteen feet of snow, in the highest spirits, and with as much ease as in summer. To console ourselves for the loss of Ker, John and I spent the last days of March in accompanying Professor Scherer in a delightful walk round the Lake of Geneva, beginning with the south side. We had, indeed, our little hardships. We started in the gloom of a snow-shower; but spring was already triumphant, and never shall we forget these meadows and grassy slopes between Evian and St. Gingolph, covered with cowslips, violets, and many-coloured patches of the wild crocus; that sunny churchyard of Montreux, and the quiet grave of the great, the good, the lovely Alexandre Vinet. I might speak, too, of summer trips to Annecy, and Aix les Bains, with its fairy Lac de Bourget, where John and I, alone among strangers, felt, with

a vague and undefined delight, the spirit of a new and more southern climate breathing in all that we saw around us; but I shall deny myself the pleasure of saying anything more about these most delightful hours. It was on these occasions that I most enjoyed his society; and what struck me most was his intense delight in the beautiful works of God, and his ever perceptible gratitude to Him who gave him so much to enjoy. One very noticeable trait in his character was his power of entirely forgetting any accompanying annoyances or hardships, and admiring and enjoying with all his heart. He would express his delight verbally, or in a letter, at the scenes he was beholding, in the most glowing terms; and there was not a tinge of sadness to lead you to suspect that his bodily health was perhaps such as, in the case of most men, would have thrown a dark gloom over the most glorious landscape. Indeed, this power of ignoring personal sorrow, and therefore bearing it alone, without asking any sympathy from his friends, amounted, in his case, as concerned his health, to a misfortune, if not a fault: if a fault, certainly a rare and dignified one. Well do I remember a day in June, when, after a long and fatiguing *Diligence* journey, we started on foot, with heavy knapsacks, from Albertville, in the valley of the Isère, intending to find our way, as best we could, across mountain roads to Chamonix. We had many miles of a long straight road, white, and inches deep of dry burning dust; the sun was blazing in fierce noon-day splendour. Our lips were far too parched to admit of conversation, and we tramped slowly along on opposite sides of the way, where there was least dust. It was decidedly a case in which a sea-breeze-loving John Bull might law-

fully grumble a little, and with that intention I turned to my companion; but, alas for sympathy! his eye was fixed on a far-stretching and splendidly-wooded hillside, which rose on our left: here and there among the high, bare, rocky ridges which towered beyond, was perched a château—the very home of romance; it was evident that the toils of the way, the fury of the sun, were forgotten; his eye expressed a quiet delight, and a slow, unconsciously murmured "beautiful!" told the grumbler that he must grumble alone.

'One word about the more peculiarly religious aspect of our life at Geneva. This alone makes the retrospect even joyful; other things may have passed away for ever. The "new earth" may perhaps have no more its Lac de Bourget, its Savoy, its Alps (though even these are immortalized, at least in memory); but it is our delight to think that our Geneva ties were of the most enduring kind. The great bulk of those who showed us kindness were followers, and many of them most exemplary followers of the Lord Jesus. It was a great privilege to hear such admirable sermons as those of M. Pilet at the Oratoire, to be present at the unique Catéchisme of Gaussen, to receive the affectionate exhortations of the venerable Malan. It was a great privilege, the constantly recurring opportunities we had of meeting round the table of the Lord, and commemorating His death, in a language and with a form that showed us to be of one family with the Cévenols and the Camisards. It was perhaps a greater privilege still to see before us many men, some of them men of rank and wealth and leisure, devoting themselves, with all the ardour of men of business, to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and deserving a place beside the honoured worthies of

our own Clapham sect. I believe that the effect, in a religious point of view, produced on John and on all of us, was a feeling of admiration for the greater joyfulness manifested by these French Christians. We thought this arose, in part, from the prominent place they gave in their thoughts to the person of the Saviour; and, I believe, we found it very advantageous to ourselves, to regard personal Christianity more as a cleaving of soul to a living loving Saviour, than a belief of certain truths. That the accent has been laid too much on the latter view in our country was, I think, felt by our dear friend; and had he lived, he would have seen many signs in our sermons and religious literature that this was becoming generally felt, acknowledged, and amended.

'This letter is already too long, and I must hasten to a close. Though written hurriedly, unmethodically, and amid a press of duties, I hope it may be possible to gather from it some idea of John's life at Geneva. I have not spoken of the feelings cherished towards him by our kind Geneva friends. They were, I know, feelings of unmingled respect and love.

'The 30th of July was the last day we spent together. Circumstances obliged me to return home: his course was towards Italy. It was a day of sorrow to both. We were in Lausanne. We sat gazing sadly on the lake, beyond which the Salève, the Côte d'Or, and the mountains near the "Perte du Rhone," loomed solemnly through a hazy atmosphere. As the parting hour approached, we read a portion of Scripture and prayed together. The darkness concealed our tears; and midnight tolled solemnly as the *Diligence* hurried me away towards Besançon, with my eyes fixed, for the last time, on the form of John Mackintosh.

'That 30th day of July he wrote in my album the following lines:—

"Adieu!—to God—what words can else express
The parting, and the prayer that soars to heaven,
When two fond hearts, long link'd in tenderness,
By the decree of fate at length are riven?
Yet happy they to whom the hope is given
To meet again upon this travailing earth,
And side by side inaugurate the birth
Of that bright age for which our sires have striven.
Adieu!—to God—if not below, above!
While even here, how wide soe'er we roam,
High in an atmosphere of peace and love,
Our souls may meet in God—the wanderer's home."

'"If not below, above!" My heart echoes that prayer. The Lord enable me to follow him in his upward course. Hitherto, alas! at the very best, it has been *non passibus æquis.*'

I will now let him tell his own tale of his life at Geneva by extracts from his Diaries and Letters, during the nine months in which he resided there, from the end of October 1848 till the end of July 1849.

'*Oct.* 29.—I desire to walk with God, to live entirely to Christ, and, if it be His precious will, to be a sweet savour of Him to all around, particularly my fellow students. . . . The desire of my heart is after holiness, and an entire dedication and surrender of myself to Christ.

'*Wednesday, Nov.* 8.—Evening, drank tea with Mr. Darby, accompanied by Ker; long discussion on his views; feel very strong on the subject of the ministry, as of apostolic appointment, and most necessary: yet harmonize more with him than with High Churchmen

and system-mongers of any church. After tea he gave us his views on prophecy—very interesting; and many of them, I have no doubt, just. I consulted him on his views of the person of Christ, and the nature of his intercourse with the Lord, to which he replied in a manner very edifying, and in strict harmony with what, I trust, the Lord has of late been teaching me by His Spirit. We prayed before parting. Home by half-past ten, greatly pleased with evening.

'*Thursday, Nov.* 9.—Holiday as usual. Read, nine to twelve, Monsell on Plymouthism, and greatly interested in the questions it opens up. I think his views of the institution of the ministry are quite wrong, but desire to sift them more thoroughly.

'*Sunday, Nov.* 12.—Another Sunday; time rolls on! At nine to Oratoire; M. Pilet on Forgiving our Neighbour, etc. Walked to warm myself till twelve, read to one, Dr. Malan's at two; at half-past three, B. M., Ker, and I had nice prayer-meeting in B. M.'s room. Began Timothy then, and interesting conversation; took sacrament at six, at Dr. Malan's, at his request, and enjoyed it much; home by half-past seven. Began *Life of Felix Neff;* it seems he died in this house, in B. M.'s room.

'O Lord, give me Thy Holy Spirit, and amend my heart, and lead me in all my ways! May I live only for Thee, recognise Thy love and faithfulness in all my circumstances, live by faith and hope; and forasmuch as the time is short, and there are many heavenly witnesses of my course, may I press forward, under the Spirit's leading, for the prize of God's high calling in Christ. Lord, show me my work, and give me grace to execute it; I have ceased to choose it for myself. Work in me and by me.

'*Monday, Nov.* 13.—At seven, to private meeting of Plymouth Brethren in Isle. The topics rather rambling; yet instructive on that of the Holy Spirit's agency in believer: several spoke besides Mr. Darby. . . . The Brethren seem to carry the doctrine to a length to which I dare not follow them. It is a blessed doctrine that of the Spirit's individual and hourly guidance; but to be used with much humility and discretion. The Christian is to seek it earnestly, and to walk in the general faith of it; but so many are the corruptions still within him, that he should at no time confidently assert that the Spirit moves him; but knowing the treachery of his heart, cast ever a humble upward eye—test the fact by the result—imputing all that is plainly good to the operations of the good Spirit, and mourning over the error as his own. The more tremblingly we walk in this way, the less likely will we be to act of ourselves, and consequently the safer and holier will be our conduct. While the one is presumption, considering the existence of the old man still within us; the other does not imply want of faith in God mingled with a holy jealousy and fear of ourselves.

'They then got off the unity of the Church (of which they wished to speak), upon the parable of the Ten Virgins, in relation to Christ's coming, and the situation of His Church. This seems a very favourite parable as illustrating their views; but I was not much arrested by anything I heard.

'I could not but be sad at the general strain of the meeting, groping, one and all, in Scripture, often upon important points, and speaking very much at random, without any solid conclusions. How different, thought I, from a prayer-union in Scotland, where the facts are

admitted—thanks to the early training of the people—and all that remains (certainly not the least important part), is to realize them to edification. Hence there is no contradiction; no looking for a supernatural enlightenment, or for what is only to be got in conjunction with much patient study and search in the closet; nor a looking for what may be got suddenly on such an occasion as when two or three are met together, a "felt power" (as it is called), or "a feeling of the power of the truth." Home by ten.

'*Nov.* 16.—Again with Scherer. He spoke of Arnold, Neander, and Vinet, as the three bright stars whom he loved to think of in a religious point of view. He too had been struck with the prominence given to the person of Christ in Arnold's life. Spoke of this as the grand point in Christianity which gave to the Christian justification and sanctification with daily warmth and comfort.

'*Wednesday, Nov.* 22.—Read sermon by A. Monod, very eloquent; I should say English eloquence. Forenoon, full of longings for quickening and unity of Christians and churches everywhere, by the outpouring of the blessed Spirit. This doctrine, that we live under the economy of the Spirit, *par excellence*, is forcing itself more upon me; yet the coming of Christ is necessary and greatly desired, not only by the Church, but by the Spirit Himself, who is now the Church's guide and property. "The *Spirit* and the *Bride* say, Come."

'*Saturday, Dec.* 2.—To-night, a converted Roman Catholic, but very young Protestant, whose tenets given out at table shocked me some days ago, overtook me after tea, and showed disposition to converse quietly

and modestly, as feeling he had much to learn. O my God, open up a path for doing good, and give me grace and wisdom, for my blessed Lord's sake.

'*Sunday, Dec.* 17.—To-day the collection for missions is being made in Scotland. My heart overflowed with earnestness, that God would bless those missions, and put it into the heart of His people and servants to come nobly forward to their aid. I could not think of the subject without weeping tears of joy at what God has done for us, for the missions, and for my own poor soul; tears of shame at our stinted gratitude and efforts for Him, at my own lukewarmness hitherto. O Lord, let Thy Spirit be within me as a burning fire, as a live coal, filling me with love, zeal, and devotion to Thee. May I henceforth recognise this one end in life—Christ—and to make known His name among my fellow-creatures, and all around me.

'*Dec.* 27.—Morning thought over arguments of natural and revealed religion, for the first time in my life, feeling what it would be to doubt rather than doubting. Putting myself in such a position was cold, and for a time with difficulty could I come back to intimate refreshing thoughts of Him whose credentials, so to speak, I had been testing. After all, not to enter here into the conclusions at which I arrived, the more I meditate the more I set value for the individual himself, at least on the experimental evidence. If God be so and so, if Christ be so and so, if the Spirit be so and so, let me put these assumptions to the trial. My belief, may I say my experience is, when this is sincerely done, the fire will always come down from heaven and testify to the fact.

'*Saturday, Dec.* 30.—Forenoon finished "Sterling's Memoir." I feel the reading of the book has wonder-

fully quickened my interest in the Christian argument and all relating to it, and may thus hope the book has been providentially put in my way. O Lord, give me in humility and prayer, fitness to study those subjects. Let Thy Spirit lead me into all truth, and fit me for being useful to others, and especially to Thy little ones in turning aside the assaults of their enemies. The experimental evidence which they enjoy, most philosophical and reasonable in itself, has greatly risen in my esteem. I desire to realize it more in myself, as my buckler in studying the others.

'*Sunday, Dec.* 31.—Meditated on past year, and endeavoured to confess and feel humbled for my sins, above all, my selfishness in so often seeking my own ends and not Christ's. I bless God for His faithfulness, as well as His rich goodness throughout this year; and now I desire to cast myself upon Him for that on which I am about to enter. I desire to live wholly to His glory, and to make great progress in His love, in self-denial, in the love of my neighbour, in humility, faith, perseverance, and devotedness. I feel, that except God undertake for me, I must end where I began, and have again to review a year of resolutions, falls, and endeavours at repentance. But, O God! Thy grace is omnipotent and all-sufficient. "Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness." Oh! if I be indeed Thy servant, and a chosen vessel for bearing Thy name, fit me, I pray Thee; set Thy stamp and likeness upon me, and the praise shall be Thine. May every faculty of body, mind, and spirit, every moment, and every possession, be entirely consecrated to Thee, and to Thy service. May Thy peace dwell in my heart. May I be as a little child, obeying Thine eye, and

having the habitual consciousness that I am pleasing God. Lord, bless my dear family and friends, and make me more faithful and useful to them than in time past. Bless also those among whom I am now placed.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

'*November* 18.

'MY DARLING MOTHER,—I am in receipt of both your last letters; and if you could but know the joy they gave me, you would not think your time in writing them misspent. The last solemnized me very much. First, to hear that another of those I so lately visited had been called away; next, to hear that cholera was so near you, and in such an alarming degree. How often we have walked by Robert Paterson's without thinking such a mortality was so nigh. But I have found great comfort in God, our adorable Father and Saviour, committing you into His hands, as one near me and near you, who by His omnipresence strides over the great distance between us, and, as it were, brings us close to one another. In a moment my thoughts, my prayer to Him, may be conveyed to you in the way of blessing. Precious doctrine, precious faith! Oh, then, let us live near each other, in each other's company, by living near the throne! He is not a far-off God, but one who loves that we should nestle beneath His wings in Jesus Christ. How often I picture you in your various rounds, and how happy I am that from last winter's experience I know all your ways. God bless you, enrich you, and comfort you in them all. It interests me exceedingly to hear of the poor and others around. Pray remember me expressly to my friends Miss M'Leod, the Petleys, the Manse, poor Ellen, Robert, the girl Ker, Old Jean,

and poor Mrs. Ruthven, with others. Also very particularly to Mr. and Mrs. Pitcairn, to the former of whom I shall one day write. For myself, goodness and mercy continue to follow me.'

TO THE SAME.

'*December* 19.

'. . . Many thanks for your two letters. They have afforded me the usual satisfaction, and I have perused them the usual number of times. . . . I have little news for you. We have had some very remarkable fogs for nearly a fortnight; but they do not affect me as the Lasswade ones used to do, though they are very dense and cheerless. One day last week I made a party to climb the Mount Salève, and after reaching a little village a considerable height, we all at once emerged from the mist. The sun was shining brightly and powerfully from an unclouded sky. The long line of the Jura summits overtopped the mist. Everything above rejoiced; but below there lay the heavy rolling sea, a few hill-tops like islands appearing out of it, but all else buried beneath—Geneva with its thousands of people, and its traffic, rivers, lake, steamboats. It gave me an idea of Herculaneum, with mist for lava, and consequently life for death. The effect of the church bells ringing below was very curious.' . . .

TO THE SAME.

'*December* 26.

'I await with trembling interest the result of last Sunday's collection for India Missions. In my view, it was the most critical day for the Free Church since 1843, and I trust to hear of something overwhelming to indi-

cate that we consider missions as equally important with home efforts. I should like to hear that from £20 to 40,000 had been put into the plate. I am confident the decline of the Sustentation Fund is due to our neglect of missions, and that the constant cry of home is short-sighted policy. It makes one's heart bleed to read those noble accounts from India, to hear of the wide door opened, and then to talk of curtailing the missions. I do not know if it be love to Christ; but I have not been so moved for years as in interceding last Sunday for this great cause; and oh! I trust that my spirit told the travail of the Church at home, as a shell is said, if applied to the ear, to tell the state of the ocean, however distant, from which it came.'

TO REV. N. MACLEOD.

'*November* 26.

'MY BELOVED NORMAN,—I shall not apologize for having been so long in writing; for you know well you have been in my daily thoughts and prayers, as I have been in yours. 'Tis not easy to write here; the hours of lecture, which I scrupulously attend, are so numerous, etc. etc. . . . Norman, there is much more life here; and I know if you were here you would be delighted—shall I say *enthusiased*—with not a few things that are going on.

'First, as to the Evangelical Society of Geneva, you know their three grand departments are—colporteurs; missionaries in France; and the theological school, for training up ministers to labour in the French countries of the Continent, and elsewhere. The two former schemes have been greatly and signally blessed, so as,

indeed, to stamp mockery—from the simplicity of the means employed, but employed in faith—on many of our petrified ministries. The funds of the Society received a severe shock last summer, which obliged them to prepare all their agents for the possibility of being discharged; and nothing can exceed the beauty, simplicity, and Christian faith of the replies which they received to their circulars. As it is, although many churches and individuals came to their aid, they have been obliged greatly to reduce their staff; but I trust the Lord only permits it for a season, to try their faith. Do the people of Scotland help them as they ought? They disclaim all identification with parties, and very properly; for the very fact of their being a Society, and not a Church, is, that they may form a vehicle, like the Bible Society and others, for the efforts of all Christians in this field of simple evangelization. Next, the theological school. It is admirably supplied; the course is very complete. They have lectures on Introduction to the Old and New Testaments, Church history, exegetic, apologetic, polemic, systematic, symbolic, homiletic, and pastoral theology. The professors are five in number—D'Aubigné, Gaussen, Pilet, La Harpe, and Scherer; the last comparatively a young man of great parts and great promise, and a great admirer of Arnold.

'Each professor lectures on various subjects, and thus the course is overtaken. Perhaps the same remark applies to theirs, as to most lectures—that what they say would be better learned from books; but this is very much matter of opinion. Scherer's lectures are undoubtedly admirable, and not to be otherwise replaced. He has been lecturing on Catholicism, and

goes very profoundly into principles, which he treats with much originality, alluding, in his way, to the leading works of recent times on the subject—as Möhler's in Germany, and Newman's in England. He has that air of pensive thought which you find in Pascal, saved from gloom by his vigorous realization of the person of Christ, as the true home for the lonely heart—a fact, alas! in our Christianity, which comes in often at the very circumference, if it finds a place in it at all. Nay, but it must be the very centre starting-point of our faith; and if we miss it in our system, I can well understand a vigorous and thirsty spirit like Newman's wandering on from one dogma to another, and still unsatisfied. But to return from this digression. The students, numbering about thirty, are drawn from all parts of the French-speaking world, including Canada; and truly, I know not where else they could go at present for a sound theological training; so that this department of the Society is amply justified by its necessity. The course of study in the hall is three years; and each session consists of nine months. There is one very useful branch of the training which I ought to mention. It is that of practical homiletics, conducted once a week by Pilet, the preacher to the Oratoire. The student brings his plan of a sermon; the other students then criticise, and perhaps suggest a better; and lastly, the professor points out the errors, and gives his own idea. He is a most remarkable preacher himself, and therefore well able to give advice. D'Aubigné's lectures, I may say, on the early Christian Church, are a good deal of the Mosheim cast; for he cannot be dramatic among so many dry bones as the Fathers and Apologists; but his piety and zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom are

so beautiful and ardent, that every day one is quickened, though it be but a few words.

'I must now tell you of the attempt which has been made, and which I think has succeeded, to unite the Evangelical Churches here upon a wide but scriptural basis. Their articles are published; suffice it to say, that in doctrine there are seventeen, embracing the usual fundamental points, clearly and briefly stated. Then on the constitution, embracing government, worship, and discipline, there are twenty-one. It is here that they are most liberal. The government is, in the main, Presbyterian; but they admit all varieties of form in worship, encourage the ministry of elders and the laity (a term not liked here) for edification, and admit even Baptists into their communion. Indeed, the two points I should be most disposed to question, are their practice in regard to the two sacraments. They hold infant baptism, but admit Baptists and churches; and in regard to the Lord's Table, their article is as follows:—'*L'Eglise, considérant la table de la Cène dressée par elle, non comme sa propre table mais comme celle du Seigneur, y accueille tous les membres de la famille de Dieu.*' Acting on this principle, any one may present himself, and no token or examination is required. There are three things to be regarded in arriving at this union, which are well stated by D'Aubigné, in last year's report of the Evangelical Society. They are, 1*st*, That the spiritual must precede the external; otherwise we fall into the error of Romanism. 2*d*, An absolute uniformity in rules, and other non-essentials, is not to be looked for; it did not obtain even in apostolic times. 3*d*, The union must be gradual, and not forced; otherwise heterogeneous elements will soon clash.

'The ecclesiastical world here is much distracted by Plymouthism. The sect, through the labours of Mr. Darby, has multiplied greatly in this and the neighbouring countries;—you know that they discard the ministry altogether. A very prominent place is given to all the facts of Christ's work—accomplished, present, and to come. The present economy of the Holy Spirit is also powerfully realized, and is, I think, exaggerated. Mr. Darby is accused here of doing much evil, by causing schism; but he has given an impulse to so many great doctrines, which all admit, and which, perhaps, but for his schism, would not have excited so much attention, that I can fancy the good to have preponderated over the bad. In addition to the great doctrines I have noticed above, no doubt every Christian ought to consider, more than is usual among us, his obligation to preach Christ by his life, and otherwise.

'But I must have wearied you, dear Norman, with all this talk. You must write me *soon;* won't you? telling me, besides family matters, any subjects or views that have been of late occupying your own spirit. . . . O to be more instructed in that great mystery—God manifest in the flesh! I cry out for this knowledge, which the Spirit can alone give me, and which I believe to contain a mine that is inexhaustible. I am not without hopes that the light is breaking upon me, and that my heart is in its love grasping a *Person* instead of being content with a mere set of well-regulated opinions—to which from our early education in religion we are so prone. God give you too, to advance in this knowledge, for its depths never can be reached. — Your very fondly attached, J. M.'

TO REV. W. MADDEN.

'*December* 14.

'MY VERY DEAR MADDEN,—The memory of my visit to Reading is still fragrant. Often do I picture to myself your happy little home, and wish myself again its inmate. God grant we may yet have many meetings beneath each other's roof during our term of pilgrimage and service here below! . . . I trust you are both well and happy, possessed of that peace which passeth all understanding. I trust we are seeking to live more in the habitual presence of our blessed Lord, and in the communion of His gracious Spirit. It is want of faith that prevents us from hearing His voice ever in our ears, saying, "This is the way, walk thou in it," and enjoying the consciousness that we are pleasing Him. Ineffable love and condescension, to admit us to such a privilege! How humbling, how encouraging, how safe! let us sit at His feet as children, and learn of Him, and have our hearts filled with His love. I send a kiss to dear baby.—Receive my very tenderest affection, and believe me ever your loving friend, J. M.'

'*Monday, Jan.* 9, 1849.—My birthday, aged twenty-seven. O Lord, anew I desire to give myself to Thee. Despise me not, reject me not; but take me as I am, and make me what Thou wouldst have me to be. Enable me to deny self, and to do Thy will continually in this year, and all the years of my life. Enable me to redeem the time; guide me in my preparations for the ministry, preserve me from all error, and lead me into all truth, for Christ my Redeemer's sake. Amen.

'Forenoon, study; walk with B. M. and K., afternoon.

Dear fellows, they gave me birthday presents in the evening, which quite overcame me. God bless them!

'*Wednesday, Jan.* 31.—Evening, M. Scherer's. He spoke of Vinet—his tenderness of conscience and gentleness as a critic—his sensibility, often weeping as he read a fine passage, which he did with great power. Showed me some of his letters and MSS., written in very neat, small, accurate, philological hand, with many erasures and corrections. He often sent long list of such corrections afterwards, sometimes proposing mere change of word.

'M. Scherer is about to publish critique of his moral and theological works and character. Showed me his note-book, with some fine thoughts, especially of Vinet's. Such as, short but pregnant character of Voltaire, etc. Also such expressions as this: *La foi a sa raison, et la raison a sa foi.*

'*Thursday, Feb.* 22.—Started from Sallenches for Chamouni; glorious road by Servoz, where had brown bread and cheese. All very silent from sublimity of mountains and glaciers. Sky harmoniously wild; snow deep and sufficiently firm. Chamouni, in dark, by seven. Hotel de la Couronne; capital dinner—*bishop*, and sent for Balmat; gave him Professor Forbes's note. Very nice man—long talk—he overjoyed to see us.

'*Friday, Feb.* 23.—Charming beds, breakfast, and as I could not think of quitting Chamouni so soon, got leave of rest to go by Tête Noire. B. M. generously offered to accompany me. After breakfast looked at maps which Balmat gave us, at his cabinet, and then to source of Arveiron; day superb, north wind and glorious sky; route to Montanvert impassable. Some deep wading through snow to reach source, very very small. At

two, Ker and Reid left. I went with them nearly to Les Ouches; glorious walk. The Aiguille du Dru rising out of its forest of ice-pinnacles, and seen against the clear blue sky, was fine beyond description. At half-past four called on the curé of Chamouni, with B. M.; friend of Professor Forbes; very warm welcome. Wrote our names for him. I put after mine *Un qui aime le Seigneur, et tous ceux qui l'aiment.*

'*Saturday, Feb.* 24.—Breakfast, and started at a quarter-past eight with Balmat. Glorious day; anniversary of last French Revolution: what a contrast here! Went by Val d'Argentière, saw and crossed recent avalanche which had killed a woman; passed villages, ascended opposite glacier of Tour, by Les Montets. Snow deep, but hard; beautiful descent to Valorsine, Aiguilles rouges, Buet, etc., beautiful. Tête Noire, valley superb; what rock-colouring, what grandeur, what contrasts! I felt intoxicated. Lunch at Trient; crossed *col*, pretty steep, and descended on Martigny; high wind on Forclaz, at top of *col.* Saw Jungfrau and other grand Alps. Sion, and valley of Rhone, very picturesque—descent very slippery, at which I got on badly; other two went like sledges; passed Burg Martigny, and to Hotel de la Tour at five. Balmat, long chat; he very unwilling to take aught; but paid him for three days, which he had to be forced to accept.

'Lord, fill our hearts with gratitude for Thy many mercies, and grant that this excursion may strengthen us in body, and mind, and spirit, for Thy blessed service.

'*Friday, June* 1.—Always memorable day, having been for many years associated with much pleasure.

This day, in 1841, I quitted London with the Professor, *en route* for Continent; my first visit. At this season, in 1843, I visited Oxford. Last year I set off in my glorious and hallowed tour to Deeside, and afterwards Geddes. This morning rose at half-past five; late enough, considering what was before us. Called B. M., and packed knapsack and bag; breakfasted, said good-byes, and started by *Diligence.* My health is indifferent, confirmed cough, which reconciles me to a trip at this time. Enjoyed much the beautiful day and scene, spite of this low state of my mercury.

'*Thursday, June* 7.—Called in middle of sound sleep, so half asleep all day; descended as others were finishing breakfast; endeavoured to contribute to happiness of others, and never mind my own. After breakfast, with guide to La Flégère. Met Fête-Dieu procession. Mont Blanc must have been familiar with such sights through Middle Ages onwards; but not the less are they in terrible discord with the grandeur of nature's temple. Balmat accompanied me *en route.* Day lovely, pursued my way alone, meditating on past; but somehow Chamouni has lost for me the glory and the dream it had eight years ago—health not very robust may have somewhat to do with this—botanized, meditated, sung. I remember as though it were yesterday, doing the very same thing in 1841.

'*Sunday, July* 22.—My last Sunday here, D.V. O Lord, anew I give myself to Thee!'

After many tender partings he finally left Geneva.

'*Tuesday, July* 24.—We watched,' he says, 'Geneva fading from our view, and all the old familiar spots; then wrapped ourselves in silence, till we reached Lausanne. La Fleur left us at Nyon; Lausanne by half-

past one; our windows command the lake, and the opening of the Fort de l'Ecluse shows us the position of Geneva, and carries our thoughts over the past nine months. What mercies! what communions! what privileges and opportunities! What sorrows and anxieties as well as joys! What vistas insensibly opened up to our spirits! What shortcomings, feeblenesses, unfaithfulness! Lord, accept our thanks. Lord, pardon; Lord, forgive. Continue thy loving-kindness to us, and sanctify whatever was of Thee in the past to Thy glory. Amen and Amen!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Geneva, 1849—Letters to the Rev. N. Macleod, to his Mother, to A. Hamilton, Esq., Miss Hunter Blair, to his Youngest Sister, to Robert Balfour, Esq., to the Rev. W. Madden, the Rev. William Ker.

TO THE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD.

'GENEVA, *Jan.* 2, 1849.

'. . . I received your thrice welcome letter on Sunday, and had the satisfaction of opening and reading it on New Year's Day, as you desired. The horrible practice of having their public services in church at nine o'clock took me out at that hour, broke up my New Year's Day, and so has prevented me from 'first-footing' you, by writing yesterday. I choose, however, to consider this as a prolongation of the first day of the year. I make it so to myself in respect of quiet home thoughts, and I make it so to you by inditing this Benedicite. It is impossible for me to tell you the joy your letter gave me, not only for its sweet scent of home, at this season so grateful to an alien; but also for its communication of thought. I have no doubt I have often heard you in conversation express the same sentiments, but we ponder what is written more than what is spoken. I hope, therefore, you will not consider it lost time to write to me again and again. It is instruction, and that is part of your office. There

is, besides, a progressive development of mind of which we must all be conscious. The same truths to me now are not what they were three, two, one year ago. It is to me perfectly marvellous how slow the spirit is in opening its eyes to take in the deeper meaning of things with which it has long been familiar. You reproach yourself, I observe, for only now possessing what you might have had a score of years ago. I beg to differ from you, from a pretty wide induction. The result seems small, but so it is; our nature was not up to it till the moment we possess it, and an extraordinary process of preparation, error, and experience was necessary even for that. In this view I cannot but trace another of those mysterious analogies between the history of the world within us, and the world at large. What ages did the wisdom of God see fit should pass, and what a slow and gradual advance through signs and symbols ere the God-man was actually manifested! But you will think I am forgetting myself. Only I will say this, in conclusion, upon the subject, that I daily wonder how long I have been conversant, yea positively *glib*, with the book-work—the algebra of subjects, take for example the Christian evidences or doctrines, without penetrating into their real weight and force as presented, not to the spirit of Paley, Chalmers, or anybody else, but—to my own. We, students, are terribly overlaid—the remark is general all the world over—with the opinions of others, and very little stimulated to think for ourselves. The result will soon be appalling, and will demonstrate either the blindness or the sin of the system; for it sometimes has proceeded from a Protestant Popery. Confessions are to us, what the Church is to the Romanists. These remarks are, in

part, suggested by your letter; but for many years they have been forcing themselves upon me, and of late have been much deepened. Even when our eyes are partially opened, it is as much to see the crowd of things which our spirits have yet to sift, as to discern a little increase of light on one or two of them. And in spiritual subjects, what constant prayer and faith are requisite to retain the light, so subtle is its character, or rather so subtle is the counter tendency of our materialism. How soon, on that fundamental subject for hourly experience, of which I wrote before, does the person degenerate into the personality, so that we take and make a doctrine of it, on which to discourse occasionally, and then shelve it. . . . Have you happened to read Hare's *Memoir of John Sterling?* It gives an alarming picture of that sad process going on among some of the finest spirits at the English Universities, of which John Shairp used to tell us, but of which this is the first specimen I have seen brought to light. I wish you would read it. I think you will agree with me that Hare is not very likely to be of use in muzzling or extracting the teeth from the German doctrines as they reach England, however competent he may think himself for the task. From what you have read of Stanley's, should you think even him likely to prove a judicious guide? or where do your hopes lie for the unfledged thinkers and theologians in England? I read some of Scott's testimonials from Carlyle, Maurice, and others; and as these are men who use words advisedly, he must really be a remarkable fellow. Don't forget to tell me about your interview with him; for, as Johnson used to say, it is an epoch in this life to meet a superior person. You say nothing of John Shairp; as you will probably

see him at this time, pray tell me about him, and give him my masonic love.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

'*Jan.* 10.

'. . . How much the example of good and devoted men (or women) stimulates us! I sometimes wonder from this why we, or perhaps I should say I, am not more moved and stimulated by the life of our blessed Lord than I am and ought to be. Perhaps it is because we cannot so easily regard it as a whole, from the weight of each passage, and the slowness with which we are compelled and accustomed to read it. Nevertheless, I believe that we should saturate ourselves more with this all-perfect character as a whole, seeking to have His person defined to our minds and spirits, not according to our own notions, but as the Gospels give it to us, that so we may hold communion with Him as with our best known friend, and, from associating with Him, be conformed to His likeness. If you will tell me from time to time, as you sometimes used to do in our walks, the various aspects under which He reveals Himself to you at various periods, you will confer a great favour on me, and do my heart good. It is to babes and children that He loves to show Himself, and I desire to cherish this spirit. . . .

'The time is drawing nigh when your thoughts, dearest mother, will revert to sadness; but I trust that, as hitherto, you will experience still more that truth, "that God is the husband of the widow," and be enabled so to realize heavenly things as to feel that in them there is far more than a compensation for all else. Such a God, such a Saviour, such a Spirit, Sanctifier, and

Comforter, such hopes, such promises, such present love and heavenly communion! You may believe that I shall be more than usually earnest in remembering you before the throne. I need not say to you write me soon, for your kindness in this respect has been beyond all, especially my deserts. I feel we are to each other, what no one else could now be to either of us, and I feel also that this love is infinitely strengthened by the thought that it is in Christ, and that we hope to remain united in a better country beyond the grave.

TO THE REV. N. MACLEOD.

'*February* 2.

. . . May it not be said that the movement of our age is towards *life?* I sometimes fancy that I can discern three epochs in the Reformed Churches, corresponding in the main to those three weighty epithets—*via*, *veritas*, *vita*. The Reformers themselves no doubt laid the stress chiefly upon the first (*via*). It was on this Popery had gone most astray, obscuring the doctrine of justification by faith alone. The epoch following was essentially dogmatic (*veritas*), when the Doctors drew up "*systems*" of the truth. It was now, indeed, Christ as *veritas*, but the dogma taken alone led to coldness, dogmatism, sectarianism, and formality. Happy will it be for the Church, if, not forgetting the other two, she shall now be found moving on to the third development of Christ as *vita—the life*, which will regulate the two former aspects, while it consummates and informs them. This *life* must develop the individual, and on individuals the Church depends; for in God's sight it is no abstraction. O Norman! as little centres of influence let us make it our first work to foster and exhibit this principle

of life—living union with Christ Himself. Thus indeed may we "make our lives sublime," and effect more for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ than if we had the eloquence and genius of the greatest orators. . . . This fine day carries my thoughts across the Jura to dear old Scotland, including England, and with all her foibles, peerless among nations for all that is domestic, romantic, holy, good. I do not think any foreigner can know the intense peacefulness amid which we are brought up from infancy, in the village with its church and common, or in the Highland glen, which no stranger-war, at least, has swept within the memory of man. We should have better ideas of heaven than other nations; and I believe the sight of that calm holy scene in youth does more to anchor our souls through life than anything else save religion.'

TO ANDREW HAMILTON, ESQ.

'GENEVA, *Feb.* 8, 1849.

'MY DEAR ANDREW,—I was very happy to receive your letter. I have had many thoughts of you since the day you saw me in bed at Lasswade; where you were, and what you were doing, a speck on the broad breast of heaving Germany. At last comes your letter, showing me how you have realized the very vision you contemplated. How different the society, the ideas, the outward and inward life, amid which we have been respectively moving for the last three months! Did you see Christmas in Germany, as Coleridge so exquisitely describes it? But you wish me to be egotistical: so I shall. We had a glorious autumn here on first arriving, but December and January were externally gloomy,

foggy, unnatural months. Now, however, the blessed sun again predominates, and in such circumstances, Geneva *is* a charming place. . . . I suppose, in your retirement, you have not yet come much in contact with German theology and opinions. We get an echo of them here, perhaps more true than that which reaches us in Scotland, across the channel. I fear that in some form or other they are certain to find their way extensively among us, and I hope, therefore, that some provision will be made among our students and future theologians to encounter them intelligently. Many of our opinions are traditional. We receive them by inheritance, and it is a goodly one; but I believe the time is near when we must make good our title to the inheritance by a more conscious mental and spiritual effort. I think if the study of German theology and opinions leads to this, it will do us much good. There is first the kernel to be possessed and held fast in the adorable person of the Lord Jesus—God historically manifest in the flesh, and profoundly adapted to all the wants of our spiritual being; then there are the Scriptures which set Him forth in His person, character, and teaching. I feel we very much require to get back from doctrines and systems crystallized, into a more living and life-giving form of the truth. In other words, we must know, love, and have constant intercourse with Christ as our God, Saviour, Friend, and Brother; and all the rest must and will emanate from this. We must begin at the centre, and not at the circumference—which all systems are liable to do. Religion is love even more than light. I believe a more diligent study of the Scriptures, with the Spirit and prayer, will eminently lead to this; but we have too much neglected it.

Well then, for the present adieu, praying that you may grow daily in this delightful and soul-satisfying knowledge.'

TO MISS HUNTER BLAIR.

'*February* 17.

. . . I find much to interest me here in a religious point of view; so much life, and such a concentration of zeal and energy. There is nothing strikes me more than the prominent part taken by the laity in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, which, I think, surpasses us as far as we surpass England in this respect. It seems to be wholesome both for ministers and people, warranted by Scripture, and agreeable to the practice of the early Christians, that, while some have the special care of souls, all believers should contribute to advance the spiritual kingdom, not only directly but indirectly. Our good laymen, in general, make sacrifices and undertake expenses; but do not so much labour in their sphere, and in social church-meetings, to stir up the gift that is in them. The thought of this being required at their hands, promotes diligence in the closet; gives greater reality to the life of God; refreshes the Church, and none more than the minister himself, when he is weary and overwhelmed. There is one church here where an entire service each Sunday, and frequent meetings throughout the week, are devoted to this free exercise of the Christian priesthood. They seem desirous to make the Christian life really predominate over and pervade the secular, and so are not content to give it merely the corner and stated place which is still so common among us. I cannot help thinking that this diffusion and enhancing of Christian duties

and responsibility will be one of the great harbingers of a better day for the Church.'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'GENEVA, *March* 23.

'. . . Dear spot (Geddes)!—how often my thoughts travel thither, and I wander once more by wood or stream or shady grove, or over the joyous fields with the lark shouting above my head, and the drone-bee humming by. What peace, what repose—patriarchal country! Abraham might yet sit there by his tent door, in the heat of the day, and entertain angels unawares! Ye glorious hills of Cromarty and Ross! there is nothing more beautiful than you in the world—not Jura, not Ben Blanc, not the Alps.[1] Do you see the matchless colouring of the Black Isle—that perfect opening for the bay—those dreamy hills of Sutherland, and those

[1] The following verses, penned at this time in Geneva, whatever poetic merit they possess, are interesting from their truthfulness of feeling, and the evidence they afford of the passionate attachment he had to his early home. They refer to the expedition to Geddes, in Chapter V.

'I stood alone on lone Macdhui's crest,
I gazed abroad upon the glorious scene;
An agony of yearning seized my breast,
In thinking of the pleasures that had been.

Before me gleamed the rapid rolling Spey,
And that great valley where my fathers sleep;
Long had I pined in Lowlands far away,
And now, this vision! how could I but weep?

Yonder the road that bore me to my home;
Yonder the white-wall'd house of Aviemore;
All monumental of the thoughts that come
In fits and gusts upon the days of yore.

pinnacles westward in Strathglass? worthy of old Jove himself. God be with you, happy people, whose lot it is to dwell ever among such scenes, and to know nothing of the turmoil and strife that rend the world! Study the Bible; for its atmosphere, at least, is there reproduced, and abide the time when all the earth shall become as tranquil and as still under the Prince of Peace. My child, farewell!'

TO ROBERT BALFOUR, ESQ.

'GENEVA, *April* 14, 1849.

'MY DEAR ROBERT, ... As to the Academy, I trust to hear that Swinton's effort is succeeding. Some person wrote me that the Academy was on the eve of dissolution; but the statement in the *Witness* has set my mind at ease. No; it must not perish! its roots are struck too deep in many hearts for such a consummation. How fearful for a generation of men to be obliged to say the school of our boyhood is no more; its very existence is a tradition only known to ourselves! For my part, I should feel as if that chapter of my memory had been obliterated—as if I was a man who

'Yonder Brae Moray with its well-known knock,
That oft look'd down on days and rides of glee;
And yonder, too, as bright as if to mock
The distance—yonder my beloved sea.

Ah! there must lie the scene of all my joy,
That which gave tone to all my after life;
Geddes! the birthplace of the dreamer-boy—
Geddes! O name with all heart-stirrings rife.

O God, the past o'erwhelms me with a sense
Of Thy great goodness to an erring child;
Father in Christ, my refuge and defence
Continue Thou amid life's tempests wild.'

had never known a youth, launched upon the seas of life with no sweet haven to recur to and sustain the soul. It is agony enough to lose the masters that launched us forth; but that the very walls should lose their place on earth—I can fancy nothing more terrible! I should be gloomy all my days; but away with such thoughts. The hallowed soil is watered with prayers, and I augur days for our children there, such as we ourselves have not known. I believe your staff will yet need some mending, but the informing spirit is the Rector, and with him you seem abundantly content. All particulars, then, on this subject will interest me vastly. How strange it is that the halo of Greece and Rome, and also, I trust, of beloved Palestine itself, is indissolubly shed around our youth and the place of our education, and so blended with it that we cannot distinguish what part of our enthusiastic feelings connected with those countries is due to themselves, or simply to their association with the most imaginative, poetic, pensive period of our lives. I see the Rhone here, and what does it not recall of Hannibal and Cæsar, and a host of others? But would it be the same were I now, for the first time, made acquainted with those heroes of the olden time?—I think not. And as those feelings to me are worth the music of the skies, I say, by all means introduce your children early to such characters and scenes; and I bless my parents, who saw fit so to introduce me. The mother's knee, the pastor's Sunday-school, the Sabbath-evening conversation, are perhaps the best associations for the patriarchs and the Holy Land; but hallow the day-school with them too, and you add another link to the "electric, mysterious chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

'Now, dear Robert, farewell. May the God of peace and of all grace be with you and dear Mrs. Balfour, to whom pray remember me affectionately; also to Cleghorn, T. Thomson, Maclagan, and other friends. I try to live upon my knees, and I find it is the only plan. My heart is knit to Geneva, chiefly, I believe, because I have enjoyed here much communion with God in Christ. I find the more childlike and dependent I can keep my heart, the more I thrive; and, above all, I find that an occasional cross is one of the richest tokens of a Father's love. I trust your experience has been kindred, and has exceeded mine. I never forget you in my prayers, although often feeble; and I feel as if you did not forget me.—Your very affectionate friend.'

TO THE REV. W. MADDEN.

'*April 27.*

'MY VERY DEAR WYNDHAM,—Your letter refreshed me much, I cannot tell you how much; and that sweet postscript from Mrs. Madden, that opens up such a view of domestic happiness, and makes me almost envious of your lot. Your vista in life appears plain—it is to breathe the atmosphere of heaven; to be made acquainted with those trials of daily life that make the Bible sweet to us, and its promises most precious; to know the joy that rises out of sorrow and suffering, so that earth will be serene and pleasant to you, but the thought of heaven still more so. This is what I picture, and perhaps even hope for you and your companion. I feel that my own lot is much more uncertain, and likely to be more full of trial; but it is a haven to my soul to be able to think on such a path as yours. . . . I am so conscious of an ardent desire to serve Christ,

and to enter on the work of the ministry, from personal reasons as well as more important ones, that I can the more trust myself in resolving to take this step. It seems only the natural conclusion to such a visit as I have made here; and always considering the feebleness of my capacity, I shall not think it lost if I receive only as much profit from it as I have done from a winter's residence at Geneva. It would be difficult for me to give you the results of this latter in so many words, for it consists more in an enlarged horizon, mentally, theologically and spiritually, than in definite acquisitions. Still my mind has gone through a process in many points, which must have been useful, even though it has only brought me back, I am happy to say, to what I held before, but which I now hold more intelligently, more thankfully, more humbly. I speak especially with regard to the evidences for the truth of Christianity, and the inspiration of the Sacred Record. I do think it is well for certain minds, and especially those which are to guide and guard others, to be shaken out of traditions, and brought to accept and welcome the truth as though they were the first to whom it had been presented. It becomes then a living element of our minds and hearts, and every after detail, as well as every action of our lives, must feel this influence: commonplaces, unreal opinions, unreal words vanish, and we feel the freshness of the truth, and diffuse its savour all around.'

TO THE REV. WILLIAM KER.

'GENEVA, *May* 3.

'MY DEAR KER,—The thought of writing to you was simmering in my head when your letter to Burn Murdoch

arrived, and brought it to the point. Believe me, neither laziness nor aught else has delayed me, but the wish to allow an interval between our communications. Can it be that you are once more at home; and, still more dreamlike, can it be that you were ever here, crossing the *petit pont*, haunting the Société de Lecture, looking on the Salève, visiting the Scherers, Stevensons, etc., with ourselves? It is indeed like "a dream remembered in a dream!" . . . And so now you are regarding the hills of Dumbarton and Argyllshire, and finding no fault with them in comparison of the Alps! No more do I; on the contrary, I am ready to maintain against all comers, that our hills surpass the Alps in everything except sublimity and silence, which is itself sublime. It is perhaps a merciful provision that every man stands up for his own. But who can call Mont Blanc his own, except old Winter? I am glad you are yet to have a few months' respite before mounting *bavette*, and *froc du charbonnier*, as Colonel Saladin somewhat irreligiously calls the gown and bands—for those words, see *Nugent*. When the time comes, I have no doubt you will sit them very well, and entertain a due horror of such unlicensed meetings as are held at the Pelisserie here. I never took possession of your rooms; I could not. I could neither quit my own little abode, where I had so often shivered during the winter, nor have your ghost, which I knew would haunt me by night and by day. So Chatelanat is now in the camera major, a roost being put in the corner where your books stood; and so on Sundays the doleful violin takes the place of our more Christian worship. We visited the room, and *heu quantum mutatus ab illo*. The other little room is still empty; but La Fleur thinks of dropping into it when

the summer heat begins to roast the tiles, and through them, him. All else goes on as before. We meet in my room, and sometimes have Roux and La Fleur. Only there is no saying now when we may breakfast; one would almost require to go to bed harnessed, for the first man up, be it nearer six than seven, rings the bell, and the whole set roll into their dressing-gowns, and are down at once, leaving B. M. and me to wash at our leisure. Claudine persists in the old routine of viands, so that if you chose you may even know each day what we are having for dinner; and guess how we are digesting it. It is remarked that B. M. smokes much less since he has lost your pernicious example. Did he tell you of Count St. George having presented us with some cigars to refresh us in our labours? Since our excursion with Scherer, we have done nothing very deadly. I am glad to say he is gaining ground every day, but it is by a total cessation from work: he lectures, of course, as usual. The devices he falls upon for exercise are most amusing. In addition to a daily bath in the Arve, he has taken to rowing on the lake till his hands are covered with blisters; and the other day we found him scarcely able to walk—he had been to the riding-school, and not being allowed stirrups, had got a shaking till every bone and rib ached. We still discountenance the other lectures, and I am inclined to think Dr. Merle has forgiven us. He and Madame have several times inquired for you. You will soon see La Harpe. He gave us a famous breakfast before he went away. Reid and Stevenson were of the party. We assembled in his rooms, roaming at large through bedroom, drawing-room, study, etc., and delighting his heart by still further disarranging his books and papers.

Then breakfast was announced in Robert's *salle*. It began with fowl and sausage, and ended with superb *crême* and *eau de cerises;* so that, in fact, it was a *résumé* of all the meals of the day. We did it great justice, and so did he; Stevenson nearly slew us with some of his stories. By the by, Scherer was there too, and ate and laughed till his face grew blue. . . . What shall I say of our weather now? It is too heavenly; towards the middle of April, it took it into its head to snow and blow, and be very disagreeable, but now and for a week back it is voluptuous—trees, hedges, all like to burst with beauty. You can have no conception of it; and then the sounds and smells that remind us alike of home and old visits to the Continent! At this very moment (evening), the frogs are making a most characteristic row, which goes on all night; so are the grasshoppers or rather crickets—to show that I do profit by my companion's science. Then the bees and the cockchafers, etc.; oh! how delicious. . . . Farewell, dear Ker! I have filled this letter with gossip, not caring how it came, thinking you would like it best to remind you of the past. I trust we shall soon be brothers in arms as we have been this winter in repose. The Lord bless you and keep you, and cause his face to shine upon you. If you live in close union and communion with Jesus Christ, your ministry must be blessed, for out of the abundance of the *heart* your mouth will speak; the humble will hear thereof and be glad. I trust that our ways are all ordered by Him who knows to lead us as our case requires, and in due time to place us where we shall be most useful. You are not forgotten in our prayers, social or private. Let us not be in yours.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

'GENEVA, *May* 8.

'MY DARLING MOTHER,—I had been expecting your letter for two or three days, with an account of your stay at ——, and your communion at Edinburgh, and was on the point of writing you to-day, when lo! your beloved hand. Many, many thanks for both, so refreshing to a heart that is far from you, but loves you more than its ownself. Truly there is force in that simile of "Good news from a far country." I wonder how old Solomon could have known the feeling, for it is not likely he was ever far away from those he loved! I liked exceedingly the idea of your going to Portobello, first communicated to me by —— in her delightful letter; and pictured to myself all last week your walks on the beach, your simple tea, and the novelty altogether of your situation on waking and on going to rest. I hope the change has done you good; but, after all, you were chiefly in Edinburgh, and then that too long walk afterwards at this season of the year, from which I do hope you are all three recovered. I know the road well by the Duke's Walk, having often paced it in anguish and sorrow, and a long hot walk it is. By and by, we may make such a sea-shore escapade together, and walk at evening by the boundless sea, talking of what we have read and done, but, above all, of our aspirations, and that shoreless eternity that awaits us, and that boundless ocean of the love of God in which we can ever bathe, but which shall afterwards fill our heart to overflowing. I am truly glad you had such a sweet season at the communion. You might have felt I was with you in spirit and in prayer, as was the case. "My Lord and my God!" Yes, it is to address Christ thus as if seeing

Him face to face, conversing with him as a man with his friend; it is this that overpowers our souls, humbles us in the dust, under a sense of unlimited love and kindness, and makes us daily taste of heaven upon earth. What majesty, what beauty, what purity, what compassion, what grace, what tenderness, what strength! Ah! yes, He is our all in all. Without Him, undone; when we come to Him, vile; when we are with Him, vile, but not despised, not abhorred, not cast off—no; welcomed, washed, clothed, justified, sanctified, presented with a new heart and new affections fitted to reflect His own image, and to live and do something for His glory. Alas! that we should ever leave his feet, and be content to live without hearing his voice from hour to hour, and experiencing His sweet regard. It is the Christian right and duty to be ever in this position; and I trust, as we grow in grace, this blessed lot is becoming more and more ours.'

TO THE REV. N. MACLEOD.

'GENEVA, *May* 11, 1849.

'MY DEAR NORMAN,—I thank you from the bottom of my soul for your last letter. So you have been to London and Paris? Tell me about this. I saw your name in *Galignani*. Did you see anything characteristic at Paris, in the shape of Socialist demonstration or the anniversary of the Republic? How odd to think you were so near me, and yet unapproachable. I hope both you and your sister have much enjoyed and profited by your raid; but oh, remember the halycon days of this time last year, and do not, do not say that this year's doings have surpassed them! When the balmy freshness of those mornings at the Priory, the sweet

repose, the retirement from all strife and din in that happy valley, the mirror of heart to heart, the contentment with the present, the aspirations for the future—then the poetic walks and wanderings, the merry, merry, evenings;—trust me, Jane and Norman, Jack and Annie, Geneva with its Rhone and lake, its Mont Blanc and Jura, has not, shall not, cannot efface them from my heart. It was this very time. I wish I could once more unite the same parties in the same circumstances, putting *quid pro quo*, and writing 8 for 9 in the signature of the year. But it may not be: we must be forward with the younger time; and who can say what destinies await us as individuals, as who can say what awaits the nations of the earth! My own feeling for the latter is, that everything and every man of eminence, and every nostrum that is proposed, is *usé*—spent, worn out, effete, belonging to a past order of things, but having little to do, except in order of time, with the events and men and principles of the future. All politics and all newspapers of every country and clime disgust and pall me in this respect. I pant for something betokening freshness, youth, whether in Church or State; but nowhere or nearly nowhere do I see any symptoms of it. Do you share this feeling with me, or does your sanguine nature buoy you up? I know indeed the morning will arrive, and I trust that our generation will inaugurate it; but in the meantime, it is wearisome to grope amid a crumbling civilisation. . . . Well, Norman, write me soon about *Tu*, and I shall here devote a few lines to *Ego* and his plans. About the end of June, I think of quitting Geneva (D.V.), and if my mother consents to it, which I expect to hear soon, shall make a tour in Switzerland—your

ear, if you please, that I may whisper it in tones that Zephyrus himself could not imitate—*shall perhaps visit Rome!!!* O no! it cannot be! I cannot believe my own writing, still less the possibility of accomplishing a purpose so divine! Of course it would be *old* Rome that I should visit, and I should implore my friends to pray that I might retain my reason—for such a current from the past and resurrection from my boyhood, might be fatal to a head very easily turned! The Forum, the Capitol, the Via Sacra, the Tiber, Apennines, Campagna! my hand quivers—I must stop. Oh! shades of school-fellows, scattered or gathered! Oh! shades of teachers, can it be I shall yet see where those lived and died who inspired you—where Virgil, and Horace, and ——! Well, this raving is for thyself only. After Rome, Germany beckons me; maybe Berlin for a session, ere I return home and buckle on my harness. Norman, farewell!'

CHAPTER IX.

Leaves Geneva—Vevay—Lausanne—Letter to Rev. N. Macleod—Berne—Zurich—Letter to his Sister, Mrs. E. Smith—Fribourg—Ascent of the Righi—Letter to his Mother—Rapperschwyll—Einsiedeln—Lake of Wallenstadt—Interview with a Swiss Merchant—Reichenau—Tusis—The Via Mala—Splügen Pass.

JOHN MACKINTOSH left Geneva at the end of July, after having spent nine months there, during which he enjoyed great happiness, realizing much intellectual good from the calm and undisturbed pursuit of congenial studies, and much heart good from daily intercourse with congenial minds. He more than once expresses his deep gratitude for all the kindness received by him from his friends, 'the St. Georges, the Malans, Stevensons, and Scherers;' and confesses that he 'left his old home at Champel with tears.'

He had now fully resolved 'to see Rome also.' But before doing so, he took an excursion for a month through those parts of Switzerland which he had not hitherto visited. His friend, Mr. Alex. Burn Murdoch, accompanied him part of the way. The weather was glorious. Starting from Geneva, they sailed along its lovely lake to Villeneuve, at its eastern extremity; and *via* Aigle, they set off on foot for the Ormonds Dessus by Sepey.

'*July* 26.—At Aigles starting on foot for Les Ormonds Dessus by Sepey, lovely walk, realizing all my youthful

dreams of Swiss scenery, the marvellous green swards, the lovely *châlets*, the smiling simplicity of the foreground, backed up by Alpine grandeur. Reached our inn at L'Eglise about ten, moonlight, and enchanting night.

'*Friday, July* 27.—Started at seven, took up valley towards Col de Fillon, Les Diablerets overhead, but overshrouded in mists. Crossed high col to left, whence saw solitary green lake of Arnen, cradled among the hills, took sharp to left over another low col, touched at châlet of La Grande Clef, where saw process of curds and cheese making; then descended by most picturesque path into lovely valley of L'Etivas, dined at small inn, where are baths. Read some of Virgil's *Eclogues*. After dinner, strolled down a lovely glen to Château d'Oex, no great distance; had letter for pasteur *démissionnaire* M. Morel not at home, but saw Madame and family, and one of his boys conducted us to cottage, where he was in conclave with his elders, and Professor Chopins of Lausanne. Spoke of church matters in general, but very tired and sleepy.

'*July* 28.—Rose early, nice inn; but at ten I was bit, and did not sleep. Superb morning, and glorious valley, joined a German from Bâle, going same route with a guide—Rev. Mr. Bruchner. Commenced ascent from Col de Jaman before reaching Monterra, and just after quitting splendid narrow defile, richly wooded, glorious views. Our path took us winding among the mountains covered with *châlets*, velvet lawns, and woods; the hill-sides musical with the bells of cattle, browsing or marching in file to the *châlets* to be milked. Passed small village, Allière; others lunched. I pushed on and reached top of Col de Jaman by one, hailed my old

friends the Jura, the lake, the Savoy hills, and fell asleep; others came up at half-past one, and Adams and I descended rapidly by picturesque winding path, with beautiful views of lake and mountains to Vevay, where by half-past four.'

He and his friend spent the Sunday at Lausanne. But Mr. Burn Murdoch being obliged, on Monday morning, to return to Geneva for Scotland, they parted, and John writes in his Diary:—'*Monday.*—Saw my dear friend depart; very desolate—returned to hotel.' '*Tuesday morning.*—Awoke in prayer for B. M.' These feelings he expressed in a letter written to him from Berne a few days afterwards:—'I followed your *Diligence* that memorable night with the eye, and afterwards with the ear, as long as I could. After that, I returned desolate to the inn. Next morning you were first in my thoughts, as though I still held your hand; in truth, I awoke in prayer for you.'

From Lausanne he wrote the following letter

TO THE REV. N. MACLEOD.

'*July* 31.

'The wish to give you some details on Church matters, has made me delay longer to answer your last most welcome letter than I should otherwise have done. . . . In truth, it would appear that God is destining Switzerland to be the cradle again of a second and equally important reformation in the Protestant Churches.

'Not only at Geneva, but also in the Canton de Vaud, may be seen the elements of an important progress. . . . Equally devoted with ourselves to the doctrines accentuated in the sixteenth century, they still appear to feel the need of revising and accommodating their Confessions to the peculiar exigencies of the nineteenth

century. "To say," says Vinet, in the project of a constitution which he drew up for the Free Church of the Canton de Vaud, "that confessions and formularies are unalterable, is to place the work of man on an equal footing with the Bible itself, and thus to fall into the very error of Romanism." This far-seeing man, privileged to make those fetches into the future, for which all minds are not yet ripe, but which indicate almost certainly to what the Church is tending, was very strongly opposed to a cumbersome and detailed confession. He thought it should be such as each member could conscientiously subscribe; and that thus only could it be truly the confession of a Church, including in this term both ministers and people, and doing away with that dangerous distinction between a religion for the laity and another for the clergy, which he regarded as one of the fatal legacies of Popery. How far this view is correct, will no doubt be brought under the notice of all the churches. One thing, however, is unquestionably true,—that the germ of what constitutes a Christian may be comprised within a very small compass, this being the positive side of confessions; while the negative, or that which is to serve as a defence against heresies, must be of a very different character in the sixteenth and in the nineteenth centuries. In the former, Popery—in the present, infidelity—would be chiefly regarded, always excepting the unchangeableness of Pelagianism and Socinianism, which appear to be the contemporaries of every age, and to strike against the germ or positive side of the truth.

'The document of Vinet, to which I have alluded, like everything that ever came from his gifted pen, is deeply interesting, from the reasoning with which his

propositions are supported. The venerable Neander—standing like a prophet between two mighty epochs, and whose afflicting blindness, while it prevents him from any more investigating the past, may cause him to look with the eye of faith upon the future—is known to have received, with eager interest, the draft of M. Vinet's plan; but his criticism I have not learned. I cannot doubt but that from the elevated though solitary watchtower of Lausanne, the signal was caught up by the brother watchman more instructed in the history of the past, but perhaps not so favoured with those flashes of inspiration which open vistas into the night of the future.

'The suggestions of Vinet have not been altogether adopted in the constitution of the Free Church of Vaud. In this light, it is interesting to compare the two documents; but a simplicity, and therefore a largeness, cannot be denied to the articles as they even now stand. . . . You see I write from Lausanne, so that I have bid farewell to dear Geneva, having quitted it with much gratitude and much regret. . . .

'My window here commands a glorious view of the Lake; towards the west, the hills above Geneva fading from my view; towards the east, a magnificent panorama of Alps closing in upon the lake, with Chillon, Clarens, and other well-known places at their base; opposite, the mountains of Savoy. Below my windows, and on the banks of the lake, Ouché, the little port of Lausanne, and the birthplace of the immortal Vinet; and still nearer me, in fact right under my eye, that memorable acacia walk where Gibbon completed his *History of the Decline and Fall.*

'I have met many of the pastors here, heard them

preach in private houses; and to-day communicated with a little stealthy flock.

To-morrow I leave for Berne, and God willing, hope to make the tour of Switzerland ere descending among the monuments that date B.C. Amid all this beauty, I still feel that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing;" and that the soul requires something for its immortal appetite which "eye hath not seen, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive." One word amid the most glorious wonders of creation;—I turn to the thought of the God-man with inexpressible sweetness—to Him who, being the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His Person, "hath by Himself purged our sins, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."'

From Lausanne he travelled to Berne *via* Fribourg. From Berne, he thus wrote to his friend Mr. Ker, who had just entered upon the charge of a congregation in Scotland:—'Our prayers for you have ascended often, and yet not often enough, considering the solemnity, importance, and novelty of your position. May God give you to live for Him, to experience much in your own soul of the love of Christ, and that you may be able conscientiously, ably, and fervently to commend His cause to others! And may His Holy Spirit so accompany your words and labours, that many may be introduced by your means into the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and love. It is a great matter to get the simple facts of the case clearly before our minds, and to keep them there. We are so apt to lose sight of them amid the forms and machinery to be employed, and the conventionalities of language and every-day life. The

sight, however, of Christ, with the consideration of His work, past, *present*, and to come, must be the best and surest preservative against lapsing into a mere preaching and visiting machine, which, I have no doubt, is the *natural* tendency of even the best of ministers. May He who has called you, employ and perfect you! So prays your ever attached friend and future brother in arms.'

The rest of his journey, as far as Zurich, is thus briefly sketched in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Edward Smith:—

'ZURICH, *August* 21.

'MY DEAREST CHRIS.,—Being the most Swiss of my sisters, I send you a stave at this stage of my travels, for the above reason, and also because our mother being now with you, a letter to you is as good as one to her. I bitterly regret not having told her to write to me here, because I should have had plenty time to receive her letter; and I am now very far back in my knowledge of her health and movements, which is always a source of irksomeness when one is far away. My last letter to her was written from Lausanne; thence I passed to Berne, admiring the organ and suspension-bridge of Fribourg on my way. Berne is a beautiful town, and beautifully situated on the Aar, which washes the town on three sides. Geneva is scarcely Switzerland—Lausanne rather more so; but Berne is its capital, and the true starting-point for all its lakes and mountains. You can fancy nothing finer than the view of the Bernese Alps from some parts of the town; the Jungfrau and her brethren appearing in long array, like the ghosts of winter; or, when the sun is shining on them, like something too bright and pure for earth. From Berne I went to Thun,

which is quite a fairy little town, situated at the extremity of its lake, and contrasting the utmost softness with the stern mountains near which it lies. You sail up the lake and reach Interlaken, so called because it lies between the lakes of Thun and Brientz—another fairy spot, and, at this season, the height of fashion—having superb hotels, where people delude themselves into the idea that they have exchanged the dissipations of town for the bracing life of the mountains, because they are near the mountains. Quitting Interlaken, I took up a valley of wonderful beauty to Lauterbrunnen, which is quite up among the glaciers, and the mountains that give them birth; from Lauterbrunnen you cross the Wengern Alp —a high *col* which brings you round in front of the Jungfrau and her peers, so that it appears as if you could caress her, or take any other liberty you please. Nothing can be more glorious than this view; the near neighbourhood of such redoubtable sky-piercers, in their awful purity and silence, is appalling; the only sound to break the stillness is that of the avalanche, which you sometimes see descending, apparently indeed disproportionate to the thunder it makes, but conveying all the more an impression of its greatness, when you know that what seems but a cascade of snow is in reality composed of blocks of ice and snow, capable of subverting villages. I think of the Jungfrau as what might form a great white throne of awe and majesty for the judgment-day! From this point you descend upon the village of Grindelwald, in a valley of the same name, and close by two glaciers, which are also called after the valley into which they descend. As the setting sun reflects an innocence and a peace on *châlet*, hamlet, and corn-field, the contrast between the Alps and those valleys at their feet is unique; and the

emotions it excites is what is termed *poetry!* From Grindelwald, still skirting round the Alps, the traveller generally crosses over the great Scheideck to reach the parallel valley of Meyringen. We, however, turned aside and climbed the Faulhorn—a high hill commanding a very extensive panorama of Alps, and lakes, and valleys, and far-off mountains to the north, in France and Germany. We were fortunate in having a clear day; but the evening became overcast, and a thunderstorm ensued around and beneath, very grand and terrific in its character. There is an inn on the very summit, some 8000 feet high, I think, and there we passed the night. When all had retired to rest, I climbed to the summit, and felt *eerie* at the spectacle—wind, rain, lightning, and somehow the thought of the near neighbourhood to the huge Alps, with avalanches and glaciers. A few lights twinkled in the Grindelwald. It was like going on deck in the midst of a storm on the great Atlantic. Next day brought us to the lovely valley of the Reichenbach, with the glacier of Rosenlaui, one of the most beautiful and come-at-able in Switzerland. One can get in below it, as it were, and admire its walls and roof of crystal blue, while the cold clear water percolates from it on every side. This is the winning side of glaciers, but higher up they are no joke—a sea, a torrent of slowly but surely moving ice. My first week ended at Meyringen, a village and valley just under the stupendous fall of the Reichenbach. Thence we made an excursion to the Lake of Brientz, of glassy green, reflecting its quiet hills; and on the banks of which is the beautiful waterfall of Giesbach, reputed to be the most beautiful in Switzerland. It is a succession of falls, perhaps five or six, which you can see all at once, looking so in-

tensely white, and a rich foliage of intensest green. One of the wonders of this most wonderful country is, that you may travel for weeks, and find no two days, I might say no two hours, alike in respect of the scenery you visit. Each waterfall is new, each glen, each glacier —so we found it on Monday on resuming our course. We traced the Aar up to its source in the great Aar glacier near the Grimsel; and what pen can describe the awful solitude and increasing sterility of that valley, as you gradually wind up until you find yourself in company with the bare mountain-tops, cheek by jowl with remote glaciers, and actually walking where they must once have flowed. There is a hospice there, called the Grimsel, which is now used as an inn, and where we reposed amongst the sublimest objects of nature. I should not omit to mention the celebrated fall of the Aar or Handek, which you pass in ascending to the Grimsel, and where two vast torrents unite their waters at half way in their descent. It is very striking, and, in its way, a prodigy. From the Grimsel we visited the glacier in which the Rhone has its source—the most magnificent I have seen, and worthy parent of such a stream. There is none of the usual turbulence about this source, but a quiet consciousness of future strength and greatness. Yet certainly among those solitudes, and with this comparatively tiny stream before you, it was curious to think of Geneva, Lyons, Marseilles, the Mediterranean, and the commerce of nations. Crossing a wild pass, called the Furca, we descended into the valley of the Reuss, and joined the Great St. Gothard road from Switzerland into Italy. This valley is very fine in itself, and famous as the scene of a long struggle at the end of last century, between the Austrians, French,

and Russians; at its mouth lies Altorf, a lovely Swiss town, realizing all one has read or dreamed in youth of such places. Near it is the birthplace of Tell, which I visited; and on reaching the Lake of Lucerne, at no great distance, you soon see Grütli, and other spots famous in the early history of Swiss independence. The Lake of Lucerne—how I longed to have you there!—it surpasses all that the most ardent fancy had conceived. Such softness, combined with such lofty grandeur; such variety in its bays and turns, and undulating shores, and villages, and woods, and lawns, and rocky mountains. I can only huddle together words; but to feel it, you must see it. And then, too, the thought that it is the heart of Switzerland, having on its shores those four cantons—Uri, Unterwalden, Schweitz, and Lucerne—that nursed her patriots of old, and formed the theatre of their exploits! On the banks of this lake stands the celebrated Righi hill, which you must ascend to witness a sunset and sunrise, if you would have the credit of making a complete tour in Switzerland. This I did, and was well rewarded; the panorama being even more extensive than that from the Faulhorn, and including some dozen beautiful lakes. Here too there is a fine hotel on the summit. Next day we descended upon Küsnacht, where Tell shot Gessler, and finally reached Lucerne, a town worthy of its name. Thence I came to Zurich, where I now write you. Its lake is charming, different from all I have seen, having gently-sloping hills all along its shores, very green and smiling, and studded with innumerable white villages and houses that give it a very gay and happy aspect. The town at the end of the lake is also very beautiful and lively, combining industry with beauty. So ends my personal narrative for

the present, and soon I hope to cross the Alps into Italy. My love, you may think that I do not think of you, because I write you seldom; it is far otherwise, and I only wish I could believe I was as often in your thoughts as you are in mine. My tenderest love to Ned and the bairns, especially Bill. O how my heart warms to home, particularly just at present, when the friends I had with me during my tour hitherto have left me, and I have no one to fall back upon but myself! I wish I had you here, or any of you; but it cannot be —only a friend enhances wonderfully the pleasure of things. Well then, love, in every mood we have a friend in God, in that Saviour who is infinitely compassionate and condescending, and who has pity on our weakness. It is good sometimes to be alone, though. We may draw near to Him, and prove how true He is to all His promises, and how fitted to supply all our wants—above all, that want of one to love, which our hearts need. Have I your prayers? Believe me, you have mine; and may the God of love ever watch over you and keep you. Those fair sights of creation fill our hearts with love and praise; but far less, after all, than the great work of redemption, or God contemplated in the face of Jesus Christ. It is this which brings us near, and enhances all other thoughts of God. With warmest love, then, to all around you,—believe me, ever your fondly attached brother.'

He was fortunate in having as his companion, during almost the whole of this part of his tour, a Mr. Adams, a student of divinity from America, who had been attending the University of Berlin during the winter, and to whom he soon became greatly attached.

DIARY.—'*Fribourg.*—Arriving at half-past two A.M. I walked about till full daylight. . . . I can never forget the transition from moonlight to that of day—from the unusual giddy visionary character of the one—to the distinct and palpable of the other. As the coming sun streaked the heavens, my thoughts flew at once to those halcyon mornings when I have witnessed it in like guise from Geddes and the hill of Urchany. Never, for months, have I been able to survey that far past so free from mist; for, as if looking through a powerful telescope, I felt as if I could converse with each object apart, and with the individuals who thronged the scene. Such glimpses are from heaven, and assure me that my mind and imagination are not yet altogether wrinkled; but may at any time, if so permitted, renew their youth. Yet, if compared with former, how seldom do I enjoy those visitations of the clear-sighted soul!

'*August* 16.—Commenced ascent of the Righi. Day very warm, and views of lake so superb that it was impossible to get on. Ravishing and resistless beauty! There was nothing for it but to cry; the mountain-tops were bare—the lake so glassy—its coasts so varied with hamlets, villages, innumerable bays. Lucerne with its battlements in the distance. All this added to the thoughts of youth and songs and sisters which came flitting over the soul, like "a dream remembered in a dream." View from summit magnificent; I say, finer far than Faulhorn, because far more extensive. You have not only the overland Alps, but a real panorama from west to east, as far as the horizon goes; great variety in their form and grandeur, not less than twelve lakes visible, and the northern and north-western horizons still more distinct. I can fancy few things more

superb; people continued to arrive on horseback, on foot, etc., to the last. The sun did his part admirably, tinging the whole western heavens with a marvellous glow, that set off the long outline of the Juras and Vosges, and glorified them to the eye as well as to the soul. The lakes reflected his rays with dazzling magnificence. Only the Bernese Alps, to the far west, were not so free of clouds as they should have been, and gave back no crimson glow. I was enchanted; my ecstasy over, it was something to look round on my co-admirers, and smile at their appearance—representatives of every nation and every character here, determined to be pleased; but shivering under the cold north wind with red eyes and red noses, and their hands in their breeches pockets. Young ladies with overshadowing Swiss bonnets, which the wind blew into a thousand shapes, in spite of all their efforts to "fix" them: Austrians listening to the story of Tell and Sempach; German students, in knots, marking the summits from their guide-books; men selling souvenirs, and fat old ladies buying them; one Edinburgh man, with undoubted dialect, who had seen it all before, proving that too much familiarity breeds contempt; newly married couples thinking of anything but the view; and other persons and figures indescribable. When all was over, a Swiss went round and gathered "bash," as if he had the merit of the whole thing; and that not even a sun could rise or set in Switzerland without a guide getting money for the spectacle! Some said the worthy had blown a horn; but as far as I could learn, it was inaudible to all as well as to myself. Remained till all were gone, then descended with dear Adams.

'*Horgen* (*Sabbath*).—I kept the house, and tried to

raise my heart and soul to God. In the evening I spoke to young Swiss merchants, and to the waiter, on religion. Gave the latter *Valaisane* which I had just read, recommending him to serve first his Master in heaven. . . . I have no doubt now—[he had parted from Mr. Adams the day before]—that I am much happier with a companion. If it is my Father's will, I pray that I may yet meet one to accompany me; but, above all, O Lord, be *Thou* with me! Keep my heart from wandering and estrangement. May my joy be in Thee! May I live continually to Thy glory!

'*Zurich, August* 20.—Felt an indescribable feeling of loneliness (after parting from Adams) come over me. Sat down in my bedroom in mute despair, and at last found relief in tears. . . . Walked out; met crowds of operatives coming from the factories at six. How like our own sons of toil! Several wished me good evening; my heart warmed to them. I wonder if they have any one who cares for their souls?'

'*August* 22.—(Rapperschwyll.)—A luscious morning. The sun shone in at my windows, looking on the lake with the brightness of a seraph. On quitting the inn at seven, I took the road for Einsiedeln; there was that freshness in the air which one associates with the thought of Switzerland, the cottages looked so white and clean, the people so industrious, the green fields and wooded lawns of the sloping shores gave forth a perfume so luxurious that to walk was a delight—one seemed to have wings, and, at all events, the thoughts took wing, and made their accustomed and alternate journey to the two homes. I thought much of the love of God in Christ—a subject ever fresh, and alas! but very shadowy to my mind, except in some of its very brightest mo-

ments. This fair earth His handiwork, and I, too, His creature. "He came to his own, and his own received him not!" What condescension! what forbearance! the same which He now daily exercises towards me, so vile. O that precious thought, that my vileness does not separate between me and Him! My earthly friends, when they discover it, cease to love me, but not so He. I trust He will one day completely change this heart and nature, and make me pure, holy, humble, like Himself.

'*August* 24.—(Lake of Wallenstadt.)—Met once more the Glarus merchant, whom I had seen at Rapperschwyll, and who seems to me to have a disposition towards religion; but to whom I had not been able to speak as I could have wished. In the steamboat, while admiring the very fine scenery, after some interesting conversation on Swiss manufactures, etc., I had an opportunity of speaking to him at large as I desired. I found that with much temporal prosperity he enjoyed precarious health, having a tendency of blood to the head. I endeavoured to show him how this might prove to him, in fact, more a blessing than an evil, if it taught him submission to the will of God; and led him, above all, to live for eternity, having made his peace with God through Jesus Christ. He was forced to confess that too much prosperity might lead to forgetfulness of God, as with himself and others whom he knew; and the view I gave him of his malady, and its possible result, seemed so new to him, that he thanked me very warmly; and I would even hope that, with the blessing of God's Spirit, I may have been employed to say what may afterwards spring up to everlasting life in his soul.

The following extracts from a letter to Professor

Forbes give an account of his crossing the Alps into Italy:—

TO PROFESSOR FORBES.

'COMO, *Aug.* 29, 1849:

'MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Your last most kind letter afforded me even an unusual degree of pleasure, and truly glad I was to hear you had enjoyed so much your trip to London, and were then so well with all your family at Melrose.

'The idea of again travelling with you through the Alps would have been just too much (happiness) for me, and so little am I conscious of much intellectual progress, that I fear I should now make quite as bad a companion in that respect as I then did; only it is perhaps not so much a companionship of the head as of the heart that you would desire, and I can answer for that, however poorly it might express itself. The Alps, however, are always there, and there is little chance of the glaciers melting away before you pay them a visit. If the bare mention of some of their names will whet your appetite, I proceed to do so in giving you rapidly an account of my last three weeks of unabated happiness.'

After narrating the portion of his journey which is described by him in his previous letters and Diaries, he says—

'At Reichenau I remained last Sunday, feeding on the past, and thinking, with a palpitating heart, of the impending passage of the Splügen, which was to bear me into Italy, where my fancy had so often wandered. The spot was fitting for the view of such an epoch, at the confluence of the two Rhines, which river is itself a great fountain of electricity for the imagination, with the ro-

mantic associations too of a past name in modern history. Accordingly on Monday I took the Splügen road, and was greatly struck with the Via Mala: these to other such passes, as the Alps and the Rhine are to their humbler constituents. I passed it in utter solitude, till near the end, when who should I recognise in the only travelling-carriage I met but our friend Emile Gautier, returning from the Italian lakes with his young bride! He was at St. Gervais when I left Geneva, so that I could not say farewell, and his marriage was to take place in about a week. Judge of our surprise now! He seemed very happy, and I christened it immediately the Via Bona. She too looked very nice, and had become prettier since I first saw her. I wished them both, in my heart, many blessings, and thought there might be really less interesting things in the world than a young newly-married couple. I should mention that the Oberland was crowded with such characters, but I gave the palm to the Gautiers. That night Splügen I thought the perfection of a situation,—and next day by that marvellous road, which must have been conceived by a madman, to Chiavenna. How my heart beat on the apex of the pass in taking a last look of Transalpine Europe, when I began actually to descend into the Italy of the Romans—Horace, Virgil, Livy, and the Cæsars. I wish I could recal it, but it is to be only once done in a life, and the electric jar can never be again charged with the whole associations of boyhood and of youth. About six feet separated two little brooks, one of which had the good sense to make for the German Ocean, the other for the Gulf of Venice. I did honour to the former by a copious libation. How much more savage this pass is to the south; such barrenness, such fearful precipices,

and then that zig-zag up a frowning face of rock, almost inconceivable. It appeared like magic the sudden transition to Chiavenna and vineyards. Yet so it was. I was fairly in Italy; and to-day I have even sailed the thoroughly Italian lake of Como. I see you told me to land at Bellagio. I had forgotten it, and the sultry heat (a thunder-storm impending), has a little stanched my spirit of romance, which flourished so vigorously upon the Swiss mountains. I begin to fear Italy is a place to dream of rather than to visit (in summer at least), but shall not be premature. One day especially, on so sudden a change, should not fix my judgment. The ominous lines, however, occur—

> "But when I'm there, although 'tis fair,
> 'Twill be another Yarrow."

However, we shall see. To-morrow I hope to revel in the glories of Lugano and Maggiore. Meanwhile I must ask you to excuse so much of personal narrative. I thought, however, that the mere names would recal old times to you, and I have no father to participate in my pleasure.'

In his Diary of August 28, he says:—'On reaching the summit of the Splügen pass, I paused and contemplated. Yonder the hills of Transalpine Europe; southwards, Italy. I breathed a prayer for my friends; then, turning round, commenced my descent into Italy. I felt great on the occasion, and recognised it as an epoch in my life. *Sursum corda!*'

CHAPTER X.

Enters Italy—Austrian surveillance—Como—The Lombards—Isola Bella—Thoughts on entering Italy—Milan—Letter to Mr. Burn Murdoch—Pavia—Placentia—Mantua—Parma—Apennines.

THE journey from the Alps to Rome occupied about two months, and a minute diary of these and subsequent days of travel in Italy, was kept, with the design of sending or reading it to his mother. Space permits only of my giving a few selections from his own copious pages, and compels me, therefore, to omit many which are equal in interest to those which I now lay before the reader :—

'*Wednesday, August* 29, 1849.—I was now in Italy; and my first thoughts on waking turned to this fact. I praised God, who had hitherto led me in safety, and permitted me so great an enjoyment! The morning was pre-eminently fine. By ten A.M. we were at Colico, on the banks of the Lake of Como. . . . The scenery, until Bellagio, did not strike me as different from what I had often seen before. At this point, however, the lake divides in two, one branch going to Lecco, the other to Como. We took the latter, and nothing could now surpass the Italian richness of the shores. Villas of luxurious grandeur, such as you see in pictures, read of in novels, and dream of in dreams; villages of

southern construction with porticos, painted houses and flat roofs, vineyards crowding the hills on either side, covered barges sleeping on their shadows, or skimming the glassy surface of the water. It was enough; my imagination was filled, and Italy was written there in enduring colours. The sultry heat, however, and somewhat covered sky, prevented me from feeling all those raptures I should otherwise have done; I was content to lay up food for after reveries. When about half-way to Como, an incident occurred which may throw some light on the fidgety tenure which the Austrians now have of Lombardy. One of their officials, a soldier, who had come on board during the passage, took it into his head to eye me very narrowly—my dress, person, and accoutrements, and, in a language I did not know, to address me, as I thought, some questions thereupon. Thinking it was merely impertinent curiosity, I told him in French and German I did not understand him; but those languages were to him equally unintelligible. At last the scurvy rascal rose, quitted his seat, and disappeared. Soon after, he returned with one of the Austrian officers, who demanded my passport of me in German, and wished to know whither I was going. A circle was formed in expectation of a scene; but I produced my passport, explained it to him, told him my country and destination, and so the matter ended. But such scrutiny as this in a steamboat, and upon a lake of pleasure, provoked my bile, especially as I was conscious of looking openness and innocence itself.

'(Landed at Como.)—About nine went out to see the effect of moonlight upon the lake and mountains. It was indeed voluptuous—I use this word advisedly—for I think that herein lies the difference between what

I saw to-night and what I have seen elsewhere, whether in Switzerland or Savoy: it is not that the hills are finer, either in form or magnitude, or that the sheet of water differs in any respect; but that over all is thrown a rich, dreamy, voluptuous influence—the effect, doubtless, of atmosphere and climate. There is something intoxicating even in the air, which predisposes you to see all things beautiful. The moon shone down with more than usual splendour, every trace of cloud having vanished from the crystal sky; the white houses gleamed with a supernatural whiteness, and, especially in the town, were brilliantly reflected from the lake; the mountains trembled beneath the wavy light, and all spoke of Italy—the land of dreams! Thus tranquillized, I returned to my room fully satisfied that Italy may still be enjoyed at least by moonlight: her nights are perhaps more beautiful than her days. And so it is in fact—her day is past; but oh! how beautiful even her night of souvenir and dream!

'*August* 30.—They (the Lombards) appear to me as yet a very interesting people—serious, cultivated, industrious, gentlemanly, and, though not warlike, perhaps as fit to be happy under a government of their own as any European nation. By what singular judgment are they condemned to be the subjects of a people infinitely less advanced in civilisation than themselves? I know not, except it be in retribution for the ancient cruelties and tyranny of that people to whom, in many respects, they serve themselves heirs. I should fancy that under many regards they were the nearest resemblance to the Romans of the later empire of all the Italian peoples—their looks, their luxury, their refinement, their letters, I fear I must add too, their effeminacy. . . . My com-

panion was an emaciated Lombard, who had taken part in the war of independence. He was in exile with his family at Lugano, where his health had given way under the superior rigour of the climate. Now he had been for a month trying the effect of the air *natale* to restore him, and with some success. I took him to be a Lombard merchant, and found him to be intelligent, our medium of communication being French. He spoke with much certainty of their final emancipation from the Austrian yoke, and would not admit even such a feeble word as *espérance*. The present state of things, he said, could not go on, so overbearing had become the tyranny of the Austrians, with some few exceptions. Before the rebellion, they had conducted themselves with courtesy and caution, but now it was intolerable. The Lombards were not to blame for pusillanimity in the war, because first they were totally unaccustomed to arms, and, next, those who did take them up, were on the Stelvio and other passes, where they were not called into action. In the recent defence of Venice, however, it was mainly Lombards who held out, the Venetians themselves being ready to make any sacrifices in their defence, but not to stand fire. I must say I sympathized with the man, as I do with the Lombards generally.

'At about a third of the way we reached the frontier of the Swiss canton of Tessin. Here our passports were examined by the Austrian authorities, and again I was subjected to annoyance. It seems my passport at Chiavenna should have been visé̊d by the military commandant as well as by the police. This second process I had left to the commissionnaire of the hotel, as the officer resided there, and my omnibus was soon

to start. The fellow pretended to do it, but neglected. Again at Como my pass should have been viséd, but not having been asked for it, I did not volunteer it. These circumstances combined infuriated my Austrian, and nothing would serve him but I should return to Como. I thanked him for his kind advice, so politely given, and fearing a succession of vexations was even meditating such a step; when a Lombard gentleman in the carriage spoke privately to the authority, and one of his fellows, not he, came out to tell me I might go on and take my chance; I did so, and breathed more freely on crossing the frontier.

'Certainly the air became cooler, and everything wore a more happy smiling aspect on entering Switzerland once more. What a province of fertility and beauty! We reached the lake as the sun was already on the decline. It was evidently not so beautiful as Como, but it pleased me more. The mountains were more lofty, the lake more dark and serious. We embarked in company with several very fine-looking Lombards, companions and refugees in adversity, and their manifestation of sympathy and brotherhood towards each other, although their ranks were apparently different, pleased me very much. We passed a long *mole* of stone, with two or three arches, under one of which the boat passes, and by means of which the Great St. Gothard road crosses the Lugano. A tall, conical hill rose to the left, on one side of which runs up a long and many-horned bay of the lake, on the other gilding its graceful shore, and beautifully thrown out against a gentle group of hills behind, appeared the town of Lugano. Its situation is very perfect, and perhaps worth the whole lake. As the setting sun illumined the

heavens behind, and threw a parting glory over the bosky hills in front, we entered the little harbour, and disembarked. The moon was just rising over one of the western hills, and with increasing splendour shed its rays on the greatly ruffled waters: I quickly took my room in the Hotel de la Couronne, deposited my sack, and went out to enjoy what Italy alone can afford.

'*August* 31.—(Maggiore.)—I left the vessel at Baveno, and visited the Isola Bella, in company with some others. The external effect of these islands had greatly disappointed me, after all that has been said in their praise, but the visit to the château amply repaid me. It was all that the most fervent fancy could dream of the natural, heightened by luxury and art. I wandered through long corridors, opening into lofty chambers magnificently furnished, and decorated with pictures of the first masters, while the lake appeared in perspective through the open windows, blue as heaven, and glistering like a shield. A cool breeze from the south entered and pervaded the mansion, and the ripple of the water was heard without, alone breaking the silence that reigned around. The gardens also pleased me, with their terraces, grottos, and flowers, but especially their trees of every clime, diffusing fragrance, and conveying an idea of the meridian climate that must there prevail. The citron, the orange, the pomegranate, the sugar, the cork, were among those I chiefly remarked; and a delicious grove of spruce firs, I think, afforded a grateful shade, and created that sighing sound among the branches which speaks such soothing music to the senses.

'As we neared Maggiore, I was enchanted to find heather, and its fragrance, combined with the very High-

land character of the scenery, filled me with inexpressible emotions. The first view of the lake before descending confirmed my impression that it was Loch Lomond.

'*Sept.* 1.—The *Diligence* started for Milan at one. By this time the sky had cleared. I was on the roof, upon a comfortable seat, without any covering; so that the view was open on every side. The fragrance of trees and of heather for a considerable way filled the air, still more fragrant after the rain; the blue retiring hills behind, and the vast plains flat below, richly wooded and cultivated, reminded me I was in Lombardy and the valley of the Po. I cannot tell what sensations I felt, or what thoughts passed through my mind, as we were borne along towards Milan, a cool breeze meeting us from the south, and a light-blue Italian sky overhead. If there be meaning in the expression, I seemed to see more deeply into the mystery of the life of man and of the world, when I reflected in such a country on the history of the past, and strove to look out upon the future; but mystery it still remained until revelation came in and solved the difficulty, the element of faith being added. The story of those ages that have gone down to oblivion, and which yet is not oblivion—the development of the world and the change of power—the reason of this slow development, and why man should oppress man, and often undo all the fair work of time—the riddle of existence, destiny, and the slow working out of any consummation whatever—all these, and a thousand such questions, flitted over my spirit, and seemed to acquire a voice still more potent upon the battle-field of two, if not of many civilisations. And those old Romans still live, and those Gauls cut

down by thousands, and those barbarians who afterwards avenged their ancestors, and all who followed them in the Middle Ages. It is not so much that here there have been more generations, more havoc, or perhaps more changes, than elsewhere; but that their history is written in such unfading colours, and was so critical for the human race, that it appears as though it had been selected to be one of the gauging points of human life and human history, where that lesson might be read, that "one generation cometh after another," and that "as a flower of the field, so man flourisheth." The thought, however, came out in all the more impressive lustre, that "the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

'Some autumn leaves already appearing on the trees, affected me almost to the verge of weeping, so eloquently did they speak the tale of Italy. O Thou who hast shown to me such unmerited mercy, who hast accompanied me hitherto as I cannot doubt, withdraw not from me Thy presence, Thy protection, and Thy love, now when I am in the midst of strangers, and wholly cast on Thee! "I said, I will confess my transgression unto the Lord, and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Yes, Thy hand is still about me, and my confidence is in Thee! Lead me, O Lord, to the praise of the glory of Thy grace!

'All youthful as it seems in climate and vegetation; this very climate, that once braced to deeds of highest virtue, now breeds effeminacy, disease, and death, and with Italy itself it is now more than autumn—our times have reached the autumn of the world.

'The full-orbed moon arose like the eye of heaven looking in sorrow on the earth as we approached the splendid arch of peace by which you enter Milan from

the north. So level is the plain on which the city is built, that you see but little of it at once. Only you pass through a gate beside the arch, and come upon a vast esplanade, at the farther side of which stands the extensive castle or barracks, and over one wing of this you see houses and house-tops surmounted by the white tower of the cathedral. Our passports being taken, and temporary ones given in their place, we drove round the esplanade, and entered the narrow but clean and stately streets of my first Italian city. I have often been struck by the resemblance of Lombard gentlemen to our better class of well-dressed, well-appointed Englishmen, and now the equipages we met were more English than anything of the kind I have seen upon the Continent.

'I took a turn in the tall silent streets, and felt that here too prevailed that deep dejection which I had already remarked at Como. We read of revolutions, of fighting, of war, but to appreciate the effects of these the country must be visited; it is then we perceive how they chastise and scourge a country, and that we learn to value our own most blessed peace. May God restore the Lombards to liberty, prosperity, and happiness, if it be His all-wise but inscrutable will.

'*Sunday, Sept.* 2.—(Milan Cathedral.)—The exterior of the structure arrested me, and after a rapid survey I entered by the western door; the interior was very very fine. The people who paced the nave served to illustrate its vast proportions, such pigmies did they seem. The effect was very imposing; by degrees I allowed myself to advance—gazing above, around, and forwards; and of a truth, I felt that there could be religion expressed in a building. It is one of the few "temples made with hands" that seem to me at all adequate to the concep-

tion—the dim light, the gigantic pillars, the heavenward bearing of all—shall I say the mystery and indefiniteness of the edifice?—all pointed to that faith which is sublime yet lowly, revealed yet hidden. I was solemnized, tranquillized, awed, encouraged. . . . The structure is vast, and of solid marble; a quarry having been bequeathed for the purpose by one of its founders. Although so massive, it rises very clean from the ground, and has an air of particular lightness and elegance beyond all I have ever seen: no doubt this is greatly owing to its vast number of tall sky-pointing minarets, from one extremity of the roof to the other, while the tower is likewise girdled and surmounted by them. Each of these is surmounted by a full-length figure, angel or saint; and the effect of this in white marble, seen against a clear light-blue sky, is altogether indescribable. There are also what I, in my ignorance of architectural terms, would call festoons of marble sculpture and tracery, at regular intervals athwart the roof and rising above it, through which the bright sky is also visible, so that nothing is wanting to give airiness to the architecture. From its foundation till now, it has never been without scaffolding in some quarter or other, having been brought thus gradually to its present state, which is not even yet that of completion. Is not this fact, which applies to so many cathedrals, significant of the religion itself, which, so far from having yet completed its part in the world and being now effete, has not yet, I verily believe, reached the climax of its wonderful and awful destinies?... A considerable audience crowded the eastern portion of the nave, listening to a preacher, who seemed eloquent. Rich and poor were met together, but all nicely clad. In fact the congregation was very

picturesque. The Austrian officer with his showy regimentals, the well-dressed, handsome Lombard, the peasantess with her head-dress, and sometimes fine countenance, were all apparently engaged in devotion. Nor were there wanting black eyes among the more aristocratic part of the assembly, which from beneath arched eye-brows upon a pale handsome countenance met your glance as it chanced to fall upon them, and did not shrink with the bashfulness to which in England we are accustomed. The organ which was placed above the choir was played with much sweetness, and hallowed the gloom, and elevated the soul by its expressive music. I waited till all was over, then took another look at the exterior of the cathedral, and returned home. Here I read, and endeavoured to elevate my soul in humble worship.'

From Milan he thus wrote Mr. A. Burn Murdoch :—

'MILAN, *Sept.* 3.

'. . . By this time, indeed long ere this, you will have been speaking your mother-tongue without compunction, enjoying the dear delights of home in the happiest country on the face of the earth. In some respects I could envy you, but my destiny carries me yet southwards, and prolongs my absence from all my heart loves. I trust to hear in your next of still further amendment in your mother's health, of your happy meeting with them all, and of your own doings since your arrival. For me you will be happy to hear that I have had very very great enjoyment, so much so that I am humbled as well as overpowered with gratitude, when I think of my very great unworthiness. The Lord has not forsaken me, I have reason to believe, but has been near me and about me. . . . O that you were with me, my dear Christian friend! There are, of course, hours of loneliness, when

even the neighbourhood of one we love is agreeable and cheering; however, God has otherwise ordered—I hope and believe for the best. . . . May God bless you and keep you, and direct all your future ways! How good He is, and condescending to our littleness and infirmities! I am persuaded we cannot too much treat Him as a friend; and the more we do so, the greater our reverence as well as our intimacy. Were it not for this faith, the world would be a wilderness in spite of the kind hearts it contains. I think of past times, last winter, with great pleasure, and I trust we may be allowed to recall them some day when the harness is on our back, and we are fighting, like good soldiers of Jesus Christ, the battle which is fought for peace and love.—Yours,' etc.

'*Sept.* 4.—(Milan; Church of Santa Maria—Picture of Last Supper.)—The outline and form of the figures is still as Leonardo drew them. Our Saviour is the most perfect remains; and immediately the attention is concentrated on Him as it ought to be: such divinity, such gentleness, such majesty of sorrow! not in anger has He said it, but in regret. The idea of placing this figure in front of a window, opening out on Palestine and the unsullied sky, assists to throw out the figure in relief, and forms a fine setting, so to speak, for that calm ineffable form. Next Judas is brought into notice, and while neither regards the other, he may yet be said to confront the Saviour, so palpably has he taken the charge as personal. The contrast between the countenances is matchless: Judas is evidently stunned, bewildered by the discovery and exposure of his fearful guilt of heart; yet there is none of that assassin-look of knavery, so commonplace, which you see in many

of the prints of it. No; he is a thoroughly bad, unconverted man—a devil, who has all the time been wearing the garb of a disciple; and now that, for the first time, the Saviour manifests that He knows him, and mildly alludes to his guilt, the effect is electric—he has no time and no nerve to get up cunning—he is paralysed. The variety of attitude and expression is also wonderful; they are in groups of three, and yet there is a perfect unity in the whole. Our Saviour has uttered the words, and all in consequence hang upon Him. As Wordsworth says: "There is a power in the picture" which no words can convey: it illustrates the Scripture account to you, and the effect upon the mind is religious and elevating, as it ought to be.

'I liked the fellow's expression who showed us the picture (a Hungarian hussar), intelligent though daring; and as he showed a desire to enter into conversation about it, I explained to him how Christ had given His body and blood for us, and urged him to put his confidence in Him, to seek a country in the skies which no man could take away. He seemed pleased that I should notice him, and invited me to come and see their stables and Hungarian horses, of which he was very proud.

'*Sept.* 5.—(The summit of Milan Cathedral.) I fancied I could descry the dim outline of the Apennines to the south, as the sun veered in this direction, and dispelled the darkness—and the possibility of this was itself ravishing. Then, too, the thought that among these meadows were acted the Bucolics of Virgil, and that for them he wrote his Georgics; that there lived the Agricolæ, whom he pronounced *fortunati nimium sua si bona nôrint;* that there, above all, he

was born himself, "nourishing a youth sublime," and meditating his future fame among these very woods and meads! It was too much; and I sat down on the marble balustrade of the tower to indulge, as the cool breeze of the morning fanned me, a long delicious reverie. I tried to realize the life of Virgil, his home, his parentage, his opportunities, his character, his genius. With what surprise in those days, with so few to imitate, must he have felt the first stirrings of his muse, not knowing perhaps what it well meant, unable to appreciate it, and with none to enlighten him, as we read of the first dawn of love in the soul of Max and Thekla. Then, too, his exquisite delight in falling upon Homer, Plato, and the Greeks; his fragments carried to the river-side, and conned till they were made his own; his yearning desire, early formed, and long, perhaps hopelessly cherished, of visiting that glorious land, and weeping for joy, and yearning over the monuments of the Greeks; further on, his translation to Rome, the boy converted into man—formerly ardent and melancholy by turns, now refined, chastened, instructed in the "music of humanity;" his friends at Rome, his patrons, especially among aristocratic ladies, but his soul all the while "dwelling apart," like a star in the remote unpeopled heavens—unpeopled, that is, to common eye, but richly peopled with the invisible; the terms on which he and Horace must have lived, deeply respecting each other; but Horace regarding Virgil as a superior spirit, awed by his gentleness, and feeling that, though poets both, they had nothing in common; in fact, at this stage, it is difficult to regard Virgil living—he is already "apotheosed," bound, if you will, in quarto vellum, with annotations and commentary. What a luxury to have

been with him in his visit to Greece, and heard his criticisms and expressions!—if indeed he made any, which I doubt. A self-contained world revolves in its own orbit, and its satellites reflect light simply by gazing on its face. Compare with all this the life and character of Milton, his visit to Italy and Virgil's tomb, and see there the spirit with whom he could hold communion, athwart all intervening objects and ages. "Most musical, most melancholy," such thoughts!

'*Sept.* 6.—(University of Pavia.)—I paced the cloisters, and regarded the tablets on their walls to the most distinguished of her professors, with no common emotions. Here was one of the earliest seats of learning opened in Europe, prior, it is said, even to the time of Charlemagne. And then, too, although only a private in the ranks, I have a sympathy for learning and all its accompaniments, and know so much of College life myself, that I could not but feel I was standing on the most familiar spot I had yet visited in Italy. Feelings of home came over me, and as the students passed me, there was a free-masonry of look between us, clad as I was in an academic blouse that spoke volumes, and was equivalent to an introduction. How truly is it called the Republic of Letters! The students, with a characteristic difference of dress, were but a modification of the great genus, admitting, I should think, of the usual division of reading and rowing men. The vision of Oxford rose before my eyes—here Broad Street, or rather I should say, High Street; behind, the Ticino, for the Isis, hastening to join the Po or Thames; the University, one of her many colleges, and the students going down for non-term. Again, I felt so much at home that it required a struggle ever and anon to realize I

was at Pavia. There were even about the hotel, where I was waiting for my *voiture*, some of those old servants of the place, with wits sharpened by the intercourse with the students, and a certain sympathy for them, which you find at the English Universities. One of these, with a mixture of respect and bantering, began to twit me for not having gone to visit the Certosa in the neighbourhood of Pavia, about four miles distant—the Blenheim of Oxford. He talked of what I might and should have done, as if to a rich young blade of a student money were no concern. I knew that the Certosa is very gorgeous; Murray says as much; but somehow I have been so often disappointed, and have so little heart for these garish, comparatively modern, Roman Catholic edifices, that I did not feel enthusiasm enough to go; this too, added to the heat of the day, and the probable expense of a carriage, which I should have required. It may seem strange, but I seek feelings more than facts and actual statistics in my travels. What! not see the Museum of Natural History; this, that, and the other thing in the University and town! for what, then, did you go to Pavia all the way? I answer, I was satisfied and amply rewarded. The question is like that of the mathematician who read Milton, and asked what it proved. On the fields of Marathon and Bannockburn are to be seen but bare rocks or corn-fields, yet they are visited from afar; and the imagination has a feast, if imagination there exist. For facts, then, and statistics, consult Murray, and not me. . . . We got under way. The evening was peculiarly balmy; our road lay through some of the richest pasturages in Lombardy; darkness for a time invested us, through which distant lights appeared, giving one to

suppose that cottage life was not unknown among those extensive plains. Soon, however, the moon arose in her wonted splendour, and the landscape was revealed in fictitious beauty. After talking to my fellow-travellers to nearly the same effect as to my student at the inn, I fell into a reverie, which it would be vain to attempt to commit to paper. Italy and Scotland—where I had dreamed of Italy—were mysteriously blended. My spirit was sometimes in one, sometimes in the other. One of these flashes of surprise came across me that I was really here; and yet with all its romance, and the delicious softness of the night air I was inhaling, there seemed no discrepancy in thinking of old Scotland as equally romantic, if not even more so than where I now was. Those scenes of beauty that I know—that society of which I have tasted, with Italian song, river-sides, starry nights, shady walks, gardens and flowers, formed a nosegay to the soul, as sweet as any I was now enjoying. Dangerous both, if the soul rise not to God, and experience its chief, attempered, and all-pervading satisfaction in Him. This mine has not always done, but I now sought to do it.

'*Sept.* 7.—(Lodi.)—He (a young Austrian officer) requested we should sleep together; and as it was but for a few hours, I consented. My practice of kneeling before going to rest surprised him; but he admitted it was good, and I put the duty of it afterwards to him in as strong a position as I could.

'*Sept.* 8.—(On the road near Piacenza.)—I started from Lodi at five A.M. on foot; passed the Austrian frontier about eight. Soon after a turn in the road brought me in presence of a scene which I would find it difficult to convey by words. Immediately before me the

broad full-shining Po, one of the four or five monarchs of European rivers, which the fancy is prepared to welcome with a thrill of emotion. On its southern bank, a little to the eastward of where I was standing, Piacenza, most picturesquely situated, with an unusual abundance of minaret, dome, and tower for a Lombard city; the dark stone spire of the Cathedral, in particular, gave character to the pictorial effect of the town. Lastly, behind the town, and skirting the whole southern horizon from east to west, the beautiful outline of the Apennines, ridge over ridge, fold within fold, here a peak, there a dome, with soft but variegated lights on their various parts, as you see on many of the bonny hills of Scotland. This association, their intrinsic beauty, together with the surprise of coming upon mountains after the dreary plains of Lombardy, filled me with delight, I may say intoxicated me. I lingered long and drank the spectacle; the desolate beauty of Placentia, which seemed as if it had lost its way upon those forlorn banks; the river itself, fringed with willows and sand, rolling on in its dreary channel—a waste though fertilizing all around—smote my soul with one of those notes of melancholy which are profound but not unpleasing. I followed its "wild and willowy shore" for a considerable way beyond Placentia, until I reached the appropriately forlorn and rickety bridge of boats by which the highroad crosses it. Nothing, in truth, could be more in keeping or more significant of the departed grandeur of Placentia. With such emotions I entered the town, and found my way to the hotel.

'*Sunday, Sept.* 9.—To-day I had the rampart with its promenade entirely to myself. I tried to retrace, realize, and re-people the history of Placentia. Visions

of Roman greatness rose before my eyes, her haughty senators, dames, patricians; her stern, stately soldiers; her worship, in so far as I could make it out; and while I regretted that in former days I had learned those details so much by rote as to have now forgotten much which I would wish to have recalled, I was still able to make the picture complete enough to please myself. How singular the contrast between their civilisation on the one hand, and their religious darkness on the other! while those two things to our minds must ever go together. It is like a dark cloud tinged by the moon shining behind, which is at once beautiful and the reverse. I cannot help thinking that, for character and mode of life, the transition between later Rome and Italy of the middle ages was not so great or so sudden as we sometimes imagine. Those lovers of luxury, those patrons of art, those monsters of tyranny and cruelty, might belong to one or other epoch; the later, whom we have accurately sketched to the life, were the lineal inheritors of the names and nature of the former. Thus then I passed to Placentia of the middle ages, and endeavoured to collect all I had gathered in history or romance of their glory, their splendour, and their shame. Finally, I passed on to more recent times; the universal revolutions effected by Napoleon, the long peace that followed, and the poets who have visited and sung these lands from my own and other countries. I know not which of all these phases seemed endowed to my mind with the richest halo. All are equally blended with my youthful dreams in that season when the cold reason is allowed to slumber, and Imagination is lord of the ascendant.

'I entered the Cathedral towards dusk. There is

nothing in it particularly to arrest the attention or elevate the thoughts; but mine were for the moment independent of outward aids, and sitting down with my book of Psalms in hand, I turned my soul towards Him, the events of whose marvellous life, from the cradle to the tomb, were portrayed around me. I cannot say that in general those pictures or frescoes, however good, awake devotion in my mind. This may be the defect of habit, or that the æsthetic predominates in regarding them; or that, among so many, the soul has not time for an operation so absorbing and profound as that of devotion. Be this as it may, excepting by the Supper of a Leonardo, or the Crucifixion of a Guido —for which, besides their being masterpieces, you give yourself time and scope for religious musings—I have rarely felt myself sanctified in Italian churches. To-night, however, all was dim excepting to the spiritual eye; and the marvellous love and work of Him who Himself purged our sins, and wrought out a righteousness for His people, shone out with peculiar lustre. No wonder that, when the tide of genius first flowed in its various channels since the conversion of the world to Christianity, this should be the all-absorbing topic of its efforts, whether on canvas or in verse.—My Saviour, I am Thine, and I desire to appropriate the prayer, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, *that* will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple." Under many aspects, there is much to be said in favour of these solemn cathedrals—calm retreats for the thirsty soul amid the bustle of the world, and using them as Oratoires or places of meditation. I have often of late felt their power, and been

greatly indebted to them. O that error could be kept apart from good, so that good might not have to be sacrificed to error!

'*Sept.* 10.—(Cremona.)—A short walk over the common brought us to Cremona, which we entered by the Milan gate. Its appearance from the river, with the exception of its tall tower, is not imposing, owing to the flatness of the country in which it stands. Within, however, was an air of industry, affluence, and prosperity. I first visited the Cathedral, whose tall tower, 396 feet high, is the wonder of Lombardy, giving occasion to the monkish rhyme—

> "Unus Petrus est in Româ,
> Una turris in Cremonâ."

The marble pillars in front rise here, as elsewhere, out of lions or griffins, a quaint idea. The interior is not striking, although containing some fine frescoes, and indeed covered almost to excess with painting.

'Leaving the Cathedral, I made the tour of the town, visiting its gates, its ramparts, and several other churches. From the most eastern boulevard I had a fine view of the distant mountains above Brescia, on the lake of Garda, and westward towards Como. In spite of its fiddles, it has nothing very attractive to offer.

'*Sept.* 12.—(Mantua.)—By about five the *Diligence* had arrived, and was again under way, I in the interior. It was a beautifully built carriage, combining ease of motion and great comfort, fitted up in every respect like one of our railway carriages; seats abreast, with partitions. As day dawned, I took cognizance of my company; two young Lombards, and a lady with pale marble features, arched brows, young and pretty.

I perceived that she was very animated with my companions in Italian, and by degrees I took courage to speak to her in French, which she knew. Italian politics her favourite topic. In fact, she was a Venetian, and was now going to join her family, the siege being over. Her aspirations for freedom were abundant, and her sneers at those *principes d'équilibre* prevalent in the courts of Europe, under cover of which were perpetrated *de très-mauvaises choses*. Lord Palmerston and the English wished them well, but had not courage to break with Austria. As for the French Government, she could not make it out; it was a monarchico-imperial republic—she did not know what. However, she said, they cannot make us altogether slaves. We Italians have a rich imagination (pointing to her forehead); the heart, too, is free, and while that is the case, we still have something. I was greatly amused with these and similar remarks, given with an eloquence by the fair Venetian, worthy of Corinne. The others appeared to derive a still more copious delight in Italian, and I could not but envy them. Indeed, and alas! I regret my ignorance of the language at every step. Without it, as Bacon says, you really go to school and not to travel. . . .

'I turned my steps northward, and, passing the Piazza Virgiliana—a grove of trees overhanging the Mincio, and commanding from the northern rampart a fine view of the hills of Brescia, and the Lake of Garda—I reached the Verona Gate and the Bridge of the Mills. From this point upon the Mincio, I enjoyed a fine sweep of its smooth-flowing waters, blue and fresh, gently rippled by the breath of evening, and reflecting on their bosom the glowing western heavens;

wild lovely reeds and willows fringed its banks in vast numbers; and as I gazed towards the hills of the northern and southern horizon, then at sunset, then at the classic Mincio, I could not but feel that Virgil had had every advantage which a poet need have, in regard to the scenes with which his youth was conversant. The thought that he had actually gazed upon those waters, and gathered inspiration and expansion of soul from contemplating those far-off mountains, was thrilling to my spirit, and more than rewarded me for my pilgrimage to Mantua. Satisfied that "the boy is father of the man," and that the impressions of youth affect the whole after tone and character of the mind, I was anxious to see the moulders of the *vis Virgilii;* and now that I have seen them, I think that I can better comprehend that glorious spirit. What ideas of life, of solitude, of melancholy, must he have learned from the lonely wandering Mincio; what yearnings, what desires from the bounding mountains! To the north, an unknown mysterious world, serving for eternity; to the south, the hills that separated him from Rome—the earthly heaven and idol of every Roman. I confess that in the tame plains of Lombardy I had yet seen, I could not fancy a Virgil being reared, but Mantua will do—nay, Shakspere upon Avon, with the Severn for his muse, was not better off.

'After a long and satisfactory draught of thought, I crossed the curious bridge over the Mincio, where twelve successive mills, turned by the stream, are dedicated and named after the twelve apostles, statues of whom surmount their doors. Recrossing the bridge, I exactly traversed the town until I reached the Porta Ceresa on its southern side, and by this gate I

emerged, towards evening, to visit the village of Andes, or as it is now called Pictola, where Donatus on the one hand, and tradition, which identifies Andes and the modern village on the other, assign the birthplace of Virgil. The road followed a devious course among the marshes or lakes, by which the circumference of the town is flooded, and this for about a mile. Barrier after barrier is passed, rampart after rampart most skilfully adjusted, so that I could well believe the city impregnable, as it is. The setting sun threw its light upon the clear fresh water of the brooks, and the picturesque trees and willows with which they abound were wonderfully reflected on its glassy mirror. Could Virgil have seen this, I thought, what a multitude of images it would have furnished him. At last I reached the village of Ceresa, where the Parma and Modena roads branch off. I was directed to follow the latter, which I did for a considerable way, and then took to the left by an unfrequented road towards Mantua, according to my instructions. It was now, however, half-past six. The sun had set; night was drawing on, and soon it would be quite dark without a moon. My enthusiasm for the birthplace of Virgil, and my fear of being benighted among those vast marshes, underwent a fearful struggle; as it was, I had long transgressed my limits of time, having been warned in leaving that this gate was shut at seven, and it was now half-past six, with about a league between me and it. Seeing no village as I advanced, I resolved to turn, and retraced my steps with all speed, even to running. At length I gained the high road, and neared the town, but the hour was past, and the peasants warned me it was in vain to try. A phaeton passed me at this moment, and in despair I

sought admittance. The gentleman most courteously complied; being a native of Mantua, and coming in state, the gate was opened to him; and full of gratitude to him and the above, I was deposited near my hotel.

'I cannot but feel that the name of England is not now upon the Continent what it was very recently. Her foreign policy of the last eighteen months seems to have sunk her in the opinion of all parties alike, and I am much mistaken if Englishmen, on returning to the Continent, after this present cessation, do not find themselves in a less proud position than formerly. There has been a want of openness, as well as of generosity and manliness, which has made a deep impression. How sad, when her influence stood on such a pinnacle, and from her domestic peace and example might have been so wholesomely employed. Russia, on the other hand, has greatly risen in the scale, and it is quite extraordinary the reverence or awe with which her name is everywhere pronounced. An undeveloped power on which the future of Europe depends, such appears to be her posture in the minds of men. I know not but it would take another Waterloo to restore Great Britain, and that Russia and she through their respective principles must one day come to loggerheads I cannot doubt.

'*Sept.* 13.—(Parma.)—My heart lingered at Mantua, and never was lover torn from lover with more regret. The coolness diffused around by the extensive fresh-water lakes was regaling. The town itself stately, old-fashioned, and as it were consecrated to the memory of one of the triumvirate of matchless poets. I should like to have again visited the very site of Virgil's birth, and, his Georgics and Bucolics in hand, to have repeopled their

pastures and corn-fields with his shepherds and husbandmen; comparing scenery with description, and meditating on the time when the very swains and their sweethearts participated in the dignity of the masters of the world. The willow groves and slimy reeds are still the same—marshes diffuse coolness and prevent contagion—apples, pears, grapes, and chestnuts are still the fruits with which one shepherd might regale another; but the spirit of liberty is gone—the Italians are the conquered, not the conquerors; and in another sense from what Virgil meant, it might be exclaimed—

"En, quo discordia cives
Produxit miseros!"

Mantua shall linger in my memory while I live, and it is perhaps the first place in Italy which I have seen as yet that I should wish to visit again before I die.

'I met a Venetian lady and her little boy. She had been there during all the horrors of the siege, when they were reduced to eat bread of the coarsest description, and provisions of any kind sold at a ruinous expense. She said they would have held out still longer against the Austrians, but the ravages of cholera appalled them into submission. She had some coins and paper money of the young republic, with one of which—a fifteen cent piece, she presented me. I felt much interested in her from her countenance of beauty, and expression of deep-seated melancholy; and the kindly feeling seemed mutual, for she requested me to give her my memorandum-book, in which she inserted her name and address at Venice, inviting me, when there, to go and see her and her family. It was somewhat novel to me, however, to see her deliberately smoke two cigars—a lady,

too, very nicely dressed, and with all the softness and delicacy of a lady. . . .

'Another character, in truth, both English, or rather Irish, and Italian—was a Count Magauley (Macaulay) Perati—his father an Irishman, his mother Italian, he himself married also to a Venetian. . It seems his family had long ago been expatriated from Ireland, and their estates confiscated. They had come to Parma, where his father had been minister to the Duke, and he himself chamberlain to the Duchess; he had served for a good many years in the Austrian service, and was now a half-pay captain of cavalry. Although he now knew Italian better than English, not having been home for twenty-six years, I found him a true Irishman for courtesy and kindness. We repaired together to a *café*, where I was served with excellent coffee in a tumbler, and butter brought in fresh from market upon a vine-leaf. By and by our carriage started, and, passing some interesting little towns through a fine dry open country abounding with beautiful vines, we reached at last the banks of the Po, at Casalmaggiore. A charming cool breeze played about us on the way; and altogether the climate, as well as the country, appeared to have undergone a most agreeable change. How I welcomed the sight of autumn upon the leaves, as a symptom that the sun had now spent its force, and also as the prelude to that universal garb of decay which I cannot but think the most appropriate for Italy. The breeze sighed through the willow groves, as Virgil has so often melodiously described it, and the vines no longer stuck upright in whole fields, as in France and Switzerland, and gracefully wedded to the manly elms between which they form the most beautiful festoons and tresses; the jet black

clusters hanging lusciously among the leaves wherever the eye might happen to turn. The bulk of the field is thus devoted to corn or other produce, while the vines are there as it were unbidden.

'Nothing could exceed the beauty of the afternoon and evening. The line of the Apennines appeared stretched out before us. I had not seen so joyous, so bright a glow on the face of the country since leaving Switzerland. There was much to remind me indeed of merry England—tasteful clean cottages and farm steadings, cows grazing in herds, and now and then a milkmaid sitting beneath, and drawing their distended udders; peasants returning from the vintage—everywhere apparently happiness and peace. My companion could give me much information on all matters, political and agricultural. Although an Irishman and an Italian, he greatly condemned the Revolution, as brought about by demagogues who would have proved more grinding and selfish tyrants than any foreign power. Before all was prosperity, now all was the reverse. Society was broken up, beggary induced where affluence had once reigned, and the breach between governor and governed irreparably widened. The tenants of Parma, as well as generally in Lombardy, obtain a nine years' lease, with a break to either party at the end of each three years. In Parma, the landlord advances capital on security. The Dukes and Duchesses have shown themselves munificent benefactors; but the people about them are largely composed of knaves, so that works undertaken for the public good have in most cases been miserably executed, and their funds diverted into private channels. Alas for Italy! this want of honesty and public faith, which was the harbinger of her downfall,

is still one of the most certain signs of her inability to rise again. *Punica fides* must now be turned to their opponents.

'*Sept.* 14.—I repaired to the Farnese Palace, and there saw its very interesting little collection of paintings, especially Corregio's. Several of these—the Madonna and Child, with St. Jerome, an angel, and the Magdalene kissing the feet of the child; also the Taking Down from the Cross—are justly celebrated. The first is really perfect in design and colouring. Although so many centuries old, and having been one of the first pictures which the French removed to Paris, it is still bright and fresh as when it issued from Corregio's hand. I admire him always for his perfect command of colouring, his knowledge of harmony, and the secret of durability; but often, as in the second picture I have mentioned, he fails greatly in the conception of characters. There are also some Caraccis, Titians, Guercinos, and Francias of great beauty; one a Transfiguration ascribed to Raphael, besides several of the Dutch school.

'*Sunday, Sept.* 16.—Spent the forenoon in meditation and prayer, dwelling on the mystery of Him who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, and gave Himself a ransom for us; who now liveth for evermore the friend and shepherd of His people!

'*Sept.* 17.—(Bologna.) . . . I repaired to the library opposite the vast church of San Petronio, and where was the ancient University of Bologna. It is a splendid sight. You enter a quad. of two stories high, where the walls are literally covered with the monuments of the great men who have taught or been taught there. The little chapel opens from the lower gallery; it is richly

frescoed, and two paintings in particular, a death-bed and a veiled nun, are pre-eminently remarkable—the white transparent veil of the nun is superb. On the upper story is the splendid library containing more than 130,000 volumes, in a long suite of apartments, roomily and well arranged, whose walls are likewise thickly covered with the arms, names, and countries of the alumni of this once famous university—English, German, French, and all European nations are there represented.

'*Sept.* 18.—(On foot across the Apennines.)—The summit of the pass was wild enough—a high wind blew; wherever the eye might turn appeared brown mountain-tops and moorlands, not unlike some of our grouse country in Scotland; but—shall I say it—inferior to it, vastly and in every respect. Only the association of the Apennines turned the scale, and furnished to the soul whatever might be lacking to the eye. I paced on, elevated by this grand idea.

'Monte Carelli was the first station on the southern side of the pass, but here I did not pause. The road descended rapidly until I had fairly left behind the great central ridge or backbone of the mountains, and could look back on its wavy outline stretching west and south, for this passage is just in the corner where the Appenines make a bend from running eastward to take a southerly direction. Vines soon re-appeared, olives too, I understand, walnuts, and every symptom of increasing fertility. At last towards dusk I reached Caffagiolo, with its princely castle built by one of the Medici, and of course the scene of horror and of blood, for here in truth, through jealousy he murdered his wife, the beautiful Eleanor of Toledo. At length the

sun had set, and I had some way yet to make in the uncertain twilight.

'My thoughts reverted at this—a fresh epoch in my extensive tour—to the happy days of my residence at Geneva, and the many friends I had there known. The thought of each was tender, and merged insensibly into prayer, while my heart was full of gratitude to Him who had so highly favoured me, not only there, but since I set out on my present travels, and committed myself as it were, peculiarly to His care. Although there are many who, from natural capacity, might profit more from such opportunities as I now enjoy; yet, I trust, O Lord, what I see and feel shall not be lost in Thy service, in what time and way Thou seest fit to employ it.

'With little difficulty I found a decent house, where, after a slight repast, I retired to rest.

'*Sept.* 19.—But though I did so last night, it was not to sleep! During the waking hours I heard the rain descending in torrents, accompanied by much thunder and lightning. At dawn I rose and hailed the glorious sight of a cloudless sky, in which the morning stars hung with sparkling lustre. I now paid the reckoning and departed, big with the hope of seeing Florence and the plains of Tuscany.'

CHAPTER XI.

Diary continued :—Florence—Fiesole—Vallombrosa—Lucca—Leghorn—Volterra—The Maremma—Sienna—Bolsena—Viterbo—Rome.

'*Sept.* 19.—(Florence.)—The sun had not yet risen, but all the east gave token of his coming, and the green waving woods that clothed the opposite hills were illumined with a glow quite preternatural. Far off, in front of me, rose the round brown back of a mountain that might have looked down on the Findhorn, or any other Highland stream. The valley through which I sped was filled with the most luxuriant vegetation, vineyards, olive-rows, and corn-fields; while the descending slopes were crowned and dotted over with cottages and châteaus of uncommon whiteness. I breakfasted at the end of a winding and wilder glen, and then prepared to cross the last ridge that separated between me and Florence.

'The summit gained, I confess that the view on the farther side was by no means what I had expected. Instead of an extensive and luxuriant plain, clearly out lined by the Apennines, and through which the Arno wound, with Florence on its banks, and every variety of broken knoll along its course, there was a wide and undulating mountain-district, hills stretching in all directions, the Arno barely traceable by a denuded course

that looked as if it had once formed the basin of a lake; numerous clusters of villages that did not look picturesque from so great a height, and a brown-mountain character over all. Florence lay before me with its remarkable and majestic dome, and no lack of other domes and towers—but it appeared small to my expectations; and the foliage with which on all sides it was invested, from the preponderance of willows, bore a whitish aspect, instead of that depth of green which the promising name of Florence indicated. There was much, however, to transport the soul, and, in particular, a far-stretching line of ethereal mountains that bore away towards Rome, and which is one of those objects in nature that never fails to captivate me, like the sea or distant music, or anything that speaks of the infinite and undefined.

'I passed through the antique gate, presenting my passport on the way, and then traversed a long line of street, extending nearly to the Arno. It was very curiously paved, with flags of irregular shape, but all fitting into each other, over which carriages run with great lightness; and, I should suppose, horses would fall with equal ease. At first the traffic was not considerable, but, as I approached the dome, the thoroughfare became very gay and crowded. Besides the artisans and those engaged in business, there were great numbers of elegantly dressed ladies and handsome men; altogether, such an air of life and happiness as I had not seen since entering Italy. The shops with their tempting display of goods, delighted me; and my passing glance at the Cathedral filled me with quite novel sensations. It is a vast structure cased in marble of various colours, so as to present a most rare and

picturesque effect,—and then its gorgeous dome! but of this hereafter. I pushed on a little farther through an increasingly gay and crowded thoroughfare to the Piazza di Gran Duca, where was the office of my *Diligence.* I found it easily, and while waiting for the *facchino* to carry my baggage, amused myself with regarding the passers-by. The ladies of Florence undoubtedly carry the palm over any I have yet seen; they are very fair and pretty, and exquisitely dressed. Then, too, the sumptuous sky above, and the cool breeze that tempered the noonday heat, and enabled one to enjoy the brightness of the sun without his fierceness; marble statues that graced the farther side of the square, and smart dashing equipages that passed and repassed with officers in uniform, or the aristocracy of Florence,—all gave me such an idea of the fulness and brilliancy of Italian life, as to act like an opiate on the senses.

'In the afternoon I sallied out, and was again enchanted with the marvellously transparent and crystal sky above—certainly unlike any I have seen in more northern climes—and the bewitching purity and elasticity of the air. I then visited the dome, and after again admiring its superb cupola—the design of Brunelleschi, and the largest in the world, not excepting St. Peter's—I entered, and was struck with the great simplicity of the internal arrangements. An altar enclosed with a marble rail and seats, is placed beneath the dome, without any elevation; and here priests and choristers were chanting the evening service. All the rest of the church is quite open; the cupola is frescoed with a very multitudinous subject, and the windows that stud it, as well as those of the Cathedral generally, are fitted with beautiful and deep stained glass. I regarded the

few monuments and paintings without particularizing; I then visited the Baptistery, a separate and octagonal marble edifice at the south-west corner of the Cathedral. Its gates are the pride of Florence, and, as Dante says, might serve for Paradise. The campanile or belfry of the Cathedral is also a gigantic building, rising to the height of 275 feet, and cased in parti-coloured marble like the church.

'Committing myself now to hazard, I took a street leading to the west, and followed the frequent carriages which all left the town by the Porte al Prato. I did so too, and found a beautifully wooded avenue conducting to the Cascine. Along this I paced, admiring the terminus of the Pisa Railway on my right, and wondering whither the innumerable carriages, with gaily-dressed ladies and their knights, that overtook me on the way, could be tending. At last the sound of music reached my ears, and soon I discovered carriages, horses, and other equipages drawn up in front of a circle, where a very powerful military band was discoursing most eloquent music. I joined the throng, had ample opportunity of remarking the beauty and vivacity of the fair Florentines, and the attention of their squires; the latter, however, are as far inferior in outward appearance to the gentlemen of Lombardy, as the ladies of Florence are superior to those of the north. The glorious purpled sunset on the Apennines, and the rising of a silver crescent moon, pleased me more than all; and thinking with satisfaction of the time, not long ago, when it might have been the reverse, and my heart would have been filled with mere dreams of romance on seeing the pride of chivalry and beauty,—I retraced my stpes to the town when the music had ceased,

glad that I had become wiser, if not better through increasing years. The moon was shining, as in a dioramic picture, behind the dome of a convent on the farther side of the river, as I stood for a moment on the bridge beside my hotel, and then retired to sleep within sound of the rushing Arno. My first day at Florence has taken my whole heart by storm.

'*Sept.* 20.—(The Uffizi Gallery.)—After a general view of the wonders before me, I commenced a regular inspection of the pictures, etc., to be continued during successive days.'

I omit his long and minute journals of visits to the glorious collections in the Uffizi and Pitti, as well as to the various churches and works of art in Florence. The study of those occupied a portion of his every-day work, and was a source of intense enjoyment to him.

'*Sept.* 21.—(Galileo's Tower.)—Through a farmhouse now attached to the tower, I gained admission, and climbed to the top by means of a stair and ladder. The view from it towards Florence and up Valdarno is superb. The town is expanded before you in nearly all its amplitude; the dome and campanile from here assuming a yellow hue, instead of its actual checkering. Santa Croce beneath you, second only to the cathedral; and that deeply-stirring Fiesole directly opposite, the cradle of Florence, and the witness of so many successive civilisations. Beyond and above it, on the far heights of the Apennines, a solitary and apparently massive convent; to the right, the Arno stealing from its hills, and its vale illustrated by so many sanctuaries; behind and around you, the thickly wooded, undulating country, richly studded with villas, churches, and convents. At six, I repaired to Meyer's lodgings

at the Ponte Vecchio, where I had sought him in the morning, but unsuccessfully; and this time I had the infinite satisfaction of once more embracing a friend. He gave me much interesting information, of his journey by Turin, Genoa, Massa, and Pisa; the latter part —along the shores of the Mediterranean—of surpassing loveliness;[1] of his visit to the valleys of Piedmont, and his interview with the admirable General Beckwith, and (as below) some of the pastors.

'*Sept.* 22.—On the way (to the exhibition of modern paintings) I learned from the Count Guicciardini—who by the way is a Plymouthist in his opinions, but a liberal one—how little he confided in the late popular movement and its leaders, Mazzini and the rest, for effecting any wholesome regeneration in the civil and political state of Italy, far less in the religious. He looked upon the ringleaders as ambitious, unprincipled men. He thinks good may result from the Bibles that have been circulated, at least in individual cases; and that a persecution for the truth would be one of the best things that could happen to awaken inquiry, etc. . . .

'*Sunday, Sept.* 23.—On going out had some conversation with my landlady on religious subjects, about which I found her sadly indifferent. I pressed upon her the value of her soul, the marvellous love of God claiming ours in return, and the necessity of preparing for the life to come. She seemed affected for the moment. . . . I made my way to the English Chapel in the Via Maglio. Admission to the body cost two or three pauls, but there were free seats in the gallery; and not liking this mode of paying for admittance to the house of God,

[1] This drive is quite as fine as that along the Corniche road from Nice to Genoa—one indeed also of 'surpassing loveliness.'—ED.

I went up stairs, and gave my subscription afterwards for the poor. The seats were very comfortable, and the audience few and select enough. Below, there was a fair sprinkling of Englishers, and some ladies apparently, perhaps the family of the clergyman, played the organ and led the music in my neighbourhood. The pastor, a Mr. ——, preached a Florentine sermon against distraction during divine service from giddy thoughts about fashion, dress, and the like; choosing for his text the verse in Job where Satan presents himself among the sons of God. I enjoyed the liturgy, with its home-coming prayers and sweet associations, as much as heart could wish; also the psalm-singing in this land of unintelligible worship; the sermon I heard with the hundredth part of one ear, and was contented. If he had mentioned Fiesole and the cities of Etruria among the subjects which might cause distraction, he would have found me out; but, poor man! the lace bonnets and bouquets filled his eye.

'*Sept.* 25.—At eight called with Meyer on M. Crémieux; heard that Captain Pakenham, the agent for the Bible Society here, had got notice from the Government to quit immediately, for his zeal in Protestant propagandism. He is a fine frank English sailor, it seems, utterly devoid of fear; and they admit he went to extremes, using little prudence, and offering the Bible to the priests themselves without scruple.

'*Sept.* 26.—Excessively tired, I retraced my steps homeward, sitting long by the way upon the Ponte S. Trinità to enjoy the cool breeze, the moonshine and lights upon the river. It was one of those tranquil moments, when, after the mind has been long engrossed with outward and present things, we suddenly get a

vivid retrospect of the past, and see deeply into the life of things, realizing our position as living among the living. How insensible are we in general to the life around us, which thus flashes at times upon the notice of the spirit like the aërial host to the Jewish prophet.

'*Sept.* 28.—(Fiesole.)—At two I joined Meyer, the day being promising, and we set off for Fiesole. We had intended leaving by the Pinti gate, and so visiting the *Protestant* cemetery, which is without it, and said to be interesting and beautiful. A mistake, however, in our course brought us to the San Gallo, and from it we took the road for Fiesole. The sun now shone out most gloriously, and the blue sky rapidly appeared. The views of the hill and the adjacent heights were quite bewitching as we advanced. On reaching a Dominican convent we began to ascend, and now the views of the valley behind Florencê, with the Arno and its environs, looked so lovely that it was impossible to proceed. I had long since discovered that the pale green leaf, of which I complained on my first sight of the country, and which I set down as the willow, was no other than the olive, and this thought reconciled me to their appearance. We passed the Villa Mozzi, the residence of Lorenzo di Medici, and in former times the retreat of Catiline the conspirator. The prospect from its neighbourhood so eloquently, as well as faithfully described by Hallam, is indeed sumptuous in the extreme, embracing the Valdarno, Florence with its domes and towers, the surrounding heights crowned with villas and convents, the Arno stretching in a long line towards the mountains, and these far off and near presenting their varied outline to the sky. After my first disappointment, I have now got reconciled to the situation of Florence, and admire it

more and more. The most interesting point of view from Fiesole is just behind the Cathedral, where we were shown the scanty remains of an amphitheatre, with five caves that once opened into it, and which we now entered by a passage cut from one to the other. They were evidently employed as dens for the wild animals, and a hole in the roof of each served to convey them their food. We passed from one to the other, sometimes crawling on all-fours, and familiarizing ourselves with the thought that here wild beasts actually fed in the great but cruel days of old. A very remarkable portion of the ancient Etruscan wall still remains, of Cyclopean architecture, that is, composed of vast blocks of rock, in this case cut so as to present a regular and even outline. No words can describe the interest of those existing memorials of a state of things prior to the aggrandizement, perhaps, to the foundation of Rome.

'*Sept.* 29.—I again visited Galileo's Tower, accompanied by Meyer. We carried some grapes and figs to the top, and there quietly awaited the approaching sunset. It was exquisite, and still more so the round full silver moon, which brightened the heavens as evening drew on, and made me think that Milton must have beheld it in such very circumstances to give him afterwards the idea of employing it for his simile—

> "Hung o'er his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
> Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist views
> At evening from the top of Fiesole,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe."

'The Arno, no longer yellow from such a distance, shone brightly among its enclosing verdure, and every palace, villa, and convent was illumined throughout the

whole of that much-peopled valley. After satiating our souls with this bliss, we descended by Porta San Miniata, and resisting the seduction of moonlight on the towers and cupolas of Florence, I retired to my room, and wrote my mother.

'*Sunday, Sept.* 30.—Grateful the repose of Sabbath! No son of toil ever welcomed more its immunity from care. After the incessant sight-seeing of the past week, leaving so little time for the closet, I hailed this day even from afar, as the Psalmist does in some of his aspirations. From the time I rose, my thoughts were turned inwards and heavenwards, and strove after that union and communion with God in Christ, which is the health and happiness of His people. Alas! it is not easy to attain to this, when the mind has been for a time dissipated; yet sweet and refreshing was the meditation I had while it was yet morning with nature and with me. About eight I heard the swell of magnificent music in the Church of Santo Spirito opposite my window; and going out soon afterwards, I found an Austrian regiment ranged in double file the whole length of either aisle, in one of the largest churches of Florence. The men wore their caps and shouldered their bayonets, but at the ringing of a bell during mass, suddenly every head was uncovered, and every knee bent on the pavement of the church. A numerous congregation filled the nave, and did likewise. Towards the conclusion of the service, as in the middle, the fine military band, stationed near the choir, chimed in with pealing music, which sounded and resounded through the lengthened aisles like the symphonies of heaven. The anthem was familiar to me, and nothing could be grander than the general effect. After service at nine,

the men were marched out—their orders being shouted through the church—the band struck up, and they filed off to their respective quarters. Military worship more imposing, and, if possible, more unintelligent than that of ordinary Catholics.

'To the English service: sweet church, and the sound of those lovely prayers and petitions read in a clear, impressive English voice, affected me powerfully. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" . . . Groping after a new heart and a change of nature; but feeling, alas! sadly, my coldness and unworthiness, my inability to help myself, and my deep need of the Holy Spirit's teaching. My present mode of life, and the relaxing climate of these few days, is not favourable to religious life; but O Thou, whose I am and whom I serve, interpose, as Thou hast so often done, and recall me to thy feet, and deep devotion! Hear, Lord, hear, for I am vile; but Thy goodness and condescension are infinite!

'*Oct.* 1.—(Vallombrosa, with Mr. Meyer.)—On crossing the stream, a noble forest of walnuts and other trees appeared before us, extending upwards a considerable way, and completely covering one side of the glen. This we entered, and by a paved zig-zag road gradually wound up the hill. Heather, moss, and broom were plentiful on either side, and ripe brambles, the first I have eaten out of Scotland and the north of England. As we ascended the rich green of the walnut was changed for solemn groves of pine, through which the wind sighed in familiar accents, filling my soul with the memory of the past. At length, at the end of a longish avenue, the Convent came in sight—a long white building, with a low wall in front, and surrounded by a tower. Higher up, on a very abrupt rock

to the left of the convent, gleamed the smaller tenement of Paradasnio; while behind and around, in a semi-circle, rose the summit of the mountain clothed with black firs, as well as oaks and beeches, on which autumn had already stamped the tale of the declining year. . . . We amused ourselves in conversing upon Napoleon and his wars, until sleep reminded us of bed about nine o'clock. We joined in worship, and then retired to our respective rooms leading off the great corridor; mine was most comfortable. I threw open the casement, and enjoyed a long time the cool breeze that gently agitated the pines, the mountain odours, the noise of tumbling water that broke or enhanced the surrounding silence. The little world of this upland solitude had gone to rest. Some friar, perhaps, still continued his devotions in seclusion; but spiritual beings seemed to me to people the air in a sanctuary so charming, where all the freshness of spring and Scotland was islanded amid the sultry vales of Italy.

'*Tuesday, Oct.* 2.—A delicious bed, and repose most balmy. On awaking, the profound silence struck me, as it has sometimes done at Geddes on first coming there after the noise of town. Looking from my window, the grey mists of dawn, the sombre hill, and dripping grass and pines, reminded me powerfully of many a morning in the Highlands of the hallowed country. I dressed rapidly; but found, on trying to get out, that we were prisoners at discretion—the great convent door being closed upon us. We had mentioned seven as the hour of breakfast, and the idea probably never entered our attendant's head, that we might wish to taste the mountain-air beforehand. With time, noise, and patience, however, we at last succeeded in obtaining our

freedom; and oh! how sweet that breath of morning, scented with the fir, the moss, the wet rocks and soil, where a tiny brook came tumbling from the mountains. Nothing more regaling has entered my soul since I crossed the Alps and entered Italy. We clambered up the hill-side, above the chapel; the woodmen were felling and barking the tallest pines, while others were preparing for young ones. The meadow land in front of and beside the convent, showed so green beside the dark forest that encircled it, and the plains and cities below afforded, by their contrast, a fresh charm to the peace and seclusion of the scene around. The day was fine, but mists were driving rapidly from the south, over the highest summits of the hills, revealing, ever and anon, through their shroud of grey, the tall pines and beeches that fringed the upper horizon. In returning to the convent, we agreed that a Sabbath here, where all was Sabbath, would be one of the most delightful things on earth; and that memory might feed, and meditation might wander through long days and days in such a spot without weariness, without distraction. Every opening glade tempted us to enter, every rising path to ascend the mountain, and when satiated here, we might cross the ridge and descend on the sources of the Arno and the Tiber, where other sanctuaries overhang the valleys.

'*October* 5.—(Lucca.)—The day was fine, though hot, the road very beautiful. At first it follows the left bank of the Sterchio along a level plain, richly cultivated; the Apennines, at this point, highly picturesque in front. Presently the road enters a winding valley, its sides clothed with magnificent walnuts, vines, olives, and silver poplars. On, on you wind, passing a most remarkable bridge over the torrent, called by the country

people Ponte di Diavolo, and with the usual legend attached to it. A few miles' drive in a rustic car set us down at the lowest of the series of villages appropriated to the baths, called Ponte a Seraglio. By this time we had quitted the valley of the Sterchio and taken that of the Lima, its tributary, whose direction is east and west. The scene that opened on us was of unwonted beauty. Picturesque cottages and hotels along the valley, the rushing river, the hill-sides richly clothed with woods already deeply embrowned and tinted by autumn, and through whose foliage white dwelling-houses everywhere appeared. I thought of the Ewings, so closely associated with days of sunny happiness, and whom I had heard so often speak of the charms of this spot. In company with them, I often strode on through the romantic glen, passing village after village, while acacias and all other fragrant trees perfumed the air with familiar odours, which occasional showers of rain brought out with uncommon freshness. At last we crossed the river, and through the fallen leaves of autumn, in a valley intensely Scottish, we wandered, unwilling to interrupt a happiness so great and so memorial. Wearied, however, with our journey, we finally stopped and retraced our steps with some deviations to the hotel. There we dined. Afterwards visited and investigated the library attached to a reading-room, but not very well selected; then strolling by the star-light, and with the river rushing by our side, we talked of old Scotland with fresh delight, the never-failing theme, when every other topic was fatigued. After all had retired, I again wandered out, heard the music of the stream, saw the lights twinkling on the hills and listened to the still more harrowing music of an awakened memory.

'*Sunday, Oct.* 7.—(Leghorn.)—I directed my steps to the Scotch Church, at no great distance. In front were lingering some sailors and other unmistakable countrymen, as they are wont to do at home before entering. I accosted one, probably the skipper of a merchant vessel lading in the port, and with a little boy in his hand. He was from Bute, and spoke with seriousness of religion, and gratitude for the privilege of worship here accorded him. I found he had lost his wife after a short illness, from cholera, at Glasgow, last Christmas; and that his little boy was an orphan. I said to him what I could to deepen his love to God and devotedness to Him. The front seats were prepared for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, after sermon. I valued highly the privilege of once more sitting down to the Lord's Table, *more Scotico*, and among so many of my countrymen.

'After service at two I was introduced to the vestry, and there made myself known to Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Wingate, the Jewish missionary, at present a fugitive from Pesth, and residing at Leghorn. The reception from both was very cordial.

'*Tuesday, Oct.* 9.—I went out with Meyer, and together we visited the graves of Smollett, Horner, and Martin—men how different! and yet, now that death has made them neighbours in the tomb, each awakening a feeling of pensive thought and sadness. Smollett the gifted, Horner the upright, Martin the pious, each buried beneath an alien sky; would that we could suppose each drawing to the other, and imparting to him what he had to give.

'Near this I again parted with dear Meyer, and left him desolate; returned to the inn and found my

English friend had gone back to the steamboat for Rome. I took the railway, and proceeded by Pisa to Pontedera.

'It is sad to part with friends, and almost balances the pleasure of meeting them.

'*Wednesday, Oct.* 10. — (Volterra.) — Tossing, and miserable from my enemies, I rose and lay, rose and lay till, about half-past two A.M., I again dressed myself. At half-past three started in a cab. The morning air was fresh, even cold, the sky glorious. As day dawned in the east, the heights of Volterra already appeared in sight, tower and building crowning a long but still distant ridge of mountain. The country around was barren and wild in the extreme. No vegetation covered the undulating plain, but, on the contrary, everything betokened that I had now entered on the Maremma. Some smoking salt-pits to the right added to the wildness of the scene. Even when apparently near the city, we were still many miles distant, as the road has to wind by many zig-zags to reach the lofty eminence on which it stands. Most of the ascent I walked, until at last, passing under the fortress of Mastro, we entered by a gate fronting the west. It seemed surprising at such a height to meet with shops, houses, and a living population.

'After breakfast, I inquired of my landlord if he could procure me any book on the subject of Volterra and its antiquities. He gave me one in Italian, and offered to request the loan of one in English from a countryman of my own in the house. The result was an invitation to the room of my compatriot, which I accepted, and found a genuine antiquarian and his niece, a Dr. Bromet, late of the First Life Guards, who

was quartered here for some days to explore the Etruscan monuments. He showed me a translation of Valery's Italy, which I read on Volterra, and then we had much conversation on architecture, antiquities, and things in general. We arranged to go together to the Museum, and what other places merited a visit.

'Our cicerone first took us to the Porta dell' Arco to the west of the town, behind the Cathedral, through which the view of the country below was very striking. The gate itself is Roman and Etruscan, and from its arches, its massive blocks, and three heads which ornament it without, well merits attention. Portions of the Etruscan as well as Roman wall appeared on either side.

'Returning to the town, we presented ourselves at the Museum, kept in the Hotel de Ville, and where a canon of the town awaited our arrival, to show the room which contains the most valuable relics, and which cannot be seen except in his company. Here the collection of remains is indeed most admirable; but our opportunity of viewing them was rather hurried. All instruments used in sacrifices—the knife, the rake for tearing out the entrails, the patera of libation, and the bowl for receiving the blood, were there in order; mirrors, also clasps, bracelets, and other ornaments of attire; vases of all ages, gods, writing materials, rings, chains, horse-gear, instruments for the baths, and the like, filled the drawers and shelves, from which a very faithful idea might be formed of the manners and customs of the Etrurians. In other chambers were inscriptions and statues, with an innumerable number of funeral urns, representing on their sides the Grecian

mythology, legends, fancies, and other stories. Were the latter arranged in order, they might throw light on the progress of art, as well as on the origin and intercourse of the early Etrurians. As it is, they corroborate Grecian story, and give a clue to the ideas, dress, and advancement of those ancient people.

'*October* 11.—(The Maremma.)—Upon the hill I had an opportunity of viewing more nearly the character of this desolate region. The soil is white and clayey, with scanty traces of cultivation. Here and there a solitary and very miserable farm-steading appears, separated from others like it by ravines and chasms. The houses are perched on the higher eminences just as the cities crowned the surrounding heights. The appearance of Volterra from below on its high and broad-backed hill was very imposing. About half way the country became more smiling, covered with rich woods and fields, and a far more numerous population. It rained much and heavily, but my courage did not fail. The approaching evening supplied me with many thoughts of home, so much did scenery and climate resemble those familiar to me.

'*October* 13.—(Sienna.)—Arriving at the hotel (de l'Aigle), I at first thought of going to bed till my clothes should be dried, but ultimately, through the landlord's suggestion, had dinner in a little parlour, where a cheerful wood fire was kindled for me, and my garments dried as I fed. I confess I had a damper, not counting upon such a disaster in Italy in the middle of October, but being in high health my spirits rallied, and in the evening I went out to explore and raise my thoughts above the accidents of time and sense.

'After breakfast went out to see the town, and first

to the Cathedral. It delighted me by its finished beauty, being decidedly one of the four finest I have seen in Italy—Milan, Florence, and Pisa the others. Within and without this one seems complete. The front is very rich, the campanile and dome handsome, but of course poor in comparison with those at Florence. The piazza in which the Cathedral stands is in harmony with it, and helps to set off its beauty. Within you know not what to admire most—the roof, the pavement of mosaic marble, the walls with frescoes more distinct than is usually the case, the stained windows, the dome, the pillars, all are admirable, and produce together quite a dazzling effect on the æsthetic. I stood for a long time at the entrance riveted with delight, and regarding this as one of the most finished epitomes of church architecture. I surrendered myself to its influence, resolving to do away with prejudice, and to try it on its own merits; the result I shall elsewhere state, and at greater length, having made a still larger induction; but impressions such as I this morning received are not forgotten, but help inconceivably to mould the ultimate judgment to which we come.

'I went to see a private gallery of paintings in the Casa Sanacini, containing some good ones; but what most struck me was a fresco in the chapel, of the Crucifixion, where the countenance of our Lord's mother fainting at the foot of the cross, fairly added an idea to my mind. You could see there her who had treasured in her heart all the promises given of her Son, marked all His perfect life, felt His Divinity, and yet who now saw Him expiring on the cross. A sword had pierced through her own heart, and the agonized, bereaved, disappointed mother, is admirably depicted.

I could have gazed at it for hours, so touching was it, and so true.

'*Sunday, Oct.* 14.—Another gloomy day; threatening rain. After breakfast, to the Cathedral, where again observed the mass, the endless movements and genuflexions of the priests, and the devout bearing of the people. At a side-chapel I saw the wafers distributed to several communicants. With much parade also, a priest, preceded by boys and candles, mounted the marble pulpit; but instead of an address as I expected, he chanted a little, looking through his eye-glass, and then walked down again. Can it be that the people receive any nourishment, either to faith or reason, by all this next to dumb show? The audience would have astonished the worshippers of Milan or Florence, being greatly composed of shaggy men from the hills, with hairy faces, thick rough cloaks often of skins, and huge shoes covered with mud.

'At half-past ten, I set off for the railway terminus, about two miles from the town, at the extremity of a tunnel not yet completed. It was to be consecrated; and being a religious service, I felt free to go. The way was covered with walkers and equipages of all sorts. Rain, alas! descended in torrents. On reaching the spot I was at first refused admittance to the covered stand; but on telling the guard I was a stranger and an Englishman, I was allowed to pass. Soon the Grand Duke arrived with his suite, in handsome state carriages, and alighted close to where I was standing. He was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian general; the Duchess looked well; two boys in military uniform were with them, and their daughter, fair and rather pretty. The bishop and his suite were already on the spot; an

altar was erected on a bridge, spanning the railway at the extremity of the tunnel. At the side of this stood the Grand Duke and his court, while in front the priests knelt, and muttered as usual. Below was a covered station, and several carriages filled with those invited to make the trip to Empoli and back. A line of soldiers was stationed along either side of the railway, on the top of the bank—first Italians, and then Austrians; two bands of the former played alternately. The bishop and priests descended to consecrate the carriages, I suppose; then returned to the altar, and then redescended to take their places in one. The Grand Duke and his suite also took their places, and after a series of shrill whistles, which greatly amused the Italians, the train moved on. The military and multitude returned to Sienna.

'This commending of the railway to God and His protection, with the acknowledgment of Him, in what with us is so entirely a secular affair of convenience and lucre, greatly pleases me; though, of course, when so much festivity must be mingled with it, I should have preferred another day for the purpose. Were I over critical, I might say that it is natural for Popery to seek to blend its influence with everything secular or spiritual, and that, as in education, it does so with the most baneful consequences; but I am willing in the beginning of my scrutiny to admire good, when I see it, without too closely investigating motives.

'Returning to the town, I dined; and as it still rained, read with unusual delight and unction the last chapters of the Acts. The thought of Paul's being at Rome, after many longings, and there for two whole years preaching the gospel without let or hindrance, is a bright Christian

souvenir amid so much that is intensely interesting but pagan. The waning year, the broken weather, the experience of how long it takes to visit such monumental cities, as well as the distance of Berlin, and the multitude of sights between—all concur in forcing on me the idea that I must make up my mind to winter at Rome. I do not, however, regard this as fixed; but seek with singleness of heart to know the Lord's will in the matter, assured that, insignificant as I am, He orders all my goings. Lord Jesus, whose I am, and whom I serve, dispose my heart and will as Thou seest good, and never leave me, never forsake me! Amid the gloominess of the day, and my loneliness in this place, I have not felt desolate—the Lord drawing near to me more than usually. I have dwelt with much endearment on His life on earth and His future reign, reading the Gospel of St. Luke. How sweet, too, is the recollection of past mercies and happiness! My home and my dear mother, Geneva, Meyer, and the services and friends of last Sunday, which rendered Leghorn to me a little Scotland—all passed before my soul, and afforded food for thanksgiving and pleasant meditation!

'*Oct.* 17.—By ten o'clock I was on my way to Bolsena, the ancient famous Volscinii. The country still continued richer than that I had traversed in Tuscany, with a rich red loam in the fields. The peasants were busy ploughing and sowing. Five miles on I reached San Lorenzo, and right before me at a considerably lower level spread the round plump lake of Bolsena. The sight of a sheet of water after so many arid hills refreshed me. Descending by the road I reached its banks, passing on the way the ruins of an extensive fortress, with innumerable caverns underneath and in the rocks opposite, some of which I

entered. I at first fancied it something antique, at the least mediæval, and was about to people its caves and courts with banditti and what not, when I was informed that here San Lorenzo had stood till very lately, when it was abandoned for a higher situation, from the insalubrity of the air. Thus we antiquaries (!) go adrift. After dinner I went round to explore Bolsena. The whole hill-side to the summit, and over a great extent of surface, is covered with debris and existing portions of walls and edifices; vines and copses are now everywhere plenty among them. There are numerous paved ways about, which must once have served for streets, and about the centre of the hill on a piece of table-land stands the well-defined circuit of an amphitheatre; the surrounding wall of strongly cemented stone, averaging five or six feet high. Nothing could be finer than the situation, looking westward over the fine sheet of water with its rim of gently rounded hills. The setting sun lit up lake and sky with its parting glory. It was already late when I started upon my journey, and a more solitary road I never took. Neither house nor person did I meet for many miles save two dragoons of the Pope in their wide cloaks and picturesque costumes with carbines, suggesting the idea of lurking banditti. The night set in with rain and pitch darkness. But the lights of the citadel in due time appeared, and I was at rest.

'*Oct.* 18.—(Viterbo.)—After breakfast I entered the town on its lofty hill, and could scarcely help smiling at the well-known dress and features of the well-known French soldiers in this strange Italy. A ruined castle crowned the summit, and there I enjoyed a magnificent view over the lake of Radicofani, and Monte Fiora still appearing in the distance. To the left, the sea beton

Corneto and Civita Vecchia; to the north, Viterbo, and a fertile country. I had been informed that there were Etruscan monuments at some distance from Viterbo, and hoped to visit them this afternoon, but nobody seemed to know anything about them, until one of two priests whom I accosted gave me all the information I desired, with the fulness of an antiquary and the politeness of a gentleman. I found, however, that it was too late this afternoon to visit either Caste d'Asso or Vite Orchio, and accordingly turned my steps again towards the town to explore its corners. I found it very filthy, but full, even in its lanes and alleys, of the architecture of the middle ages. One thing surprised me, that the churches all pointed out west, and even the dome seemed to me to look west instead of east. In pacing the antique city I had much the feeling of traversing the Canongate, or one of our own mediæval purlieus. It is still large, and, from the extent of the walls, must once have covered a still greater surface. The fountains are numerous, quaint, and very old. Some streets aspire to greater openness and fashionableness than the rest. I remarked the dark eyes and regular features of the women quite different from the Tuscans, as well as the tall, lank, solemn, picturesque appearance of the men. They are more like the Lombards, but still handsomer and wilder in their dress. I speak, of course, of the peasants everywhere in Italy. They certainly bear it in appearance over the conquerors, though inferior in tidiness and activity.

'*Oct.* 19.—On reaching the last summit between me and Rome, I looked down on the little Lago di Vico at my feet, and far southward recognised the extending plain of the Campagna, in which I felt certain Rome must

stand. I was right in my conjecture, and a carabinico whom I met pointed out the very spot, asserting that he himself could faintly distinguish some of the buildings. It was enough to know the fact, and I felt this moment the most romantic in my life.

'*Oct.* 20.—(Rome.)—An epoch in my life! Of course I lay awake all night, thinking of what was before me. Very early in the morning, as Lucifer indeed was just soaring above the horizon, we started for Rome. When day dawned, I discovered the desolate majesty of the Campagna through which we were passing, and which on this side, for more than twenty miles, separates Rome from common Italy. Broom, furze, brambles, and ferns, cover the whole face of this remarkable country, and the scanty attempts at cultivation serve only to render the wilderness more apparent. It is not that the soil is bad or incapable of produce, as in some parts of Tuscany—no, the vineyards and fields immediately around Rome attest the contrary—but that the common sympathy of mankind appears to have assigned this depth of mourning to the widowed queen of nations. No other homage more fitting to departed greatness—no setting more appropriate to be desired. The soul is thus attuned to melancholy long before you reach the walls of the Eternal City; and were it possible, you would weep, but that your sympathy lies too deep for tears. I never before felt such emotions as crowded this morning in my heart, nor shall I perhaps ever again, except I were privileged to visit Geddes, Greece, or Palestine! The long line of the Apennines, now *the* Apennines, because those of Horace and of Cicero, appeared more beautiful, visionary, and wavy, than I had anywhere else beheld them; and the situation of

Tivoli and Frascati were pointed out to me by one acquainted with the country. At last, about seven miles from Rome, the dome of St. Peter's appeared overtopping a low line of hill that hid the rest of Rome; but of course, admonishing me it was exactly there. Two miles farther on, we reached the tomb of Nero, and from this point Rome was visible. Like one bereft of reason, I called on the *voiturier* to stop, took my knapsack, paid him, and descended.

'After investigating the sarcophagus—which, placed on the top of a pedestal, contains some figures and an inscription I could scarcely make out for the weathering—I satiated myself with gazing on the Apennines, and recognising, from the line of rising fog and glancing water, the course of the Tiber. I then turned round and looked on Rome. The Apennines were precisely as I had pictured them, only more beautiful; approaching, however, to near the city on the south, instead of bearing away in hazy outline towards Lucania and Apulia. The city again appeared to me to lie too much in a hollow between a line of hills, and below the level of the Campagna. I had fancied it on the level, the hills rising above, and, save for them, commanding a view from every point of the Apennines towards the east, and the open country north, south, and west. I was disappointed, then, in finding the city and its hills not open but in a valley, so to speak, to which the road gradually but gently descended. Two miles farther on began the region of vineyards, and cultivation extremely rich and beautiful. About a mile from Rome I reached the Ponte Molle, near which, I think, were the head-quarters of the French army during the siege. Sad havoc among the trees, whole rows of which were felled; and the

partial demolition of the bridge attested the recent hand of war. I was able, however, to cross with the aid of planks. Before me now rolled the yellow Tiber, and my heart and head filled. It looked familiar, and I recognised it as an old acquaintance. St. Peter's and the Castle of San Angelo appeared on the right bank; on the left a multitude of domes and towers. Walking on a mile through a long suburb, I at length reached the Porta del Popolo, when, after regarding the further havoc on the Villa Borghese, without the gate, I uncovered my head, and entered the Eternal City!'

CHAPTER XII.

Rome—Letter to Rev. N. Macleod, with general description of Rome —Letter to R. Balfour, Esq.—St. Peter's—The Ghetto—The Mamertine Prisons—Walks in Rome—All-Saint's-Day—Palazzo Borghese—St. Peter's—Arnold—Romanism—English College—Studying Life in Rome—Christmas-Day there—Last day of 1849.

THE Letters and Diaries written by John Mackintosh during the seven months of 1849-50 that he resided in Rome, enter as fully into such details of his inner and outer life, as those interested in him would like to know; and they tell their own story so clearly, that no explanations are required to make them understood by the reader. My only difficulty has been, from the abundant materials afforded by these letters and diaries, to abridge their contents, and to select from them whatever was most characteristic of *what* he saw, and *how* he saw, in a city so full of undying interest as Rome.

DIARY.—'*Rome, Oct.* 20, 1849.—Took a walk on the Pincian Hill, above the gate by which I entered; and here I lingered long after the sun had set, and moon and stars succeeded. At Rome!—that was the one great thought; to continue the winter at Rome or not—that was the second. I am more inclined to hesitate from the wish to rejoin my mother, than from any other consideration, although at times it does occur to me—Are you worthy of all this training? go work like your com-

peers. I am so conscious of a willingness to suffer hardness as a soldier of Christ, when He shall call me to it, that the last thought little oppresses me. Nevertheless, O Lord, take the matter into Thine own hands! if it be Thy will I should depart, work in me to will and to do so; if otherwise, remain with me. Employ me now, and prepare me for future usefulness, and dispose my mother and my friends to acquiesce in this arrangement. Hear and answer me, O Lord, for to Thee do I look up!'

TO THE REV. N. MACLEOD.

'ROME, *Nov.* 28, 1849.

'DEAREST NORMAN, . . . Your letter, sweet as violets among moss, awaited me on my arrival here. From Geneva, more literally from Lausanne to Rome, is a long step; but I propose to take it, in bringing you up to the current of my present life and associations. Space would fail me to speak of the glorious beauties of Switzerland, certainly unattained by any description I have seen, however fine; as well as of the passage of the Alps, the descent into Italy, the wonders of her cities, the Apennines, Florence, Vallombrosa, the Mediterranean, and other places whose very names are epics. To write of all or any of these, I say, is impossible; but, God willing, the time may come when, veiled in my sable prose, they may be presented to your mind's eye over your own fireside, in a manner not to dazzle you with their excess of beauty. Meanwhile, in Rome, who dare think but of Rome? Six weeks have I now passed here in utter solitude, and they seem but a day; nor do I feel that I have more than scratched the mine that is yet fraught with exhaustless stores. Thankful I am to

have reached it when not too old to feel the glory and the dream. What a world-compendium it is! what an education! Nor can I fancy any complete, which does not include a certain portion of time passed within this echoing city. There is not a note of the soul that is not sounded, not a feeling of the heart that is not appealed to, and not a faculty of the mind that is not called into active exercise. Do you think that, from a distance, you can have any conception of what Rome was and is? Undeceive yourself—it is absolutely impossible; in my simplicity, I once thought so too, but every day now serves to show me how wide I was of the mark. But to descend from generalities, and touch on a few particulars—how very few! The hundred miles of Campagna, which serves for setting, is the first remarkability (*merkwürdigkeit*) that strikes you. This is a vast undulating plain, in width extending from the Apennines to the sea, and, except in the immediate vicinity of Rome, wholly abandoned to spontaneous produce. '*Cette terre fatiguée de gloire, qui semble dédaigner de produire*,' says Madame de Staël, and in one view the idea is apt enough; in another, it might be called the appropriate weeds of her majestic widowhood. Some thirty miles of this I traversed in approaching from the north, with a sounding heart, and hearing in my ears that magic music, which I am certain warns us when we approach the important epochs of our lives. You can have no idea of the effect of the Campagna on the soul, in preparing it for Rome, nor of the thrilling beauty of the Apenninian chain, as it stretches into the blue distance, and seems an elysium on which the spirits of Cicero, and Horace, and the rest might yet be wandering. Then old Tiber shows his fields, shining in the

solitude, and pointing like an arrow to the site of Rome. At last the Eternal City, perhaps under that aspect in which it is most eternal, its domes and minarets, and above all, St. Peter's, lettering the horizon. Then you enter, after crossing the river, about a mile to the northward, and find that modern Rome encounters you on this side, occupying the whole extent of what was the Campus Martius—a long, low plain between the Tiber and the seven hills. The streets are narrow, cold, and dark, and—as the population is somewhere about 160,000, crowded mostly into what was the mere field of exercise to old Rome—very closely compacted. There is something imposing even in those narrow streets, and they grow upon you with all the grandeur and gloom of the Middle Ages, but at first sight the impression is certainly disappointment. Is this the city of palaces and romance, of murders and carnivals, of Colonnas and Borgias, of Popes and Cardinals, the home of pilgrimages, the cradle of religious orders, the heart of Christendom! But all that realizes itself by and by; and you have only to open the flood-gates of this class of associations, and surrender yourself to the current, and then the thoughts go spinning down, until you see the Gregorys, and the Leos, and the Crusades, and hear the spiritual thunders, as though of yesterday.

'Nor are you without memorials of the classics even here. Immediately on entering, in the centre of a grand fountained piazza, stands a glorious obelisk, brought from On in Egypt, by Augustus, and where its fellow still remains, to show where rose the Temple of the Sun in the days of Moses! If this does not take you back into antiquity, what will? The Mausoleum of Hadrian, in the modern city across the Tiber, a vast

round building, like a Martello Tower, is now erected into the fortress of San Angelo; and the Mausoleum of Augustus, which once stood in the open Campus Martius, surrounded by gardens and walks, and which contained the ashes of Marcellus and the first Cæsars, is now built up into the modern Rome, and converted, alas! into a circus. The long Corso, the principal street of Rome, stretches before you in a direct line on entering, and carries the eye to the capitol. Of course I traversed it, almost closing my eyes to all else, and found myself, oh! joy of joys, and sorrow of sorrows, at the foot of the Capitol, in the Forum. Ancient Rome is thus entirely aloof and separate from the other; its hills and intervening depressions skirt the south and eastern position of the city, and cover a far more ample surface. Beginning with the river, which runs for the most part north and south in passing through Rome, they occur somewhat in this order,—the Aventine, most picturesque hill, now abandoned to a few convents overhanging it, and stretching eastward; the Palatine, covered with the ruins of palaces, north of the Aventine, and a little inland from the river; the Capitoline, north of this, and nearer the river's side; then northward, as I have said, the modern city. Eastward, again, from the Aventine, and with it forming the southern boundary, the Cælian, this hill partly occupied by modern buildings, among which the Lateran; then north from it, forming the eastern boundary of Rome, parallel to the river, but with the modern city of course interposed, first the Esquiline, on which stood the palace of Mæcenas, and probably the grave of Horace, next the Viminal and Quirinal, side by side; so that the Quirinal is thrust into modern Rome, and is covered

by the Pope's and other palaces. Lastly, the Pincian—which was not one of the famous Seven, but which overhangs the gate by which I made you enter Rome—has its northern extremity laid out in public gardens, from which you see Soracte and the Apennines, and on which, in conclusion, resides, and now writes, your humble servant. The walls of Aurelian, repaired by Belisarius and successive Popes, surround this vast circumference, and serve along their southern and eastern extent but to divide wilderness and vineyard, from wilderness and vineyard—for the hills, as I have mentioned, are almost void of habitation. Thus entering by the famous Appian gate on the south—by which, along the Appian Way, conquerors and their trains, proconsuls from the east coming from Brundusium, and nobles and senators from their villas at Baiæ, would approach the city—you now travel nearly two miles ere you reach the Forum, without meeting more than one or two solitary houses. Yet here it was that the thousands, if not millions, of old Rome lived and breathed. I know no more touching thing than to walk round Rome outside the walls; on one hand, looking over the desolate Campagna, and hearing the wind sighing among the reeds; on the other, looking up with reverence and regret on the *altæ mœnia Romæ*. The gaunt peasants working here and there among the reeds and vineyards, have a kind of wail as melancholy as that of the sea, and of which I am told the burden sometimes is—*Roma, Roma, Roma, non è più come era prima!* At all events, when I want this feeling—

> "Deep as first-love, and wild with all regret;
> Oh! death in life, the days that are no more!"

to be peculiarly vivid, I go towards evening to make

this pilgrimage, and if the full-eyed moon happen to rise over my head, and throw its pensive influence over wall and tower, I divest myself of all sympathy with the present, and seem to feel the toga hanging from my shoulder, and enter expecting to meet with Cicero, or the mighty Cæsar. Every gate, too, is connected with some mighty event in history. By this Alaric entered over-night with his Goths, and the glory was departed. Here Hannibal would have entered—this was betrayed to Totila and his Vandals; and again, by this Belisarius retook the prostrate city; last, though not least, by this St. Paul must have entered from Appii Forum, and the Tres Tabernae. Oh! glorious is the way by which he must have passed, though it had not then the ornaments that have come down to us. It was the same with that of the conquerors. Winding between the Aventine and Cælian, and then between the Cælian and the Palatine, you pass under the magnificent Arch of Constantine; then, leaving the gigantic Coliseum on the right, you slowly skirt the Palatine, passing between palaces on the one hand, and ruined temples on the other, until, at the top of a gentle slope, you reach the Arch of Titus. From this, the Forum bursts upon you with its pillars and porticoes, showing the wealth of temples that must have adorned it; then, by the Via Sacra, you descend and traverse it, and, if you please, ascend the Capitol at its extremity. No one could be disappointed with the remains and the appropriate condition of ancient Rome; and day after day, often with some classic in my hand, do I spend among them, recalling, repeopling, re-inhabiting, and gathering, as I may, that instruction and aggrandizement of spirit which they are so fitted to convey.

'But I daresay, dear Norman, though all this interests you—yet in the strong, practical nineteenth century, and religious bent of your mind—you would wish me rather to have enlarged on the city of the Pope. Well, its interest, always great, is daily increasing on my spirit. Of course I omit no opportunity of gathering such information, and making such observations as I can, but this must be the work of time; and it is especially in this point of view, that I have proposed to remain here for the winter; but we imbibe so much prejudice with our mother's milk; we have so much thrust upon us as the offspring of Calvin and of Luther, that I am anxious calmly to examine for myself, and have my judgment of the Romish system intelligent and candid. I know *you* will approve of this, and would not have me, at my years, to come here a ready-made judge, instead of a patient learner and observer; nor do I think that the vulgar mode of argument, what may be called the *slang* of the question, is what will avail in the coming struggle. Now it seems to me that as I am not flying through Rome, as I intended, this answer to your letter will please you better than a more direct one, and I hope to hear so soon. Briefly, you cannot but be conscious that you are here in the city of the Pope; there is great solemnity, great decorum, great gravity—no sights by day or night are suffered to offend the eye—the streets are early silent—even swearing is repressed by law. On Sunday all shops shut; day and night the air is melodious with church or convent bells; and where service is performed, it is generally well attended; but, then, what is that service? Ah! there is the question: at first sight the grossnesses present themselves; but I want to read, and probe, and hear what is to be said

that reconciled a Bellarmine, a Pascal, and a Bossuet to what offends me. As far as I can learn, the mass of the Romans are republicans, and would wish the government vested in the laity. Many of those, however, would retain the Pope, even as a temporal sovereign, and are stanch Catholics; the others are infidels, and only talk of Protestantism because they hate the priests. Strange to say, even where the priests are notoriously corrupt, which is not specially the case here, the Catholic Italian distinguishes carefully between the man and his office. I cannot hear of anything permanently effected by Protestant efforts during the Republic. Of course all clubs are now dissolved; the cardinals, who are displeasing all parties by their vindictiveness, having quickly put a stop to them. I saw a gentleman who had visited the Inquisition during the Republic, and described its dungeons in blackest colours; but, of course, they are now closed again for ages to come. There is little doubt, the Pope was on the eve of returning, when the new somerset in the French Chambers deterred him. He is personally loved. Being of a liberal family, he wished reforms, and began them most judiciously, thereby alienating all the Cardinals and High Church party. The return he met with for this from the people, unaccustomed to any concession of political influence, was demand upon demand, until he was besieged in the Vatican, and forced to flee. They have thus themselves chiefly to blame for the re-imposition of the galling yoke. When he returns, he will be welcomed, for he is better than the cardinals; and without him trade, etc., languish. Now I must reserve many remarks I have already made, and many more I hope to make, for a future letter, where you shall have no

rubbish about old Rome. How grateful all your views of home! My warmest love to your dad, the Doctor, your mother, and all others. How blessed you are in your work! yes, I will say even from amid the fascinations of Rome, how enviable! I wish I could get Meyer here—but it would be impossible. Thanks, thanks for your loving counsel, which was not unneeded, nor, I hope, unprofitable. Blessed be God, He restores my soul often by sharp chastisements, reminding me that I am a son and not a bastard. You are daily in my prayers, and I ever am your fondly attached.—Yes, you shall have the best view of Rome that I can procure, and aught else I can think would interest you—a friend to whom I owe many of the happiest hours of my life, much mental development, and not a few faithful and well-timed warnings—a friend, the thought of whom brightens my future.'

TO ROBERT BALFOUR, ESQ.

'ROME, *Feb.* 22, 1850.

'MY VERY DEAR BALFOUR, . . . On the subject of the Academy—could I be forgetful of it here, where I know not whether the images of early days, or the records of the great Romans themselves, predominate in my mind, or are most touching? We little know the harvest of delight which is being prepared in boyhood with its pains, and little did I then suspect how wisely we were made acquainted with the history, literature, and institutions of old Rome. The ages are not unconnected—the human family is still the same, and often with amazement do I now recognise analogies of which I never dreamt before. . . . I traversed the Alps with the

emotions of a hero, and descended into those plains which our fancy has almost celestialized. Much, however, as the north of Italy struck me, it was not till I again crossed the Apennines and reached Florence, that I realized all that poets have sung of earth, air, and sky. Finally, I distinguish in this respect even between Florence and Rome. Here, here it is that you have a liquid ether overhead, that seems to lend its character to every object, and invest the most common with the glory of a dream. The sky is perfect whether by night or day. Rome speaks with a majesty of sorrow that never ceases to solemnize and impress—the Campagna, a vast wilderness, in which, with a narrow border of cultivation, Rome is placed, seems never to have acknowledged the Christian era, but mournfully to count from the foundation of the city; destitute of all buildings save the ruins of antiquity, majestic aqueducts and sepulchres —the ghosts of greatness; yet, oh! the beauty of the wild flowers, "fresh with childhood," that cover its grassy turf; the gladness of the lark that shouts above, only rendering its melancholy more touching; the lovely views of the Alban and other hills that line it, and where each modern town, gleaming whitely on their flanks, marks the site of some famous place—Alba Longa, Tusculum, Præneste, Tibur; so that it is positively more easy to live in the past than in the present. I am more than satisfied with Rome; I am in love—intoxicated; and how I am to break the chain when the sad time comes, I know not; but come it must, and that soon. . . .

'My dear Balfour, although you may think me a great truant, I long to be once more among my dear friends, surrounded by those means of grace so necessary for

personal religion, and with those opportunities of usefulness, no less a privilege than a duty. If the Lord will, I trust that this time may be near; but in the meantime, it is incumbent to work where I am. I find that every situation has its discipline, and if we are the Lord's children and walking in His ways, that He will not fail to guide us, whether by chastisement or by encouragement. But for this, I know not where I might now be —with so much to engross the spirit, and offer a happiness, as it were, apart from God. I believe I have your prayers, as you have mine; and when you write, do not fail to say what you think may quicken or reprove me.'

DIARY.—'*Sunday, Oct.* 21.—(St. Peter's.)—Having formed the resolution to dismiss all prejudice, and regard the Roman Catholic religion with as much respect as possible in examining its merits and demerits, I was not a little staggered, just after reverting to my purpose, by observing the superstitious reverence paid to a statue of St. Peter. I had forgotten this famous statue was here; and so, in passing it, had wondered at the peculiar appearance of one of the feet. Soon, however, a respectably-dressed man came up, did obeisance, and then placed his head under the foot, concluding by wiping and kissing it. This process was gone through by many persons of all ranks, mothers holding up even their infants to render the homage. My assumed respect gave way for the moment to a smile. At last, without on this occasion observing the church in its details, I sat down upon a bench, and read through the Epistle to the Romans with much attention and admiration. I suppose I spent about three hours in this delightful study, after which I left the church.

'*Oct.* 22.—My steps were turned by the Piazza di Minerva, where is an obelisk once dedicated to her, now to Mary, towards the quarter of the Ghetto. I soon reached it, between the Capitol and the river. It is of considerable extent, and entirely occupied by Jews. There they have continued since the days of Claudius and Nero, hedged off as it were from their fellow-citizens, as though their touch were pollution. I confess that on seeing them with their strongly-marked Israelitish features, old men and maidens, young men and children, my heart for the first time warmed towards the living Jews. It seemed as if but one day intervened between the time when they were visited by Paul, and persecuted by the Romans. Outcast Israel!—there was something touching in their looks, especially of the old, as though Zion were still written on their hearts. Still, too, beloved of God, and excluded only for a season, faith could leap over this future interval as easily as the past, and see them once more within their own borders. There was nothing inharmonious in the sight of them amid so much that is venerable, as may be said of the modern Romans; nay, more antique than all, they throw a shade on the monuments that surround them.

'*Oct.* 24.—The custode conducted me to the tower on the summit of the chief Senator's palace upon the Capitol. Workmen were busy repairing the tower, part of the edifice, once, I believe, a prison. From the top what a prospect, whether as regards its natural, poetical, or historic interest. Rome ancient and Rome modern beneath you, with their monuments of almost all the epochs the world has seen; beyond, the mountains with their classic heights and villages; north, but especially south, the vast tract of the Campagna, by no means the

least interesting, or even the least poetic feature of Rome. It harmonizes with, and indeed contributes to this character of "a living death." It has all the solitary dreariness of the sea, with this in addition, that its breath is deadly. Soracte ends the chain of mountains to the north.

> "Here would I sit, and haply meditate,
> Until my soul were *channeled* by the Past
> Conducting to the Future; for deem not
> Those seven hills have played their farewell part."

'As I descended from my elevation, French troops were again deploying through the Arch of Titus and the Forum. Never before did old Rome appear to me so:

> "Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;"

uttering not a word; yet the very ground seemed to me to heave with indignant sorrow that the foreign conqueror should thus trample on her holiest spots, where the memory of the dead should have awakened reverence and awe. There is nothing in the world so touching as fallen majesty enduring insult.

'*Oct.* 25.—Descended to the Forum, and again more fully identified its remains from the Arch of Severus to that of Constantine. The Forum, of course, ended at the Temple of Antoninus, but all this open ground I include in the term. As I stood towards sunset, between the Arch of Titus and of Constantine, and filled up the picture with those churches, baths, palaces, and columns, of which the fragments, often only the sites, now remain, I became conscious of the magnificent spectacle which must have greeted the Roman's eye as he entered the city by the Via Appia. Advancing between the beautiful Cælian and Palatine, he would skirt round the latter

to the left, passing, in after times, under the Arch of Constantine, then ascending to that of Titus between magnificent baths and palaces, until at this point he came in sight of the Forum with its wealth of temples, and the Capitoline, no less decorated, beyond. I can fancy nothing more sumptuous, whether for natural or historic interest; and this stand-point, just beyond the Arch of Titus, must be one of my favourites. It is probable that the Via Sacra passed under this Arch, and onwards by that of Severus to the Capitol—favourite walk of Horace, as he tells us. Entered the Coliseum again, and thought of Ignatius and the Christian martyrs, repeopling it with spectators. As I mused, many passed, stopping reverentially to kiss a cross on the centre. An indulgence is promised them for this, but were it spontaneous, I could not but be moved by the sight, and indeed was so.

'*Oct.* 26.—Made for the Mamertine prisons below the Capitol. They are of republican construction, or rather regal. You descend to them by a staircase beneath the Church of St. Giuseppe. The upper one is vaulted, I believe, in Etruscan style, and a round hole in the floor communicated with the lower, a small dungeon cut and built in the rock, not much more than six feet high, and formerly without either light or air. A frightful place; here Jugurtha was starved to death; here Catiline's accomplices were strangled; and here, says tradition, Peter and Paul were confined nine months. The impression of Peter's face was shown me on the rock, carefully protected by an iron grating. Also a well which he is said to have caused to flow, in order to baptize his converted jailers. I tasted it. It was fresh enough; and my guide drank a jug of it to convince me

it was not stagnant. Nevertheless, I have some doubts of its source being there. Above is a shrine to Peter and Paul, entered from the street; and all day, apparently, the faithful frequent it with offerings and pravers. The heat was suffocating.

'On leaving the Palatine, I returned and dined; then, by moonlight, retraced the Corso, that I might see my favourite spots under its bewitching influence. There was an opiate in the air which had the same effect as the Schlangenbad waters; it made one in love with everything, even with himself. I seemed walking in a dream, even as I trod the crowded streets; how much more when I got among columns, arches, and the poetry of ruins! A mellow light suffused them, and a balmy atmosphere enveloped, that might have tempted the old Romans from their tombs.

'How soft and visionary the pillars of Vespasian's and Saturn's Temples, as if steeped in the sleep of centuries! the Palatine, in the shade, dark and haunted looking; the Arch of Titus grand, but still more that of Constantine; and the romantic road between the Palatine and Cælian, bearing away from the Appian gate. And then, too, the Coliseum; but here I felt the contrariousness of my nature, which will not go in the beaten track. So much has been said and sung of it, and so many visit it by moonlight, that I could only see, not feel, or at least not feel to enthusiasm, its beauty. Yet beautiful it was, grand, sublime, a world-creation. Its bulk impresses me more on passing between it and the Esquiline than even from its centre. Home again by the Corso, without being stabbed, robbed, or aught else. O for one hour of Cicero in the Forum, to awake once more the nobility of Roman spirit! Or rather once

more for Paul to confute and set right his followers who worship his slightest relic, and yet steep their hands in the blood of the saints, his true successors: "Ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets!"

'*Oct.* 27.—In spite of last night's sleeplessness, I have never had a day in which the past stood more vividly before my eyes. Passing the Coliseum, and looking towards the Esquiline, I had Horace, Mæcenas, and Virgil so distinctly realized, that I could have continued for hours in their company: Horace, the lover of wine and good cheer, the admirer of pretty girls, writing with ease his odes, and reciting them at his next interview with Mæcenas; talking, too, with him of other matters, as of Augustus—still a marvel to them as the first Emperor, feared and yet loved, and flattered for his favours; and then the politics of the Roman world—architecture, rural matters, men, manners, and what not. Virgil, too, caressed at court, but a separate spirit. His visit to Greece, and the talk it would occasion before and after! How singular the suddenness of this transition from a Republic to an Empire! and what a clever fellow Augustus must have been, to effect and perpetuate it! I thirst to read an intelligent history of the gradually predisposing causes of this in the wane of the republican spirit, and the misguided conspiracy against the first Cæsar.

'*Sunday, Oct.* 28.—On entering the Porta Angelica, I was much shocked at this barefaced perversion of Scripture, printed in large characters on the church adjoining the gate:—"Let us therefore come boldly to

the throne of Mary, that we may find mercy to pardon, and grace to help in time of need"—the original of course in Latin. Take the most favourable view of Popery, overlook their priesthood, their Pope, even their restriction of Scriptures, and such a breach of the first commandment is staggering. O Lord, lead me into all truth! Enable me to form an impartial and correct judgment of this part of professing Christians, and on other points keep me from error, and guide me by Thy Spirit; above all, may the love of Christ dwell richly and habitually in my heart, and bring forth in me the fruits of godly living.

'*Thursday, Nov.* 1.—Church-bells ringing tumultuously, followed by the firing of cannon, awoke me at an early hour this morning. It was All-Saints'-Day, and hence the demonstration. After breakfast, I deliberated how I should spend it, and repaired to Trinità del Monte, the nearest parish church. Although ten o'clock, the hour of service, no mass was being celebrated, but a few worshippers were scattered in a church of great beauty, where the bright light of day was subdued and hallowed before we entered, and the fragrance of incense told gratefully on the senses. Nothing loath, I joined the worshippers in silent prayer—perhaps the only circumstance in the Roman Catholic ritual where I feel inclined, nay prone, to unite with them. Those churches, ever open, and affording a calm retreat from the bustle and ungodliness of the world, refresh the spirit.

'After my devotions, I found that I was a prisoner, the church belonging to a convent of nuns, employed in the education of children of the upper classes. One of the venerable ladies, however, whom I had observed moving about, pointed out to me a side entrance by

which I could escape. I did so with feelings of respect for this church and convent; and as it was one of those clear-heavened days, when summer is bequeathing her trust to approaching winter, I could not resist the temptation of walking round the Pincian gardens, and admiring the set outline of dome and mountain. Many thoughts crossed my mind on the various topics which Rome suggests, ere I regained my rooms, and indited a long letter to my mother.

'This finished, it was two o'clock, and I sallied out for St. Peter's, where vespers were to be celebrated at three. It was a complete Roman holiday—every shop shut, and the people all arrayed in holiday attire. St. Peter's reached, I found service going on in one of the side-chapels, where apparently three orders of dignitaries were ranged at either end, the altar in the centre, and the organ-loft with a choir of men above. The anthem was very long, and well played and sung. Then followed chanting below, with manifold mysterious forms; priests coming forward in pairs, and chanting a few words at the desk; boys detaching, and setting up a different frontispiece to the altar; priests scattering incense around each other in succession, etc. etc. Taking the most favourable view of the matter, I had to admit that, whatever might be the profit to themselves, the bystanders were little included: not but that they were a numerous company in themselves, and might have their hearts occupied in devotion; yet, such as yet appears to me the genius of this religion, the masses are not suitably taken in. . . . During the mass they may have some profitable idea of what is going on, or typified; but in general, how little can their worship be "with understanding!"

'Coming home, I meditated more on the crying objections to the system, which indeed led to the Reformation; the indubitable worship of the Virgin; the unlawful canonizing of saints, and praying to them; the institution of purgatory; with prayers for the dead; and the shameful system of indulgences. The primacy of Peter and institution of the Pope, the withholding of the Scriptures, the sacrifice of the mass, the confessional, crossings, holy water, etc., appear as nothing in comparison with the former. They admit of being even artfully defended and vindicated from Scripture; but the other, especially the worship of the Virgin, seem to be the very height of wantonness, and I should like to have the introduction of this latter satisfactorily explained as to time and probable cause.

Spent the evening in my rooms, and, among other things, read the catalogue of the saints in Hebrews xi., who all "lived by faith."

'*Nov.* 2.—From the Porta Pia, near which also to the left, within the walls, were the gardens of Sallust, I peeped without to the Porta Salaria, by which Alaric entered with his Goths and sealed the fate of Rome, one of the great landmarks in history. Thence I passed, still without the walls, by the now closed Porta Pincia, where Belisarius is said to have sat and begged alms after his degradation; and onwards under the Pincian Hill and the Muro Torto, to the Porta del Popolo. The traces of Belisarius's repairs are still most visible in the walls, forming a contrast by their coarseness with the compact brickwork of the rest. The Muro Torto is at the north-east angle, and differs in construction from the rest, besides having an enormous rent, and inclining forwards in one point so as to threaten to fall; so it was in the

days of Belisarius, and before him, as minutely described by Procopius.

'It is impossible to describe the feeling of loneliness and melancholy, and the many thoughts that crowd upon the mind, in thus wandering round the bulwarks of the Eternal City. Within, modern habitations everywhere meet the eye; but here, it is the very shell of old Rome herself. You have pre-eminently, too, the feeling of having got back to what is anterior to all our modern stream of civilisation. The Middle Ages, the Crusades, the tournaments, the monasteries, the abbots, the international wars, the revolutions; the poets, philosophers, historians; the discoveries, inventions, reformations, and modern society—all are before you; and you are able, as it were, to look down the wondrous stream. What a mighty, what a wonderful thing, this destiny of the world, slowly but certainly evolving!

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men grow greater with the process of the suns."

'After dinner, I went to the reading-room, and there learned from the Times' Correspondent, things of which I might live months in Rome, as I am now doing, and not hear a word about them. As, for example, about the converted priest Achilli, and of a young gentleman, not named, who had taken part with the Republicans, and was now under sentence of banishment by the cardinals. Happening to speak of the Inquisition to a friend at the table, another gentleman with dark flowing beard and moustachios, whom I had taken for an Italian, told me he had visited it during the Republic, and had found it a horrible succession of dungeons, descending deeper and deeper without air or light, situated to the

left of St. Peter's as you approach from the Grand Place. This led me to speak to him of other matters connected with Roman affairs, and, finally, I asked him who the young gentleman was of whom I had been reading. "I am," he replied, and astonished me not a little. He pointed out a letter to me in the *Daily News* in which he recounts his interview some weeks ago with the cardinals, and the ground he takes up as having never conspired, or wished to conspire, against the Pope or any Government; but simply, seeing Rome abandoned by them to anarchy, that it was his duty as a good citizen to do all in behalf of order. In this cause he acknowledged to me that he had gone out to Garibaldi against the Neapolitans, and shot their leader. At Albano where he has a villa, he had, as a magistrate of the Republic, succeeded in maintaining order against the French. He did not fight, but on the contrary, attended and aided the prisoners. His name is Dr. Milligan, and he has been twenty years at Rome and Albano. The true cause, he says, of the hatred of the priests towards him is, that they forcibly detained his brother's children (their mother being a Roman Catholic) during twelve years, in spite of all the remonstrances of the father. And during the Republic, Dr. Milligan urged his brother, who is a physician to the Sultan, to come to Rome and take his children, which he did. This the priests knew and resented. He described them as fearfully dissolute and abandoned in their lives. Every branch of the government, he said, needed reform, and the Romans themselves were a fine people, but kept in ignorance and pupilage by the priests. The Pope himself was well meaning, but very weak. The Circolo Popolari and Circolo Romano, to the last of which he belonged, had been suppressed as well

as all clubs. The Romans were of two kinds, thorough infidels, of no religion at all, the rest imbeciles and bigots, and whatever was the field for religious effort among them lately they had no thoughts of a religious movement themselves; although he knew many of the middle classes who would be ripe for some living change, were it presented to them. I heard much more from him that was interesting, viewed of course as the statements of one side of the matter. The papers speak as to the speedy return of the Pope, and why not?

'*Nov.* 6.—The first point in this day's walk at which I touched the banks of the Tiber was the Pons Fabricius, leading to the island, and adjoining the Ghetto. It is one of the six Roman bridges (seven if we include its continuation to the farther shore), three of which still stand, and correspond to the existing ones in use; the other three are in ruins. The Ponte Molle, being without the city, I have not included. The Jews again interested me by their looks, and I remarked what I had not seen before, a Roman Catholic chapel just opposite their quarter, with a figure of Christ on the cross painted outside, and these words in Latin, "All day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people, etc.," with others in Hebrew. Not a very likely means of winning the Jews to repentance. . . .

'I turned round upon the Monte Testaccio, so called from its being artificially composed of tiles and débris. It is of considerable height, and commands a glorious view: to the north, the city and the distant Soracte; to the west, the plain of the Tiber, where a small river steamer was slowly wending its way up, suggesting many thoughts and contrasts. At its feet the pyramid

of Cestius, taking under its protection the interesting little Protestant—I might say English—cemetery. The wide sweep of the walls now at this quarter, but separating one set of fields from another, the numerous tombs and monuments outside the walls to the south, the hills of Albano and Frascati, beyond on the east giving back the glow of evening. The sun had just gone down in resplendent glory, and the pensiveness and deep instructiveness of the scene I shall never cease to remember.

'*Nov.* 11.—Felt discouraged at this continued want of repose and consequent debility; yet endeavoured to fortify myself in God, and recognise His will as mine, being in no sense my own. Went out to dine, and then returned and read Dr. Cappadose's conversion, in Italian, as well as the Scriptures. "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me not be ashamed."

'*Monday, Nov.* 12.—A betterish night, but still something lacking; I am colded, jaded, and not myself. Studied, and not least the seraphic sky above my head, visible in extensive canopy from my windows, and for this, or indeed for any season, how wonderful, how sublime!—an airy vault so delicately blue that you might think to pierce it, and discover behind the heaven of heavens! My windows look upon a terraced garden, pretty withal, even now, and well kept; but, above all, here the merry pipe of birds heralds the dawn, and gives the idea of a second spring. They are birds of passage, visiting old Rome on their way to a yet more genial climate; and, like tourists, they are to be found chiefly among the ruins, the Coliseum, the Palatine, the Aventine, and Caracalla's Baths, forcing a smile upon their heavy features by their blithe merry din. In the afternoon I visited the Museum of the Capitol. In the Cor-

ridor many of the busts pleased me, especially those of Juno and Jupiter, most expressive of the best heathen conception of these personages. The hall of the Emperors also most interesting. This bust of Julius Cæsar answers to one's expectations, with its grave thoughtful countenance; Augustus, haughty and refined; the others, for the most part, as elsewhere. Noble statue of Agrippina in the centre, with all the grace and dignity and character of a Roman matron, the mother of Germanicus. Hall of the philosophers: Virgil, elegance and power mingled in that long, oval, half-feminine countenance.

'*Nov.* 13.—Two young Englishmen accompanied me through the ruins—most gentlemanly, pleasant fellows. On quitting, I ascended the Coliseum to witness sunset. Down he went—

> "Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright;
> But one unclouded blaze of living light!"

The view of the Capitol, the Palatine, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the ruined temples, the woody Cælian, the Esquiline, the Quirinal, and the Alban Hills, again, as ever, sank into my soul. However low I may be otherwise, the genius of this part of Rome never fails to move me. How beautiful the vista through the Arch of Constantine, bright as the future, though leading, it may be, only to ruin! The grey banks of the Coliseum, and the red walls behind, look from above still more imposing, and can be more readily understood, and restored in fancy to their pristine glory. I believe I should never have tired of dreaming here, but dusk compelled me to descend. Home then, meditating upon other days.

'*Nov.* 15.—Study, and at two to Museum of Capitol. Again regarded the statues of the Corridor, and struck with this:—that all the finest heads, whether male or female, gods or men, might find their types among the physiognomies of England; but of no other country I have visited, not even Rome itself. Again delighted with Agrippina and Virgil.

'*Nov.* 17.—Another Roman week ended, during which I have experienced much goodness, mingled with trial. O my Saviour, enable me to regard myself as Thine, and to acknowledge and believe in Thy wisdom, whatever Thou art pleased to send me! Grant that to-morrow my soul may be refreshed and urged heavenwards by Thine own gracious Spirit.

'*Sunday, Nov.* 18.—At eleven, to church—a large congregation. Again an admirable sermon from Mr. Bazett, on the Syrophenician Woman. My heart warmed to him for his truth and faithfulness, mixed also with so much encouragement and tenderness.

'I think my daily practice here, in endeavouring to realize past times, communicates its effects also to my Scripture-reading and other studies; at least I feel a new zest in picturing the circumstances under which the prophecies were delivered—the effect they would have; and then again, still farther, in projecting the thoughts to their accomplishment.

'Afternoon—another beautiful sermon, on the Lost Sheep. Home again, and read some chapters of John, endeavouring to get out of the accustomed formality and stereotyped ideas with which I read them, and to accompany the Lord as did the disciples, seeing and hearing him speak. This gives a new light, life, meaning, to the whole.

'*Nov.* 20.—Out at two, and to St. Peter's, pausing on the way at the Palazzo Borghese, one of those vast gloomy dwellings so numerous at Rome; and tenanted, for aught I know, by the lineal descendants of the proud patrician Romans of old times. No symptoms of life—a cold cloistered quadrangle, with here and there a liveried servant, lounging or stealing along; statues in front, and a little, irregular, wall-environed garden behind, where fountains dribble, and statues are again interspersed among the little walks and plots. I should like much to know the interior life of one of those prison palaces. I believe it is cold, stately, and uncomfortable enough. The inmates are, I presume, to be seen driving on the Pincio at four; and very grave and joyless they look to my eyes, as those who were regretting other days, or oppressed by the weight of dignity they had to sustain. A portion of the palace is now generally allocated to French officers, and, I believe, in the season of Rome, is wont to be let to strangers.

'Leaving, then, this romantic edifice, I proceeded on my way, specially regarding, *en passant*, the bridge and fortress of San Angelo. Some little boys also emerging from a free school, near the Piazza of St. Peter's, arrested my attention, from the ridiculous manner in which the full-grown Roman was miniatured in their features, dress, attitudes, and expressions. Such schools abound; and one just opposite my windows, in the Via Sistina, daily interests and amuses me. I see the rogues muster at eight; then hear their chant at commencing; then the reading singly, in a bawling voice, as at our own parish schools, only more musical; then the reading, or rather cantilating, in chorus. The

wandering attention of the boys near the window, the exertions of the worthy gowned pedagogue, the occasional rebukes—all recall vividly my own early days, when, amid languishing and *ennui*, I was laying up the rich harvest of association I am now reaping among the monuments of Rome. I am thus glad to say that the usual happiness of boyhood has with me been reserved for a later period of my life.

'St. Peter's is indeed stupendous, though the criticisms must be right, which blame the façade and porch—a departure from Michael Angelo's plan—for taking away from the overpowering effect of the dome, which in most parts of the Piazza it conceals. Then that forest of gigantic pillars on either side of the Piazza—what a conception—what a creation! Entered, and stood long looking over the area, and then slowly upwards to the ceiling. Walk down one of the side aisles; see what magnificent Cathedrals might be made even of the transverse sections, what churches of the side-chapels! Stop at various stages of your progress, and see what a vast edifice might be even the section you have traversed, and thus you will arrive at some idea of the enormous area of the whole. The eye and mind require some such process as this, otherwise the immensity is, from the admirable proportions of the whole, not adequately comprehended. The lightness of the vast acculminating dome also impressed me. It seems to partake of the ethereal nature of Italian skies—an epitome of the heaven bent above it, or of one still more ample, more divine. The mellow light of evening compensated for the absence of an artificial gloom, and no doubt lent mystery and indefinite grandeur to the whole.

'Having replenished for the night the ever-burning

lamps of the sepulchre in the centre, the verger chanted the retreat, and the temple was soon cleared of all human occupants; but I doubt not that, as Milton says of earth's fairest spots, "myriads of spiritual creatures" hover round it, both when we wake and when we sleep! The erection of this temple stands on the verge of the Reformation, and indeed, from the shameful traffic in indulgences, sanctioned for its completion, may be said to have occasioned it. It may fairly, however, as some one says, be claimed alike by Protestants and Catholics, as a temple worthy of its end—next to that which the Creator has Himself reared in the external world; inferior, however, both to the humble and contrite heart!

'*Monday, Nov.* 26.—Continuation of bad, muggy weather. Forenoon, read some of Cornelius Nepos, to remind me of my school days. The life of Miltiades and Themistocles told with what beauty and simplicity! —gems both: in some respects he may be called the Izaak Walton of the Latins. How Greece "unvisited" shines to the mental eye! I think I see the beautiful pillars of her temples defined against the sapphire sky—not a name, not a river, not a mountain, not an island, but is music to the soul. Were it put in my power, I know not that I would risk the dissipation of this dream by an actual visit. It is otherwise with Rome; for here the interests bear upon the present and the future; while of Greece, they are more as it were a consecrated vision, like her own mythology.

'*Saturday, Dec.* 1.—Advent is approaching, and I desire to put my thoughts in unison with those of the churches around me; to meditate specially on that great epoch when the Desire of all Nations appeared, and the deep night of heathenism, broken only by uncertain

gleams, gave way before the light of Him who has introduced life and immortality.

'At this season Rome is crowded with shepherds from the mountains, clad in their wild mountain dress, and playing in couples a kind of rude bagpipe, called in Italian *zamponia*. They are hired to play before the images of the Virgin; and, I believe, to represent those shepherds of Bethlehem, who paid their early homage to the Saviour. The music is particularly shrill and discordant; and could we suppose the original to have been such, it would diminish somewhat the exquisite relish which this anecdote of the morning has for the imagination and the heart.

'*Tuesday, Dec.* 4.—To-day, for the first time since leaving Zurich, I have felt positively dejected. I know not exactly why, but things do not seem to go well with me here. Yet, O my Father, I desire to recognise Thy discipline, and to profit; give me Thy grace, for without Thee I can do nothing, through Thee all things!

'*Dec.* 5.—I find that all subjects of interest here are diminishing to me, in comparison with the study of the Roman Catholic Church and its tenets. God give me grace and opportunity to investigate the question candidly, humbly, and prayerfully.

'*Sunday, Dec.* 9.—Morning service; then home, and after the Scriptures, read Arnold's noble introduction, directed against the Tractarian's idea of the priesthood and succession. What power—what adamantine integrity, purity, nobility of purpose!

'This has been to me a most sweet day. The gracious calm and absence of discomfort in my new abode, after my former sufferings; the leisure my spirit now had to review past mercies with gratitude, and past short-

comings with contrition; above all, the delightful sense of Christ's favour and presence, the Spirit witnessing with my spirit, filled me with peace and joy, and no weariness of mind or body has visited me through my unbroken solitude: "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than when the blessings of the worldling do most abound."

'*Monday, Dec.* 10.—This morning read one of Arnold's sermons; how admirable for exalted views, pure expression, and happy illustration! I have no doubt his sermons have told most favourably on the English as well as other pulpits.

'*Wednesday, Dec.* 12.—The Roman Catholic controversy, as well as other subjects, occupied my mind. Following out rapidly the promises to St. Peter and the apostles, and all that can be learned on the subject from the New Testament, I confess I drifted very widely from any approximation to Romanism: I found myself recalling that form of doctrine, worship, and government, exhibited in the new Church of Geneva. The laity must exercise their Christian functions as a portion of the spiritual Church; otherwise you have already taken the first step towards the substitution of the clergy for the Church. How genial, how warning, consoling, sanctifying, the spiritual worship of a truly evangelical church or body of believers!

'Passing along the street, I observed a little knot of women chanting the Litany of the Virgin, in Latin, before one of her images. One acted as coryphæus, and the rest gave the responses. Poor souls, thought I, the Lord may hear and answer your prayers, directed in your ignorance, to one who cannot hear and intercede!

The reflex influence of this devotional spirit, too, may be wholesome; though how far short of the same, rightly directed, and how terrible the blame of those, if such there be, who have wilfully and knowingly misguided you!

'At home,—a quantity of Seymour, who, from his own account, is well read in the Roman Catholic controversy; but appears to have met with sad men of straw as his opponents. The importance of the style, coupled with the lightness of the matter; his exceeding *naïveté*, in exposing the workings of his mind and heart; the somewhat Jesuitical position which he himself assumes, in order to have discussions with the Jesuits, and yet not be sent away from Rome, are amusing. A worthy, good man, I have no doubt; belonging to the happy, contented, fully persuaded, comfortable, useful body of evangelical English pastors.

'*December* 14.—Met Hemans by appointment, and to the English College, near Farnese Palace. Immediately on entering the College I was struck with the English air of solidity and comfort which pervaded it; strong walls, well closed doors, clean and spacious corridors. We ascended until we met his friend, Mr. Devy, who received us with very great courtesy. After pacing the lobby for some time, he took us to a small lecture-room, with a good fire burning, where the lectures are at present given, while the Collegio Romano is closed; the subjects being, moral philosophy for an hour in the forenoon, dogmatic theology for an hour in the afternoon. A small chapel opens from this, in part painted with great taste by an amateur, Mr. Weld, a barrister by profession. From this we visited a kind of saloon or sitting-room, most comfortable and neat, provided with

a small library, and where a *Tablet* and *Galignani* are always to be found. Afterwards one of the dormitories, without fireplace, but most snug, with its little bed, crucifix, and holy water by the side, select collection of books, reading-desk, etc. Thence we ascended to the roof, open but covered, and commanding an extensive view over the Farnese, the Cancellaria, St. Peter's, and many surrounding churches, with the Quirinal and Capitol in the distance. The evening was peculiarly lovely, and we lingered long here talking of various matters. Finally, we descended to the library, a large apartment, apparently furnished with a most select collection of books, from which literature, whether English, French, or Italian, was by no means excluded. Thence to the refectory and chapel, both exceedingly nice and in keeping with the rest of the edifice. I have omitted to mention the theatre, with a regular stage and curtain, where the students perform plays from Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others. The present number of students here represented has dwindled to a dozen, although the college may contain some sixty. Of these no less than four were from Cambridge! Walking in the corridor, it being now dark, we conversed on many subjects, but specially the habits of the college, and the present subjects of lecture and study. They have morning chapel at 6.15, evening 7.30; breakfast, dine, and sup together at 8, 12.30, and 7. During part of the time one of the students reads aloud from the Latin Bible and Lives of Saints, and at another time from Alison's French Revolution. The lectures in Latin are upon the future state of the soul, whether and how far it enjoys the beatific vision of God. On this point depends their theory for explaining how the saints hear prayers or

receive intuition of them, so to speak, in God. The Fathers in their days, and the Roman Catholics in ours, have exactly the same battle to fight, with different sets of heretics, on this important point. I confess the question in itself seemed to me only worthy of the schoolmen. We got to speak also of the Rationalists and infidels, and Spinoza and Lord Herbert. I could perceive from all this how wide a range of learning and research was allowed and required, at least of English priests. Ignorance is by no means part of their system, nor exclusiveness of their studies. Their library contains many Protestant works, not excepting even such as Middleton's Letters from Rome. All this is politic, as well as wise and judicious. Our friend, at parting, gave us many invitations to return, of which I could gladly avail myself.

'Towards nine I went to the Forbeses, in my morning clothes, forsooth, and found a large party of Levens, Duncans (Camperdown), Archdeacon Hodson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Acworth (pretty daughter of Mr. Close of Cheltenham), the Hanoverian Ambassador, the Hays, etc. I was introduced to everybody, and by dint of modesty in keeping in a corner, enjoyed the evening very much, and heard some good Scotch songs sweetly sung by the Miss Hays, that did my heart good. The kindness of the Forbeses makes me ashamed. Home by 11.30, bearing away another book they have lent me.

'*Saturday, Dec.* 15.—Rather poorly this forenoon. O my Lord and Saviour! at the close of another week, more deeply conscious than ever of my helplessness without Thee, either to resist sin, or to do good, I cast myself on Thy divine grace, mercy, and strength; and

I know that Thou wilt not leave me nor forsake me! Mould me according to the good pleasure of Thy will; and when temptations abound, may Thy grace much more abound! "I am Thine, save me."

'*Dec.* 19.—Dull day, but health better than yesterday, and study good. Afternoon, allowed myself to wander through the heart of modern Rome, looking at all the shop windows and stalls, the countenances of the people, the markets, everything in short—studying life. Bating cold fingers, I can fancy no more thorough or delicious diversion for the mind. The history of such a progress, with the sudden and widely different trains of thought suggested, would make an interesting paper. The cameo windows, the marble and bronze models of ruins and statues, each of course pregnant with ideas, and bringing within the ken details hardly noticed in the originals; suddenly a palace with the arms of the Knights of St. John; the people of the Corso; and soon after the different class of the market-place in the Piazza Navona; the little birds, alive and dead, exposed for sale, suggested many natural history inquiries, and wafted the spirit to the gardens where they lately carolled; the Swiss Palace; the endless suggestions of the market-place, leading the mind to those of other cities in Germany, France, Belgium, or England; the palaces; the architecture of the streets; the appearance and occupants of the shops, when lit for the evening—all afforded a feast, and a useful one, which I hope oftener to enjoy: for my mind needs diversion as much as the body exercise; and I believe the one may be sometimes not inaptly substituted for the other.

'*Monday, Dec.* 24.—It is the custom at Rome to bring in Christmas-day by watching. Having fasted the

previous day, they assemble towards evening at each other's houses, and regale themselves on cakes, etc., and play games till the churches begin to open, towards eleven. They then go out and spend the night and early morning in visiting one or more of these. At eleven I repaired with Hemans to St. Luigi Francese, which was brilliantly illuminated, and where half of the nave had reserved seats, with one of which we were accommodated. Having a Breviary, and Hemans by my side, I was able to follow the whole service, and enjoyed its beauty and piety very much. The selection of psalms, hymns, and prayers, was most beautiful, and the chanting and music excellent. Towards mass, a French military band lent its aid, and altogether the service was most imposing. It did not conclude till one A.M., at which time the crowd in going out was very great, and, being greatly composed of French, full of levity and irreligion. We hastened to the Ara Cœli, on the Capitol, and the view of those grand spots by lustrous moonlight, and under a deep blue frosty sky, was delicious. The church itself was dimly bright, and from its site and the occasion led me particularly to think how miraculously the humble babe of Bethlehem had overturned and supplanted the empire of the world. The *bambino* and *præsepio* were not, however, exposed. At two I parted with Hemans, and made my way to Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline, where, had the Pope been here, he would in person have celebrated mass at midnight. To-night the service was not till three, and I had to wait for an hour with many others in the cold. On my way all Rome seemed to be quietly astir; but every shop being shut, under penalties, there was no drunkenness or indecorum. At last we were

admitted, and a blaze of light burst upon the view—the long Basilica being splendidly illuminated. A line of troops on either side kept open the centre of the nave. The service was long and tedious, taking place at the extreme end of the church, so that the effect of both music and chanting was much lost. The Hodsons were there, and with them I conversed. At last, about five, the procession took place; but it was very poor in point of numbers, the cardinal-vicar alone of the cardinals, and, of course, no Pope. They returned with the silver culla or cradle, with the figure of an infant on the top, and this they bore in procession into one of the side-chapels. At this stage we all departed; and, bitterly cold, I got to bed soon after six.

'*Dec.* 25.—Slept till nearly ten, and woke refreshed, thinking of the glad event which this day is selected to commemorate. So rose, and being too late for St. Peter's and even for the English Chapel—feeling, too, the need of retirement and spiritual repose, remained the forenoon at home. Read the narrative in the four Gospels, the Church of England service, and looked over some Roman Catholic books of devotion, till two; then to St. Peter's. The music there fine, and had some sweet thoughts.

'Called on Hemans; papers briefly, and at nine to the Acworths, by invitation, to tea. Most delightful evening; the Hastings there. At the end, the dear Archdeacon (Hodson), whose voice reminds me so much of Rev. C. Brown's, read some verses from Philippians on our Lord's humiliation, and exhorted us most beautifully, by His example, to humility and the denial of self, concluding with a prayer full of unction. Often have I longed for such social religious communion;

and to-night my heart literally overflowed with gratitude to God and love to His dear servant, apparently so endowed with his Master's spirit. Home early, walking part of way with Mr. Gordon, a young English clergyman, here for his health. Father, to Thy name be praise for this day's mercies in Christ!

'*Dec.* 28.—My dear mother's birthday, of whom my thoughts have been very full. Heavenly Father, multiply to her abundantly grace, mercy, and peace; how great a blessing the good news I have received from her all the time of my absence hitherto! Continue, Lord, Thy loving-kindness; and if it be Thy gracious will, spare us to meet again, and to labour together in Thy service, and make me the comfort and support of her declining years, for Jesus Christ's sake!

'*Sunday, Dec.* 30.—Bitterly cold day. Forenoon and afternoon to chapel. Between services walked on the Pincian to warm myself, and lost in raptures at the glorious sky and atmosphere, so still, so transparent, so "serenely, brightly, beautifully blue." After last service I took another turn up the banks of the Tiber. Evening at home; read the Scriptures, and Stanley's St. Paul,—the Judaizers. To-day endeavoured to recall the singular mercies of the past year, whether to myself or to my dear mother, in her preservation, though cholera raged around, and for all the love and happiness she has enjoyed. I tried also to raise my heart in thankfulness to God, confessing my sins and shortcomings, and imploring Him not, on this account, to remove His favour; and now I desired to make myself over to Him, and to live entirely to His glory. In the year I am about to enter may He bestow upon me largely His grace, and be Himself my Shepherd and Teacher.

'*Dec.* 31.—At dinner, a travelling wine-merchant from Montauban, whom I have met there repeatedly, showed me an infinitesimal portion of the true cross, pasted on red ribbon, within a little crucifix, and accompanied with a printed authenticate, and the signature of the Bishop (Castellani) from whom it had been got. He had procured it for his wife, who is a strict Catholic: also a small portion of the bones of St. Augustine. Without implying doubt of its authenticity, I spoke to him of the cross still more real, that every Christian can and ought to bear in his heart and life. We had some further conversation on the essentials of religion, which I thought better than to attack him in bad French on the errors of Romanism.

'The last day of the year. Again, as throughout the day, I desire to humble myself under a sense of unworthiness, and innumerable sins and shortcomings throughout its course, hiding myself under the covert of my Saviour's atonement and obedience. In Thee, O Lord, is all my hope for the year to come; but through Thee, I can do all things, overcome temptation, renounce self, and bring forth the fruits of love to God and man, unto Thy praise and glory. O undertake for me, and accomplish great things in me and by me! Confessing, thanking, and casting myself on Christ for pardon and strength, I close a year of absence from home, of living among strangers, of wanderings, of experience, and of signal mercies."

CHAPTER XIII.

Rome, 1850: Letters and Journals—Letter to his Youngest Sister—To A. Burn Murdoch, Esq.—Service in the Greek Church of St. Athanasia—Visit to the Ghetto—the Propaganda—the Jewish Synagogue—Convent of Ara Cœli—Catechizing in Church of San Andrea—Museum of Capitol.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'ROME, *Jan.* 2, 1850.

'THIS is the first time I have written 1850, and it comes strange to my hand. I can hardly believe that we are already half way through the nineteenth century; and certainly never was that imaginary wall which separates one year from another passed by me more imperceptibly, though not, I trust, without earnest endeavours to make it a religious epoch in my personal history. Yet so it is; we have entered on another conventional division of time; and I fancy there is no reflecting person but says, in looking back on the past, "I have cause for thanksgiving and humiliation;" in looking out on the future, "I resolve, in divine grace, on a more consistent, loyal, and loving life towards God and my fellow-men." Such, from the tone of your last letters, is, I doubt not, your frame of mind; and may the God of all mercy, the Saviour of all compassion, and the Holy Spirit of resistless power, give you strength to fulfil, nay, to surpass your resolutions. What He may be teaching you, you yourself know best, for none can tell it for another; but through many various ways He

calls us into His fold—and that His eye and love are upon you, is my fond hope and fervent prayer. . . . I was truly happy to hear of the pleasant impressions with which you left ——; and you may deem yourself happy that the age is not past when anything in life can be called balmy and enchanting. That spontaneous effluence of youth, must with youth, I fear, pass away from us all, and the enjoyment must then come from perhaps a higher region of our nature, but by a more laborious and uncertain process. I am not sure but that I should write to you from Rome as I did from Geneva, and possibly should from any other given quarter of the globe, that the poetry of our own bonny north is greater, and its associations more trumpet-tongued than those of the Forum or the Vatican—it may be, than Athens and Jerusalem; but no, this last, and all the other melting names of Scripture, are part and parcel of the favoured class which we have learned at our mother's knees on Sabbath evenings, and by the domestic hearth. Yet Rome is a thrilling place, absolutely inexhaustible in its power of awakening echoes, and touching chords that vibrate through the whole being. Sometimes for a moment you wander forth, as though the dust you tread upon were common ground; but anon, some sight or sound—or it may be no sight or sound at all, but a flash of consciousness—brings the facts before your mind, and you feel inclined to take the shoes from off your feet, and move on in holy reverential mood. I am sometimes oppressed with the multitude of memories, and the eagerness on the spot to probe more deeply this, to follow out that train of thought already known, while it is impossible to do all, or nearly all. In this cold weather, fiercely cold—for such a winter has been

rarely known at Rome—it is not so easy to stand and dream among hills and monuments, the hands finding their way too readily into the breeches pockets, and the nose hanging out signals of distress. I accordingly betake myself more to the ceremonies in the churches, which afford a fine opportunity of actually becoming acquainted with the ritual, observances, and teaching of the Church of Rome. Young Hemans (I wrote some of you that I had made acquaintance with the youngest son of the poetess) is often my guide on such occasions —he is unfortunately a converted Catholic—and I can fully understand here what are the outward and æsthetic attractions of the system, not to speak of its inward adaptations to human nature. Nothing can exceed the grandeur and soothing softness of the music on their great occasions, or the artistic effect of light and ornament in their churches. Advent, Christmas, and Lent now approaching, besides special feasts, are important epochs in their Christian year, and contain, as was to be expected, a large amount of what is good in their manner of celebration, mingled with very much that is objectionable. However, I do not come as a ready-made John Knox to the study, but with the wish to pass through the successive stages of the Reformation for myself, independently of Luther and the rest. Actual Rome, apart from its religious aspect, offers many features of interest, whether in its people, its customs, or its environs; including, of course, those Apennines, whose very name is magic, and the Campagna—vast, melancholy, and majestic! Summer, however, lends to all these a large portion of their mystery and enchantment, although we have days even now when the heavens look so limpid and transparent, that

you could almost think to pierce them, and discover the inner heaven itself, yet the lights on the mountains are not so apparent; and you may traverse the Campagna as you would a moor, instead of visiting it, so to speak, only by stratagem, and, as it were, under pain of death from its invisible malaria. Still old Tiber is always there; the ruins shout the glorious greatness of other days, and so predominate over modern Rome as to give it the appearance, as has been said, of a city of pilgrims encamping under their shadow. After full two months of a sort of wild *abandon*, unbroken by the sight of a single familiar face, my friends have suddenly turned up —a position, you will say, by no means unnatural for me; I am here with a very small amount of toggery, having sent most of my effects from Switzerland to Berlin, in expectation of being there this winter. I cannot afford a fresh rig, but manage audaciously to go about in mufty—a wholesome restraint perhaps on over-dissipation. This small anecdote will remind you of old times, and show you, that amid all the divinizing influences of Rome, I am still human. But enough of self; exit Jack, having already well-nigh filled two pages. If mother has not previously read this letter, you will write to her of it, and say that if not in my arms, at least in my heart, I carried her about with me the whole of the 28th of December, and even hope she had a consciousness of my so doing, although I could not manage to make a letter fall in on that day.'

TO A. BURN MURDOCH, ESQ.

'ROME, *Jan.* 13, 1850.

'Were it not for my firm belief in the leadings of God's providence, I should regret your not sharing with

me this chapter in my education at Rome—for I think we are entered on a time when all our hereditary religious opinions must be revised, and adopted anew from a more personal, and therefore profound persuasion of their truth. Now the Roman Catholic question assuredly takes its place among the renascent forms of religious opinions; and I am persuaded had you been here, you would have undergone, in regard to it, a somewhat analogous process to that which you may now be conscious of having undergone last winter. I am not yet conscious of all the results of my present study and observations—so it would be rash to pronounce upon them; but this I do feel more and more, that Popery is more plausible than we think it, and less easily to be confuted in detail; in short, that it shades off from true Christianity often so imperceptibly at first, that it is only when you look at the grand result you can entertain that horror of it, and bestow that condemnation on the system, which it merits. I came to Rome believing that all its more controverted errors were gross and palpable. I am daily persuaded more and more that it is not so; and therefore I see how difficult must be the emancipation of any one from its thraldom, and how easy, in certain cases, the re-imposition of that thraldom on those who have been born free. Should God spare us to meet again, I shall have much to say on this score, but a letter is not the place for it.

'As you conjecture, God has very graciously given me not a few friends here, after a time of loneliness, but not dulness. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, whom we saw at Geneva, live close by me, and are most affectionate, as well as delightful people. Through them, I was introduced to Archdeacon Hodson and his family; he is one of the

most beautiful specimens of a Christian minister I have known, so holy and so humble. He takes me occasionally to walk with him, as well as visiting at his house, and I love his company.

'I am studying the formularies of the Roman Catholic Church, as well as her practice, and propose soon to begin the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and other exponents and defences of her theology. For labours, I have little apparent field, but occasionally I visit in the Ghetto, and, besides the spirit of inquiry which this excites in my own mind, may hope that tracts and conversation will be blessed. Mr. Wingate, the Jewish missionary at Leghorn, furnished me with some tracts, etc., before coming here.'

DIARY.—'*Sunday, Jan.* 6.—After ten, to St. Athanasia, the Greek Church, where, after long delay, saw part of very stately Greek service. The Archbishop entered, a tall dignified-looking man with flowing black beard, clad at first in purple, with gold chain round his neck, and purple veil over his head, which was soon removed. After kissing successively a picture of the Virgin and Christ, in front of the altar, and blessing the people with a triple taper in one hand, and a double in the other, to signify the Trinity and the two natures of Christ; he took his seat upon a throne at the side, where with much reverence he was gradually robed in the sumptuous garments of the altar—a crown of gold being placed upon his head. So accoutred, he received his crozier, and took his seat upon the throne, with all the dignity of a royal priest. No instrumental music; but a full choir raised a magnificent Greek anthem, which, resounding through the comparatively small church, seemed to swell

the soul, and bear it aloft on angels' pinions. The service was now commenced, but being unwilling again, to-day, to lose the opportunity of taking the sacrament, I quitted and repaired to the English Church; arrived there just at the conclusion of the Litany. Although wretched from cold, swelled face, etc., enjoyed the communion very much, and think I had some real communion with God.

'*Jan.* 12.—At ten, to Ghetto, with intention of visiting synagogue. God seemed to lead me; for a Jew, whom I afterwards found to be the sacristan, immediately came forward and offered to show me the schools, *i.e.*, the synagogue. There are no less than five of these beneath one roof, in a square which takes its name from them, near the Piazza di Santa Maria in Pianto. Three of these are below, two above, and they correspond with five parishes into which the Ghetto is divided. The upper ones are even handsome. Opposite the pulpit in each, is a recess in the wall containing the Holy Scriptures, with a curtain in front and other ornaments. The walls are inscribed with texts in Hebrew; the pulpit is large and handsome. At the door is a large marble trough, for performing ablutions before entering; hats are worn during service, to show that outward observance is of no avail. Many of the men had short white tunics, with cords at the four corners, to symbolize the omnipresence of the Deity. A small concealed gallery above, like that for nuns in Roman Catholic churches, is apportioned to the women, who are not required to take part in public services, or even, so far as I could learn, in private devotions. The hours of service on Saturday are half-past eight, mid-day, and three o'clock. I was shown copies of the Pentateuch and their ritual,

with the prayers, hymns, and selections from Scripture—on one side Hebrew, on the other Italian. I was able to have a long discussion with the sacristan, whose replies were very evasive, when I pressed him on the meaning of the ancient sacrifices. His little boys joined us—dear little Israelites, and very intelligent. I made one of them read a part of a psalm, and compared my pronunciation with his. The little fellow was very particular to know of whom I had learnt—a Hebrew or a Gentile.

'On quitting the sacristan, who promised on a future day to take me to the schools for education, I went into one of the synagogues where mid-day service had already commenced; seeing the Bible borne in procession to the pulpit, many kissing the trappings with which it was covered, I asked some questions of a better-class Jew standing by me. He answered in good English, and finally I found that he was used to give lessons in Hebrew to English novices—Mr. Hutcheson, for example. We spoke on many points, and he told me he had already written a work against the belief that Christ had come. The New Testament he often read, and admired its high moral code. He offered to call on me and show me this, as well as a method he had for teaching Hebrew. At last I arranged to go to him next Tuesday evening, his time being more engrossed than mine.

'After leaving him, and observing the ceremonies as well as some *avvisos* posted on the walls, and bearing record to the recent formation of a society to secure more decorum in public worship, I left the synagogue; some young men in front arrested my attention—I put a topographical question to one of them, whose open ingenuous countenance pleased me. By degrees we got to talk of the Messiah, and here again I was able to

present strongly to them the difficulty of accounting for the ancient sacrifices, except as typical of Christ the great sacrifice for sin, who should thus come first in humiliation. I alluded to Isaiah liii.; and then, as indeed I had said at starting, I agreed with them in looking for His glorious coming, to give deliverance to His people, and perhaps restore the Jews to their own land. The young men seemed to like the discussion, especially when bearing on the bright side of the promises to their nation; but fearing observation, as I suspect, many passing and repassing from the synagogue, they cordially pressed my hand and departed. Sons of Abraham, I said to them, I love you for your fathers' sake, and, so saying, bade them adieu.

'*Jan.* 17.—Hemans and I went alone to see the Propaganda. An English student and an American received us with a kindness and courtesy unfailing among Roman Catholic clergy and students. We proceeded through the establishment, which is vast in extent, and appears to be arranged on principles of method the most consummate. The training I understood to embrace ten years, though many may come up so far prepared as to shorten the curriculum. Of these are devoted to grammar (Latin, Italian, etc.) two, Rhetoric two, and Philosophy other two. Under these heads a wide range of study is embraced. Four are then devoted to Theology, where Hebrew, Church History, and the Evidences, occupy the first; Church History, Morals, and Dogmatic, the second; Church History, Dogmatic, and Hebrew Exegesis, the third; Dogmatic, etc. the fourth. I saw many of their text-books, of which Palma's Church History arrested my attention. The different years have *camerate*, or ranges of chambers, assigned them; some-

times, however, two years are put together, so that the *camerate* vary from six to seven. The younger years are in one large hall, where each has his little dormitory at the side, and a table and bookcase in the hall. The more advanced have each their room. A prefect presides over each *camerata*—one of the more advanced students in Theology. Lecturers come in to prelect on the various subjects, and, in some cases, students from other Colleges—as the Irish—are admitted to these lectures. There are two annual examinations—the last occupying more than a week—conducted in writing; and these being all successfully passed, (priest's) orders are conferred. For D. D. a different ordeal is undergone. The daily hours are such as these:—Rise at half-past five; chapel at six; breakfast at seven; study from half-past seven to half-past eight; lectures, half-past eight; at half-past ten study again; dinner at half-past eleven, preceded by a quarter of an hour's examination of conscience in chapel; after dinner, conversation and recreation for an hour; then, one to three, study; two hours' walk before the Ave Maria; five to eight, study; then supper, conversation, and all to bed by ten. Thus they have nine hours' study, including lectures. The scholastic year lasts from November to August, with a few holidays interspersed, and every Thursday. In August they relax, and in September go to a country seat they have at Frascati, where they spend very happily six weeks of summer. I was introduced to Chinese, Armenians, Turks, Syrians, Africans, etc. etc. All seemed happy and united, and pervaded with courtesy. We saw the refectory, where all take meals together, substantial and plain; also some smaller libraries, but had not time on this occasion to see the

great library and museum. Their own libraries seemed well supplied. I made the acquaintance of two Scottish students; —— who recited on Sunday, and —— whose hearty Highland accent and loving expression took me very much. They both invited me to come and see them, which I offered to do, informing them, of course, that I was Protestant. I was anxious to know of some history of this great institution; but none such appears to be published. Their own records are most complete. Every student who goes out as missionary must write them at least once a year, and he is answered. The College was founded by Urban VIII. in 1627, and San Carlo Boromeo drew up its first rules: the wealth is very great. A Jesuit, by a Papal bull, must always be its rector.

'*Jan.* 19.—At nine Archdeacon Hodson called, and we went together to the Jewish synagogue, after looking through their different schools in the Catalonian, where Mr. Consolo had trysted me. A very fine-looking Rabbi from Jerusalem, was present in Rabbinical vestments. The law and the prophets chanted. Some psalms well sung by all present, and prayers, during which all turned towards Jerusalem. The decorum greater than I expected. Many venerable men were there, and all respectable-looking. Wore white scarf, with fringe attached to Jewish dress, according to Numbers xv., but since their dispersion it is transferred to the robe of service. As the Bible was borne in procession to the tabernacle, all kissed the cloth which enveloped it during its passage. At the close of the service the leaders placed the younger, and the younger their juniors, laying their hands on their head, and after kissing their hands. The Hebrew Bibles were mostly printed in London. After the service we went to look

at the portico of Octavia and theatre of Marcellus under the Ghetto. Then returned with Mr. Consolo to a house in the street bordering the Tiber, where the rite of circumcision was to be performed. After much chanting in the room where the mother and infant lay, or rather sat up, in bed, and many males and females were assembled, the infant was brought to a cushion near the window, supported on the knees of two young men. The painful rite was then performed, the infant apparently being slightly drugged to prevent excess of suffering. The instruments were simple. The name of Hezekiah Reuben was then given, and a short prayer read by an attendant Rabbi. The whole service brought vividly to mind many deeply interesting circumstances of Scripture connected with this rite as well as Christian analogies. On leaving, *bon bons* were offered us. The friends had a slight collation.

'*Sunday, Feb.* 3.—Forenoon, sacrament. Good evening, and formed many resolutions of diligence, but especially of a life more entirely surrendered to the will and service of God, and the love and good of my fellows; for all which, O Lord, my sufficiency is in Thee.

'*Feb.* 15.—Evening; finished Arnold's *Journals of tours.* Heavenly Father, enable me to live more entirely for Thee and for my neighbour. I feel deeply how vain is any knowledge or attainment, in comparison with love that goes out in benevolence and well-doing.

'*Feb.* 18.—An Irish farmer, whom I had formerly met, overtook me at the Arch of Gallienus, walking home to his farm, about five miles off on the same road; heat very great, and dust, but air and sky delicious; he talked of farming, Ireland, etc. We passed the Mausoleum of Helena, and finally parted within sight of his

farm, belonging to the Prince Borghese, an oasis in the Campagna, an old tower amid a clump of pines. Nothing could exceed the glorious splendour of the view. The Alban hills seemed close at hand, and I could converse with Cicero at Tusculum. Præneste and the Tivoli line equally beautiful. The aqueducts and the Campagna—a poem grander than was ever sung. I lay down and surrendered myself to the ecstasy of the day and scene. Roman history appeared a reality; its wars, its camps, its soldiers, its men of eloquence and letters, its majestic province of "to conquer." The Roman lines of Virgil on this, occurred to me as containing the essence of her destiny, and given in words whose very sound testifies to their spirit. Above me, the merry lark shouted, and by its shout increased the melancholy; troops of crows croaked of centuries gone by. With difficulty I turned my face once more towards home.

'*Feb.* 21.—Morning to meet Mr. Chapman; then at eleven sermon at St. Carlo; at twelve, home, and studied Dante; at two, the Forum; studied ruins at base of Capitol. I wandered through the Convent of Ara Cœli, the site as I should think of the Arx, and a high position in the northern portion. Home by Coliseum; at six, dined with Major Inglis, and very pleasant evening. The dear Baillie-Frasers there; escorted them home late. He reminds me in appearance, habits, and other associations, most touchingly of my father. The Lord bless him for this resemblance!

'*Feb.* 24.—At two to San Andrea, where listened to catechizing; much shocked at want of order among the boys, and want of reverence in treating the sacred subjects alike on part of boys and priests. How different from our own dear Sabbath-schools! He first questioned them on the Incarnation, then on the Trinity in

Unity, then on the Sacraments, tempting them to answer with promise of *bajocchi.* One boy was asked the meaning of a mystery, and if, *e.g.*, there was any mystery in a *scudo.* I understood him to reply, "No, for there were never three *scudi* in one;" at which the priest was so highly tickled, that he rewarded him on the spot. He asked them which was the most important sacrament, to which different answers were returned; but he admitted baptism, because it was the door to all the rest. Transubstantiation was broadly explained to them; and then he asked if any one could effect this change by repeating the necessary prayer. Could an Emperor, could the blessed Mary?—no, only the priest. Who instituted the Seven Sacraments? Was it the *pretacci?*—no, Christ Himself. How many characters could they have?—two, for the living and the dead (of this last I am not quite sure). He frequently appealed to me, and blamed the boys much for their pertness and bad behaviour. When concluded, he came to me, and asked if I was Protestant or Catholic, and seemed a little staggered at my telling him the former. The service concluded with the Litany to the Virgin. He asked me how I was pleased; I replied I should have been more so had it been a prayer to Christ. "But who gave Him birth?" he asked; "do you not believe in her eternal purity?" I replied, "Only in a sense." "But the Supreme Pontiff has lately declared it, and all he says *ex cathedrâ* he says with the Spirit, and is therefore infallible." To this I demurred. "Ah!" said he, "Melanchthon, great Melanchthon, introduced many heresies;" and then he proceeded to assert that a dislike to the restraints of the Church on the subject of marriage, etc., was at the bottom of his opposition. He was an undignified, vulgar little man, though brisk.

One little fellow, brought into his class by his nurse, immediately knelt before him, and folded his hands. He laughed heartily, and raised him up, saying: "What! my boy, do you take me for the Pope?" On going out, boys, nurses, etc., came up and kissed his hand. An urchin did the same to me two days ago, as I was standing in the Forum, taking me, his mother said, for a priest or teacher! At seven to Baillie-Frasers, and accompanied them and party to see statues in the Vatican by torchlight. About a dozen wax candles were ignited in a bracket, and fastened in a sort of reflecting lantern. The effect was magnificent, and I cannot describe the grandeur and mystery of the endless gallery through which we ranged. We thus spent two hours seeing the Laocoon, Apollo, Minerva, Hercules, etc.

'*Monday, Feb.* 25.—To Museum of Capitol, and studied lower room. My special trial is, that, loving solitude, I seem nowhere and seldom to find it. I feel, however, that this discipline of having to renounce my own way, is more useful than probably all the thoughts and reflections that solitude might breed. I therefore at times can bless God for the trial, and desire to have my will merged in His more habitually. The Greek *basso relievos*, and the old fresco paintings interested, delighted me exceedingly; home by the Esquiline and the sweet grove there, attached, I believe, to the Convent of St. Francesco e Paolo, where all the birds of Rome seem to unite for their evening song. Evening, read Dante, Gell, and prepared for tour to country of the Æneid to-morrow, starting (D.V.) by steamer for Ostia at six A.M. My Father, shield me from all danger, and bless it to me in body and mind.

CHAPTER XIV

Tour to the country of the Æneid—Church and Convent of St. Onufrio—Visit to the Collegio Romano—Raphael's Picture of the Transfiguration—The Jews—Love of Truth—Last Letter from Rome—Tour to Naples: Vesuvius—Baiæ—Puzzuoli—Sorrento—A Sabbath at the Monastery of Monte Casino—Sudden Attack of Illness—Leaves Rome.

'*Wednesday, Feb.* 27.—The banks of the Tiber are now bare enough, with here and there glades of wood; yet I enjoyed the sail profoundly, from its associations, and read some of the Æneid, which I carried in my pocket.

'Ostia stands some two miles inland. The traces of ruins were abundant, standing up among the sprouting corn, whose very soil is formed by their mouldering. One temple still remains in considerable preservation, with quantities of marble slabs, and capitals scattered round. The sight was affecting. A castle and very small hamlet attached, constitutes the whole of modern Ostia. The woods between this and the mouth of the river looked most attractive beneath the glowing sky, and might have been such as Virgil has described in the landing of the Trojans.

'From Ostia, I made for Castel Fusano—a villa belonging to the Chigi family, and embedded in a delicious forest of pines, and other stately trees. Passing the mansion, I followed a road to the coast, as Torre Paterno, the next object of my search, lay upon the beach, and could be more certainly found in this manner. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the Mediter-

ranean, or my joy in walking along so close that its billows laved my feet. Some six miles brought me to the ancient tower, attached to a farm-house, which is supposed to mark the site of the ancient Laurentium. A coast-guard station is also here; and finding the deputy superintending a group of picturesque fishermen, who were landing their nets, I was conducted by him to the farm-house, and there entertained most hospitably on bread, wine, eggs, and cheese, for which all remuneration was steadfastly refused by the worthy farmer.

'From this point, Pratica was visible at the distance of some seven miles, standing on a commanding eminence and separated from us by a macchia or copse forest. Knowing the difficulty of finding a path through such a country, I again took the beach, being assured that when about four miles on, at a ruined castle of the Borghese, I should find a road leading straight to Pratica. Night was closing in, and the sun had just set, when I reached this tower. The next coast-guard tower, to which I had also been recommended as a shelter for the night, appeared in sight; but I resolved to try and make for Pratica. After wandering long through the forest, following uncertain paths, and at length coming upon an extensive marsh, I thought it prudent to retrace my steps, if possible; and, guided by the noise of the sea, succeeded, to my great joy, in regaining its shores. I then pushed on by the solemn star-light until I reached the tower, just as the moon was rising in the east. I entered and explained my wishes. The deputy, with his wife and family crowded into two little rooms, could do little for my lodging, but the corporal and his soldiers agreed to give me one in their barrack. Meanwhile, the worthy couple made

me welcome to what supper they had—eggs, bread, wine, sausage almonds—so that I came off pretty well. The conversation flowed pleasantly and freely, and in due time I retired.

'*Thursday, Feb.* 28.—My bed was one of three in the soldiers' barrack-room. Clean sheets were spread on it; but ere five minutes elapsed, I was attacked by legions. The situation was not pleasant, and being in the room with others, I could not be so free in my movements; however, the greater part of the night I sat by my bedside in great agony, and occasionally lay down upon it in greater. Towards five in the morning I ascended to the top of the tower, and there sat down enjoying the balmy air—the moonlight on the water, and the dim expanse of country so renowned in ancient story. At daybreak I washed, and was regaled by my hostess with some famous coffee; for which, as for last night's entertainment, all remuneration was refused. Then bade them farewell, gave the soldier a trifle, and took the road for Pratica.

'Nothing could exceed the beauty of the lawns and woods, gilded by the morning light, and fresh with dew that spread along this coast, and extended upwards towards Pratica. Situated on its eminence, it was easily made for. A ravine on either side, richly cultivated, forms a tongue of land, on part of which stands the present village—some few filthy houses surmounted by a tower and castle, belonging to the Prince Borghese. The ancient town must have covered all this previously. I skirted the town, and descended into the ravine, which meets another also richly wooded, and which, at right angles to the former, stretches beautifully to the sea. Leaving this Lavinium—the grandmother so to

speak of Rome—I directed my steps towards Ardea, passing through some pleasant watered valleys, making my seven miles nine by a needless detour. On the way I rested at a grand butter-dairy, belonging to the Prince Cesarini, where the milk of some thousand cows is churned and sent to Rome. Ardea, which I also latterly approached by the Roman road, is very strikingly situated on a bold rocky hill, with a ravine on either side, and connected with the high ground behind by a narrow isthmus, so as to be rather a peninsula than an island. In general appearance it was not unlike the Aventine. It is still walled all round, and I should think, the walls were of some antiquity; though a priest assured me this was not really the ancient Ardea. Be this as it may, the situation as corresponding with the name, is very striking. The modern little town covers little of the enclosed space. The view of the Alban hills was unspeakably touching and attractive; for so they must have appeared in ancient days, when the Roman army lay in siege before it, on the eve of the expulsion of Superbus, and afterwards when it became the scene of many deeds of prowess. But, of course, Turnus and his Rutuli were here chiefly present to my mind.

'From Ardea I followed an excellent road to the shore, which I reached at Forte Lorenzo, consequently about twelve miles from Porto d'Anzio. I again had some bread and wine at a large dairy establishment, where they make *frutto di latte* out of buffalo's milk—it is also for the Roman market. Following the coast, I could not resist the pleasure of bathing in the smiling waters. This on the last day of February, and how delicious! I then pursued my solitary way, until towards sunset; I passed another fort—the last that

separated me from Porto d'Anzio. The coast here began to present a rocky appearance, instead of the usual sand-line that separated it from the fields. Long after dusk, when I thought I should now be near my haven, but saw no lights, my course was suddenly interrupted by the sea coming close up to the base of the rocks, and dashing against them and their toppled boulders. As I was unable to scale the cliffs, and trusted in the dark this interruption might only be casual, owing to high water, I took off my boots, and boldly walked in. Soon, however, the water reached my waist; it was necessary to hold my coat in the air to keep its pocket-fuls dry, and I stumbled over the rocks, and got into holes not a little alarming. I had already proceeded a good way; but thought it prudent to return, which I did with difficulty. Then putting on my shoes, and shivering with wet and cold, retraced my steps, very thankful that I had come by no more than a ducking in my rashness.

'The thoughts of Porto d'Anzio—a good inn, food and sleep, were gradually receding from my vision, when I espied a point where I thought the rocks might be scaled. I attempted and succeeded, and found myself immediately on a delicious sward, without macchia or underwood, and so paced on rapidly in the right direction. Soon the welcome lights gleamed before me. I passed a cottage whence voices proceeded, and, on entering, found a party of young vine-dressers gathered near a blazing fire, and making their evening meal on a large *polenta* cake to which they invited me. The most grateful news was that Porto d'Anzio was close at hand, and one of them accompanied me, and set me on the track. Nothing has struck me more than the superiority of character on this coast to what I have hitherto

met in the beaten road of the Roman States. As I descended on Porto d'Anzio, the effect was magical. A light gleamed at the extremity of the modern harbour; directly opposite was what at first appeared a magnificent Bude light, and for such I took it; until its slow ascent and silver sheen upon the waters revealed the queen of heaven, thus lowered for a moment to hold fellowship with earth.

'The first person I accosted was mine host, otherwise Neapolitan consul, who conducted me to his superb hotel, whilome the Palazzo Albano; had there a cheerful fire kindled in the splendid hall, sent me dry clothes and ordered supper, during the preparation of which I regaled myself on the balcony, gazing on the sea heaving its quiet murmur, interrupted for a time by the Maltese hymn, chanted by some fishermen, ere they retired to rest. The stillness, the beauty, the poetry of the scene can never be effaced, while all that made Antium famous in days of yore passed before my mind, and my thoughts ended with those grander themes, that the moon, and the stars, and the ocean awaken, as forming a link to us with the invisible world.

'I retired to a comfortable bed, with feelings of love and gratitude incommunicable.

'*Friday, March* 1.—After breakfast sallied forth to hunt for ruins, if such there were. Realized very vividly the famous events which happened here—the *rostra* captured from the ships and carried to the Forum—the flight and afterwards death of Coriolanus, and more recently the birth and residence of Nero. I thought I could make out the probable precincts of the fortifications. On following it to the rocky coast, I came upon vast fragments and remains of walls and palaces, caves

and brickwork, in many places fallen entire into the sea. On one spot, near the present port, marble pillars, capitals, and pavements had been laid open, telling of some temple or imperial palace. The mole of Nero is still very entire; and indeed the present quay seems to stand on another mole or breakwater equally ancient. The chapel, and greater part of the houses of the present port, stand on this. The views over the sea, of Ischia in the distance; nearer, Monte Felice, the old promontory of Circe, behind which is Gaeta; the lofty continuation of the Apennines, not visible from Rome, with the Pontine marshes between them and the sea; Nettuno on its striking knoll, about a mile along the coast from Porto d'Anzio; all these objects were lovely and delightful.

'At four o'clock I set off for a twenty-two miles' walk, over an unknown country to an unknown town—the evening was lovely. My way ascended through a long *macchia*, and so continued until night closed in. My thoughts were all the while actively and happily employed. At long intervals I would pass a hamlet; the night air made walking easy, and the stars were never-failing company and food for meditation. Several times, as I advanced on my path, I made inquiries at the cottages, exciting in them much alarm, till I was seen; and then being dismissed with a warning against the numerous robbers in the country. However, I felt no fear.

'My pleasure, these past days, and the way in which I have been allowed to achieve my plan, without accident or interruption, filled my heart with gratitude, and I was now lying down to sleep not far from the site of Alba Longa.

'*Saturday, March* 2.—After breakfast walked through town, and ascended to Albano Lake, about half a mile off. Its beauty charmed me, with Monte Cari overhanging; Rocca del Papa on its farther side, and Castel Gandolfo on this. The russet tinge of the still bewintered trees had a fine effect, and altogether I thought I had seen nothing yet so thoroughly Italian. Read Virgil by banks of lake; then by Castel Gandolfo to Appian Way, which I traced back to Rome—a distance of about eleven miles. At the Albano end, some portions of the side parapets were very entire; the monuments, more than a hundred in number, lined the whole road. Towards dark I once more entered Rome —very weary, but very grateful and happy.

'*March* 9.—At three, to the church and convent of St. Onufrio, beautifully situated on one of the highest points of the Janiculum. In the church Tasso is buried, and there is a simple inscription. The room where he died is also shown, and many relics, chair, writing-stand, girdle, autograph, letter and crucifix; a mirror, and an exact cast of his head after death. In the garden, which commands a magnificent view of Rome, stands the trunk of a superb oak called Tasso's, but which was blown down by a hurricane in 1842. Tasso was fifty when he died here in April 1595, after having been fifteen days in the convent.

'*Saturday, March* 16.—Good view of Ghetto from the island. The current of the river breaks against the houses, whose appearance is most squalid. Some Jewish children were playing in a sort of verandah high up over the river, and many females were visible at the windows. How different this from the lakes, and mountains, and pleasant valleys of Palestine, where they might be

inhabiting beneath a delicious sky, and amid fresh odoriferous breezes! Lord, hasten their return, for the fathers' sake, for Thy dear Son's sake, for the Church's sake!

'*March* 20.—Went to the Collegio Romano, and heard a lecture on dogmatic theology, the subject being the irresistibility of God's will denied, against the Calvinists. He adduced repeated instances from Old Testament to prove how God's will in certain points was averted by man's sin. Then met the texts of the Calvinists as in Romans ix., where he found Calvin guilty of misinterpretation: "who hath resisted His will" was said, he declared, not by the apostle, but by his adversary. (Surely Calvin does not rest one of his proofs on this.) The lecture was in good Latin, and spoken without notes and with great fluency, even rising to impassioned vehemence. The Professor was Passaglia, a very intellectual, dark, shrewd-looking man. The audience, composed of students from various colleges, numbered about sixty, generally of intelligent appearance. After the lecture many remained to argue the subject among themselves.

'*March* 22.—Went at eight morning to hear thesis disputed at Collegio Romano. The student occupied the pulpit, a professor presiding at his side, while some professors and dignitaries sat in front on either side between the pulpit and the disputants. The thesis being read out, one of the disputants started his arguments against it, while the other had to refute them, supporting the thesis. In this he was copiously assisted by the presiding professor, for otherwise he would have fared ill. The first subject, in reference to the necessity of grace, or the supernatural aid of the Spirit of God in

conversion, holy living, and perseverance. The second was on the nature and essence of God, whether our knowledge of Him is immediate or deductive. Lastly, but for this I did not wait, was disputed the right of the Church to an independent jurisdiction. The various heads of the separate theses were most interesting, though not at all taken up, and I tried to procure a copy of the whole. The students did well, but not remarkably.

'To the Picture Gallery; and, oh! the Transfiguration! I found it impossible not to weep, having never read one word about it, but just surrendering myself to its own effect. Our Lord's figure—how sublime!—what serenity, what peace, what a heaven about Him, in Him! what graciousness and benignity! I have seen no conception more satisfactory; not, however, that it is so, by any means. Moses and Elias are pretty good as to conception; two others, on the Mount, I could not explain, till I find that they are a base compliance with the selfish wish of some cardinal—a patron of the fine arts, and man of taste forsooth! The apostles are excellent, and characteristic. The scene below, for contrast and effect, inimitable. Of course it is strictly true to the Scripture account, and literally taken from it, though Lanzi and others look upon it as a happy idea of Raphael's, and wholly misinterpret it. The friends of the possessed are disappointed and indignant that the disciples cannot cure their child. The apostles themselves are surprised and vexed at their failure. The father's countenance eagerly expresses this, and so do theirs—according to the narrative—"Lord, why could not we cast him out?" The possessed child is admirably done; and the countenances, expression, colouring,

and effect of the whole, matchless. It is undoubtedly to my mind the greatest picture I have ever seen; and its history, when known, greatly enhances this feeling of pathetic interest.

'*March* 25.—After breakfast determined to go to Veii. At three started, and took the path across the fields. Joined a brook called Fossa de' dui fossi, and pursuing it came suddenly in sight of the striking citadel. This brook with its wooded valley joins another larger one still more romantic, and on the tongue of elevated ground was formed stout Veii. The site of the old town, now chiefly occupied by a vineyard, I examined thoroughly without seeing a vestige of those remains mentioned by Sir W. Gell. The view down the Creivera and over the adjacent country is however exquisite. Descending from the heights I crossed the Fossa, and followed the lovely banks of the Creivera for about a mile, imagining for myself the position of the Roman Camp, and the settlements of the Fabii.

'*April* 5.—Lord, give me to live in the sunshine of Thy favour, and in continual dependence on Thee. My mercies, how many, and how undeserved!

'*April* 7.—My great want here is intimate, social, Christian communion. My soul longs for this, especially when I am feeble in body and spirit, and need some such stimulus. In Thine own time, O Lord, restore me to it; meanwhile make Thy presence all-sufficient. When Thou sayest, "Seek my face," may my heart respond, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek!"

'*April* 13.—Letter to-day from Mr. Wingate. The London Society have granted a case of Bibles to the Jews of Rome. I have also raised, through the liberality of friends, money for their temporal wants.'

The readers of the Letters and Journals written by John Mackintosh while he resided in Rome, must have noticed the free and truthful spirit with which he examined the principles and practices of the Roman Catholic Church—not as described in books merely, but as exhibited in all their living reality, in the worship, institutions, and *life* of that Church in 'the centre of Christendom,' beneath the eye, and under the immediate government of its visible, 'infallible' head.

The boldness and manly frankness with which Mackintosh met the various forms of human thought and belief which presented themselves to him from time to time in his intercourse with mankind, was not that of one who is either indifferent to the claims of positive truth, or ignorant of the terrible dangers to the soul from error. His was the courage which the conscious love of truth, and the possession at least of that measure of it which is essential to life eternal, can alone inspire: for what he held fast as part of his very being, was the knowledge of Jesus Christ as God manifest in the flesh, and of Him crucified—Christ *for* us and *in* us; and his 'religion' was personal love to this Saviour, more than to all else in the universe—a love which increased itself by daily intercourse with the Living One in earnest devotion; by a habitual listening to His voice; and by strict obedience to His will. With this light of love to God, and therefore to man—guided by 'knowledge' and 'judgment,' he examined with reverence whatever claimed his faith as belonging to the truth. He 'tried the things that differed,' and 'the spirits whether they were of God,' and the consequence was, that his possession of what was true became more firm and real; while his knowledge of the subtleties and power of error

awakened in him but keener sympathies for the well-being of those who were entangled in its meshes.

One well able to judge of his character, who became acquainted with Mackintosh while in Rome, but who differed with him widely upon points of ecclesiastical government and discipline, writes to me of him thus :—

'I thought his character a singularly pleasing one, both from his Christian simplicity and purity, and from the manly spirit of inquiry and active investigation with which he seemed to approach every subject which claimed his notice. With very strong feelings, he had, I used to think, remarkably little prejudice ; and his disposition seemed always to be, to expect well of persons and systems, and to believe charitably of them, as long as he truthfully could.'

Having examined Romanism with this spirit, the results at which he arrived as to its character and tendencies as a system are the more valuable. Some of these are expressed in the following letter, which he addressed to me immediately before his leaving Rome :—

'ROME, *April* 15, 1850.

'A stave, dear Norman, ere I leave the Eternal City. I have lingered on in hopes of seeing his Holiness return ; and now he has come, and all that is inanimate has hung out signs of joy ; but no Roman countenance is enlightened, nor aught but the utmost indifference expressed. Amid the thunders of cannon, preceded and followed by squadrons of cavalry, with some cardinals and ambassadors in his suite, the good old man entered by the Lateran gate, and alighted at the steps of the Great Basilica. I was so near him as to mark his features well, and through them read his character—benevolence and mildness united with weakness and

indecision, betokening little the reformer of his age, which he was once given out to be. He entered the church and knelt reverently before the altar, receiving the benediction of the host; after which his *cortège* proceeded by the well-known papal route throughout the entire city, to the glorious Piazza of St. Peter's. Here he again alighted, and took part in the same ceremony within the church. It was filled with on-lookers—St. Peter's filled—think what a spectacle! After this he retired to the Vatican, and at nightfall the usually dark and silent city was illuminated as only Italians know how to do it. The dome of Michael Angelo, like a heaven of light, was suspended within the dome of Nature, now beginning to assume its summer look of deep unfathomable blue, in which the stars are crystallized. Believe me, it is something to see this! The Capitol, too, still lives for times of triumph. The three-sided court which crowns it, was one refulgent blaze of light, in which the antique statues of bronze and marble seemed to live, and take their willing share in a Christian festival. Bands of music filled the air with notes of joy and melody; and all was merry, save the Romans. To-night a repetition of the same; to-morrow also. In one word, all classes are deeply discontented; but for the Pope and Popery, I don't think it matters one jot. They are a silly folk these Romans; they look like men, but are in fact mere children. They are uneducated—the best of them (not their fault, no doubt), and know nothing of their own history except the few traditions that have come down to them, and nothing of what has gone on in Europe for the last thousand years; so that it seems to them as if but yesterday the Cæsars were masters of the universe. They have the same vanity as

their predecessors, perhaps the same ambition, the same dishonesty, the same avarice; but Providence has willed that the informing spirit should forsake them; and a pitiable set they are, therefore, to all intents and purposes. I confess I have been among no people who grew upon me less through acquaintance. Generosity and disinterestedness seem to them unknown. They have no domestic hearths—no home—no heart. All along, their civic broils and feuds had no power seriously to affect the Popedom; and so, I suppose, it will continue *usque ad finem.*

'I shall say nothing in this letter of the mighty past, but confine myself to a few remarks on what has passed before my eyes, illustrative of Romanism. So manifold, however, have been the subjects of study crowded into one short winter, that I do not feel satisfied with the time and opportunities I have been able to have, in order to acquaint myself with such a vast subject. It was very different at Geneva. The book-knowledge of the system may be learned anywhere; so it, too, I shall waive; it will be enough to notice her ritual ceremonies, and apparent influence upon the people. I am disappointed with the former, striking as they often are; for how can forms, multiplied and carried into detail, impress one who has understood, in some measure, the grandeur and simplicity of spiritual worship, and been taught, that such, under the new economy, the Father seeks? In one word, their Christmas ceremonies, their Easter ceremonies, nay their daily ceremonies, may have something in them which, when explained and studied, commends itself as beautiful in the design. The æsthetic man is pleased with it as with many other exquisite human contrivances; but once let the heaven-touched

spirit take wing, and ascend into the empyrean, where it ought to worship, and all this apparatus is cast aside like a harness that would impede instead of aiding. The Romish Church wishes to destroy individualism, or, at least, to keep it in abeyance; it is a grand Socialistic system. Christianity, on the other hand, begins with individuals, appeals to each apart by all that is most solemn, and labours to make him in earnest about himself. The Romish Church says, "Unite yourself to me, and through me (and me alone) to Christ." Christianity says, "Unite yourself to Christ, and through Him (and Him alone) to one another and the Church." I believe that this transposition expresses one of the cardinal aberrations of Romanism, and one of the most fatal. The conscience once given over to the body, it is almost hopeless to move that slumbering contented soul, and make it in earnest about the way of salvation, or that change of heart and nature which the Bible calls the "new creature." Oh! the callousness—oh! the satisfaction in belonging to the Church—oh! the neglect and violation of Christian duties that prevail everywhere in consequence of this system! It is not exaggerated what is said about the Mariolatry of Italy. Except in the mass (where He is not), Christ is seldom brought before their eyes; the Virgin for ever! The idea seems somewhat of this kind, that being a woman, and a mother, she is more accessible to mankind, and more open to pity than her sterner Son, with whom she has boundless influence. Now, this idea they are taught to entertain in every possible way; and what can be more awful, more hideously contrary to Scripture? Close to one of the principal entrances to Rome, is this text upon a church —"Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of Mary,

that we may obtain mercy to pardon, and grace to help in time of need,"—as if it so ran in Scripture. Madonnas fill the churches. Is a miracle of conversion or healing performed? it is by her instrumentality—perhaps by her statue or picture. The rude sailors on the coast are taught to look upon her as the Star of the Sea (*Stella Maris*), and invoke her always in the time of tempest; and in the hour of death she is the stay. Now, this of itself precludes all further patience with the Church of Rome. Apart from her indulgences, her doctrine of merits, her invocation of saints, founded on a splendid enough theory of the unity of the Church militant and triumphant, and their intercourse through the Head—apart also from her frauds, her idle monks, her sacrifice of the mass, and transubstantiation, her presumptuous claims, her suppression of knowledge of the Scriptures, and generally of true spiritual life—oh! it is a system of which the only thing that staggers me is the enormity and wide-spread delusion. I cannot understand such masses of excellent intelligent men often being "given over to believe a lie;" and this marvel forces me again and again to ask if I understand them fully—if there is nothing behind, which, from my education, I cannot appreciate; or if I am not mistaken in many of my conceptions of them? Yet, after all, my impression is that the multitude even of priests are very ignorant; that long habit and indolence of mind have warped their religious sense; that a few, however, but comparatively the few, know what they are about, and yield to system, the result of contrivance, and often of natural human aberration to ambitious purposes, not of themselves, but of their order; for Socialism is the base of the Catholic idea. There is a deal of preach-

ing at Rome—of a ready, fluent, commonplace order, which generally leaves the conscience and heart very much where it found them. How morals are to spring up without regular preaching, and without the written rule, would be a puzzle, were it not that the fruits correspond with the cultivation. The devotional powers are morbidly exercised, the moral lie waste. I have not had much intercourse with the priests; but a good deal with students of different colleges, whom I like and regret. Poor fellows! they are generally free as yet of that sinister stamp they will infallibly acquire. Their studies and habits of life are all consummately arranged for producing the desired effect. I have not been much impressed with the intelligence of those I have met with. They are always lectured to in Latin; and be it in college, or be it from the pulpit, Protestantism is the grand bugbear before their eyes, being far more upon their lips than ever Popery is on ours.

'I cannot learn that anything permanent has been done at Rome during the commotions. I cannot learn that among the clergy there is anywhere a disposition to Protestantism; or among the people, more than a hatred of the priests, and for their sakes, of Romanism. And now the door is closed, that nothing short of a miracle could open it. Still, there is ample room for conversing with the people individually on religion, as well as other matters; and in travelling through the country, I hope, by God's grace, to do so more than I have yet done; but when the fundamental ideas have been corrupted, it is like speaking to the air, which receives all you say, but loses it through vagueness. I have had some interesting interviews with Jews, and been made the means of getting their community a grant of Bibles from the

London Society, and some temporal aid from the English at Rome; for which I bless God. And here, dear Norman, my stupid yarn must end, for it is late and I am weary.

'I'm off on Monday on foot to Naples. I have made excursions round this of surpassing interest. I have given weeks of hard labour to the wonderful Vatican galleries, besides other museums, villas, churches, palaces innumerable. I think my ideas of art have got a lift, and all I want is time to compare my own impressions with those of others who have studied and written on the subject. I have seen much, read much, and thought much; and now I am fagged, and not unwilling to be off, always expecting to take a farewell *hug* of Rome on my way back. Immortal Queen! exalted on her own calm throne, let those modern fellows kick and bluster as they please. Ah! think not that my thoughts are concentrated here, though all this time not one word of Dalkeith or home; but these are holy names, and embalmed where no fogs can ever reach them. No land like fatherland; no associations equal to its. Think of you? yes, and *yearn* to see you, dear, dear Norman. How your face would put to shame a swarm of those Southrons, and make my very heart skip! God willing, that day is drawing near. Love to the Doctor, your mother, and all. Kiss for me the dust of Scotland. All news, the *tiniest*, will be gloriously welcome. How is the parish? How is your corporation, or, as my brother Sandy used to call it technically, the old cylinder? So you've had Achilli among you! I wonder what he really is? An American has been allowed to open a Presbyterian place of worship here, which is wonderful. He is a good man, and good

preacher, and aims at being useful to the Italians. There are floods of lay Americans too, who come across with every tide, and see Rome in eight days, and then Naples, and then Palestine, and get back again as they came, without learning to speak except through their nose, or to love an aristocracy. They are a strange race. Good-night, dear. You do not forget me in your prayers, and may believe in the attachment of your affectionate J. M.'

He left Rome, as he purposed, for Naples, and performed the journey on foot, accompanied by a young clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Hastings Gordon. They reached Naples in a week, and he says—

'Thus has one week ended, and the prospect of repose is grateful. How many mercies have we experienced, how much happiness at the time, and in store against the future! Lord, add to all the gift of grateful hearts!'

For three weeks he made Naples his head-quarters; thence making excursions, chiefly on foot, to Pompeii, Vesuvius, Baiæ, Pæstum, and the other well-known scenes of beauty in that magnificent land. His Journal is full of expressions of the delight he experienced during these excursions.

'*April* 30.—(Vesuvius.)—I pushed on for Assina, and then took the hill, the way lying at first among rich vineyards. I was dunned by guides wishing to accompany me. One fellow actually stuck to me, bargaining for *carlini* or a *bottelea* as far as the Hermitage. I found the only plan was to take no earthly notice of him. The heat was very great. Crossed a vast sheet

or avalanche of lava, which bears direct from the summit to Portici or Herculaneum. I reached the hermitage at 12.30, and found my party had been there an hour before. The lunch was spread in the garden. Mr. Rodewald and I set off immediately for the ascent, and taking ponies. The tug began at the base of the cone. I long stoutly refused the aid of a rope, which is held while the guide goes before. To force me into submission, however, I think they kept longer on the yielding soil than was necessary, and I was obliged to give in. Soon, however, we got upon the edge of the lava current, but I noticed lower down the task was comparatively easy. Poor Mr. Rodewald required much persuasion to proceed, and was finally borne upon the shoulders of the guides. We reached the top ere I thought we were half way up, and amid the flying mists. Its appearance disappointed me. A few steps brought us to the lip of the crater, whence at intervals we got a glimpse down some hundred feet or more into the blackness and smoke and wizened rocks that line it. The smell of sulphur was stifling. Ever and anon the wind blew gusts of smoke and heated air into our faces and nostrils. All the rocks were crusted with red and yellow, while smoke and steam issued at every pore. After all, however, I was not awed. I do not know why; but our feelings are often unaccountable. The view over the vale beneath towards Pompeii was fine, and the progress and termination of the last lava stream striking.

'*Wednesday, May* 1.—Baiæ bewitched me; it was now evening, and the mellow air, the still sea, the noble panorama of the Sorrento hills, with Vesuvius opposite, overtopping the promontory of Posilipo, Puzzuoli in

the foreground—all soothed, moved, and filled me with delight. I sat long on the terrace of the little inn, quaffing a delicious wine of Ischia, which they are pleased to call Falernian, aud surrendering myself to the spirit of the place. I even made inquiries if I could spend the night there, although the morrow had its own work to look after. Finally, however, I tore myself away, having seen the various temples and ruins; but not Misenum, nor the several objects of antiquity that lie beyond Baiæ. *Non omnes omnia possunt.* At about half-past six I took the road for Puzzuoli, still spell-bound; passed the Lucrine lake, separated from the sea as of old by embankments, and consecrated to fish, if not to oyster-beds. Ere I reached Puzzuoli it was dark, and the lights that glimmered on sea and coast, the peasants returning from their toil, the occasional peal of bells, made me little regret the darkness. At Puzzuoli I got a car, and while it was making ready, swallowed some eggs and macaroni—my only diet since breakfast; then home by half-past nine again, traversing the tunnel, instead of the road by the promontory, which, had it been day-time, I should have done. My mistake has been in starting too late, considering the heat of the day. I have omitted some things which I should have seen; and had no time to read, on the spot, St. Paul's landing at Puteoli, and Virgil's panegyric on the harbour and lake, which yet were fresh in my memory. Nevertheless, I mark the day with a mark of the whitest chalk, and should I wish it, never never could forget its deep profound enjoyment!'

In a small pocket memorandum-book I found written in pencil the following diary :—

'*Sorrento, Sunday, May* 5.—My former memorandum-

book, hallowed by many entries at places of note or beauty, from Geddes to Florence, was, alas! stolen from me at Rome November last. Since then I have had no heart to begin another. I felt it like the loss of a child. Ostia, Lavinium, Ardea, Antium, Veii, are thus names which shall never in after years awaken recollections from memoranda *made on the spot*, any more than the top of the hill of Urchany, that memorable June—Champel, Zurich, or a hundred other holy places.

'Sorrento awakens once more the long silent emotions of my heart. I yearned for a Sunday here, and have found it all I could desire. The sweet peace of this morning; the melody of church bells issuing on all sides from the midst of orange groves; the view opposite of Naples, and its Camaldoli, Vesuvius to the right, Miseno, Baiæ, and Ischia to the left, Posilipo, and possibly Puteoli, where Paul landed—all these are pleasant to the eye, suggestive to the mind. My thoughts have realized more powerfully than usual past times of Roman history; but chiefly has the mellow air and the warm sunshine carried them back to the time of youth and childhood, awakening within me gratitude and love, and replenishing the heart with those living waters, without which what is life?

'I write this on a terrace, on which my window opens. I am all alone in a very cleanly, even elegant, yet unpampered hotel, where great lords and great signors do not appear to come; and therefore there is moderation and contentment. O for the certainty—I have the presentiment and the desire—that all I now see and do may conduce to my usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. My Saviour! lead me; and whatever comes from Thy hand must be good.'

On the 10th of May he left Naples, along with his friend Mr. Gordon, to return again on foot to Rome. They had both reached the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Casino, where they spent a quiet and happy Sabbath.

'*Sunday, May* 12.—Sweet sleep and gracious quiet. Retired for short time, and at twelve were summoned to dinner in the common hall—a large bleak one, where the whole household were assembled. Padre Caravita and we had a separate little table. The dinner was plain but substantial; the Fathers certainly a more refined and intellectual order than one generally sees. After dinner our padre took us to the *café* or lounge of the good monks, conducting to a terrace over the entrance-court, which they call *the Paradise*, from the fineness of its view westward and southward. Monte Cairo snow-clad on the right; the Liris slowly winding to the south-west. After coffee, a walk here and conversation. Mr. Gordon and I then set off for a Sunday stroll. A delicious walk conducted us to what appeared to have been a smaller convent. Here, alas! after we had read some of Keble, etc., the rain came on; and we were fain, after waiting some time under shelter, to make our way back to the convent. Vespers were by this time just concluded (half-past three), and our host invited us to hear one of the Fathers—a Spaniard—perform on the organ. His selection of airs was unfortunate: Norma, and two or three profane street tunes usually played with the accompaniment of monkeys.

'The archives, as it were below the convent, next awaited us. Here we saw some very ancient MS. bulls, etc., and the strangers' books, in which we inscribed our names. A separate one is kept for distinguished visitors,

of whom Newman was the first recorded. Accompanying the autograph he expressed his joy at having been permitted to visit Monte Casino, and entreated the prayers of the convent, from which England had of old drawn so largely, in behalf of his countrymen—*jam ex hæresi expergiscentibus.* The fine hand and beautiful latinity were most characteristic; the confidence of the tone displeased me.

'Supper rather lighter than dinner; finally we retired, and in our room bade farewell to our most obliging and courteous host, who kindly wrote his name in our memorandum-books, and undertook to distribute a certain donation we made for the poor.

'Before our last interruption we enjoyed the evening service together, and now closed the day with prayer.'

It was next day, while pursuing their journey, that John Mackintosh received his death-wound.

'*Monday, May* 13.—Rose betimes, and as soon as we could get breakfast, started; reached Ceprano road by romantic path—day lovely, but very warm. About six miles on, saw Aquino to the left. At other three, reached the apparently excellent inn of Amalfi, and rested; then made for Arce—a distance of five miles more. Here our passports were *visèd*, being the last station from Naples, and we reposed.

'After a violent thunder-storm, took the road for Arpino, to the right. This led us up a beautiful ascent with charming prospects behind as well as before, many of which recalled home, and made me speculate with intense joy on my possibly soon meeting with my mother. After some five or six miles, the main road descended towards the left to Sora; that to the right ascended to Arpino. At this point my strength greatly failed me,

owing probably to the broiling of the morning which had excited my bile, and walking became most burdensome. I pushed on, however, some three miles farther, my mouth parched with thirst, until, getting sight of Arpino near and yet high up, and approached by long windings, I cried a halt. We read together Keble's Ode on Romans VIII., in most appropriate circumstances of natural beauty; then resumed our way. The town seemed to possess many better-class houses, and we met people quite answering to this description, yet all asserted we should find no inn. On reaching the town I commenced to spit blood; a symptom which, accompanied with my great weariness and debility, alarmed me not a little. Our inquiries for an inn were painful, and the result far from tempting—a dismal little room where we were to have a bed between us, and strangers in the other. All efforts to better ourselves proved vain. Some warm coffee, in a better-class *café*, revived me, and we proceeded to our dungeon. Here, however, I experienced the rich goodness of the Lord, as I cannot but think. Being too weak, and not wishing dinner, I let Mr. Gordon, who was fresh and hearty, make all arrangements, while I lay on the top of the bed, thinking sweetly of God in Christ, and seeking grace to resign myself to His will, should he see fit to leave me an invalid ere having put my hand to the plough, and watched my dear mother to her home.'

In a letter written in Rome to his friend, Professor Forbes, he thus describes his illness, in the same quiet and peaceful manner:—

'The day had been very hot; and, about three miles from Arpino, I quite suddenly felt not my limbs but my whole physical strength failing me. In fact, my in-

cessant cough had quite deranged my organs, and just on entering the town, I began to spit blood pretty freely, which made me think it time to use caution. No kindly hand awaited us, although the town is most substantial and thriving, through its cloth works. Nevertheless, in a most miserable tenement, we passed the night peacefully, if not sleepfully, as I lay awake thinking that if I should have invalided myself before ever putting my hand to my profession, it would be a hard trial, however innocently I had brought it on myself. Next morning, we followed a lovely road of five miles to Isola, in the valley below, and once more in the highway to Sora,' etc.; and then he proceeds to narrate the rest of his journey without any further allusion to his health.

To his own account of this disastrous day let me add the account kindly given by his fellow-traveller:—

'I think I must now be writing within a week of the anniversary of that last day's journey together, on which we reached the old city of Arpino. It was a lovely evening, when towards the close of our long day's march, we sat down on the bridge at the foot of the hill, by climbing which you ascend to the ancient birthplace of Cicero and Marius. The scene was very charming; and I well remember taking from my pocket a copy of Keble's *Christian Year*—a volume my poor friend was greatly fond of, and we read as we sat there one or two of our favourite hymns.

'I particularly recollect how he enjoyed that—for the fourth Sunday after Trinity—upon "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God," etc. etc. As I think of the hymn now, it seems just such as his mind would have been particularly likely to have sympathized with, and I remember his

saying, as we rose up to renew our walk, that he should never turn to it again without calling to mind the circumstances under which we then had read and talked about it. I suppose it must only have been a few minutes after this, that a bad cough was succeeded by hæmorrhage, which continued slightly through that evening, and made it seem unadvisable that he should prosecute any further the journey on foot. He was more alarmed, I think, than I was; but no thought about himself altered at all that accustomed unselfishness which always made him aim to give me, who was professedly the weaker of the two, every advantage that could be in our lodging arrangement, etc. That night, unfortunately, was the only occasion on which these were so rude as to be really uncomfortable. We had together to share the same bedroom with a peasant and his son, and there was little enough to meet the case of one who felt as he did—ill and anxious; but he was just as contented and well satisfied as ever. We parted, to my great regret, next day; having procured a horse which took him at a foot's pace to the high road from Naples, where he joined a *Diligence* which brought him soon on to Rome, where he could at once have medical advice. I did not arrive there till some days later, travelling a less direct road on foot. My first care, when I reached Rome, was naturally to find out my friend; and I was gratified to find him, though rather weak, likely to be as well as ever in a few days' time; and when I finally bade him good-bye, as he started at the end, I think, of less than a week for the north-east coast of Italy, I never entertained any alarm about further consequences.'

On his arrival at Rome he consulted a well-known physician, who examined him with his stethoscope,

and pronounced 'all sound,' though he himself felt 'the pain in his side and right lung unabated!' His physician, however, permitted him to go out; and, in a few days afterwards, advised him to leave Rome for Germany.

'*May* 19.—O Lord, I am Thine, and to Thy care I commit health and all my future movements, assured of Thy unmerited love and gentleness!'

Having made the necessary preparations for his departure, bidding farewell to his friends, and visiting once more some of his favourite haunts, on May 23d, 'left Rome,' he says, 'as I entered, by the Porta del Popolo; full of many thoughts—my feelings on entering—the interval—the future!

CHAPTER XV.

Journey from Rome to Tübingen—Letter to Professor Forbes from Ravenna—Letter to his Sister, Lady Gordon Cumming, from Venice —Verses: Adieu to Venice!—Letter to Mr. Burn Murdoch from Verona—Feelings on leaving Italy.

LEAVING Rome, 'with many feelings, many thoughts,' he journeyed northward, crossing Italy to Loretto, and thence along the shore of the Adriatic, by Rimini, Ravenna, Ferrara, and Rovigo, to Venice his first halting-place. He travelled *vetturino*, and, though suffering terribly from cough and weakness, he enjoyed the scenery, and visited the more remarkable sights with unflagging interest, in the several towns through which he passed; making the most of his travelling companions, and trying to make them happy and to do them good.

'*May* 26.—On my way to Perugia I had as my companion a young priest — a most amiable and delightful fellow. Some religious conversation and pleasant thought.

'*May* 27.—Started at six—glorious morning, and drive superb. Such softness and grandeur, united with that exquisite boyhood of all nature! At Tolentino had a long discourse with an Italian, upon how children should be trained to truth and piety—how happiness could never be enjoyed by a people without domestic virtues—how this social and family life was in many

respects independent of the political condition, and dependent mainly on religion—the love and fear of God in Christ. Two families gathered round us, and all seemed interested. He wished to throw the whole blame of the dispeace he felt, on the political state of the country and on the priests; I avoided condemning either, wishing him to see how, as matters stood, there was a remedy; but I tried to kindle in them all a thirst to possess the Word of God in their native tongue, to be daily a lamp to their feet and a light to their path; they then left me, and I slept. Just before we started at three, he came back, and wrote out for me the life of a poet of Macerata, thanking me for the principles I had expounded to him.

'Macerata by half-past six, where I caught my first sight of the blue Adriatic. I am struck by the superiority of the towns, and generally of the people of the Papal States on this side the Apennines, over those of the other. The towns are so clean—have such an air of being lately built or rebuilt—and tenanted by a large gentry, and even an aristocratic class of their own; the manners of the people are so good, and they seem so industrious, and the fields are so admirably tilled. Writing this journal, as I do, at Ravenna, I apply these remarks to all the succeeding route. How can the people be discontented or miserable, asks the passing traveller, when from every inquiry which he makes about provisions, he finds they are amazingly abundant and cheap?

'*May* 28.—At Loretto, my cough and chest oppressing me. Saw the holy cottage, said to belong to Joseph and Mary, where our Lord spent His youth, and which has been brought here miraculously!'

TO PROFESSOR FORBES.

'RAVENNA, *June* 3, 1850.

'MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I must throw myself upon your indulgence. You know there is no one of my own sex on earth I love more. Be that enough. I will show you by and by how it comes that I have allowed so long a breach in my correspondence. Well then, all winter I was constantly studying busily the language, and a multitude of other subjects, with no temptations, from the severity of the weather, to stir abroad. On the 1st April I proceeded to move towards Naples, and then thought I should have something to recount, perhaps including a description of the coquettish Subiaco.'

'I started from Rome on the 15th April, having remained so long to witness the Pope's entry and reception, in my opinion a very frigid one; but the illumination of the dark city, was fine, and so was the pageant. Your friends, as you have probably heard, remained till about the same time, then left for Palermo. I experienced their parental kindness to the last. I must mention here that the last week of February, to celebrate the anniversary of the Chamouni expedition last year, I set off one morning in a small Tiber steamer for Fiumicino, crossed the island of the Tiber to Ostia, and mused among its ruins. Made next for Castel Fusana, a valley of Prince Chiji's, which I followed till I arrived at Torrepaterno.'

After generally narrating those tours with which the reader is sufficiently acquainted, and also giving the account of his illness (as already quoted at p. 377), with the subsequent events of his journey, he goes on to say—'I crossed the Colfiorito, where there are snow-posts as in Scotland, and reached the point where the streams

begin to flow towards the Adriatic. This pass and the descent to Tolentino is really beautiful.

'At Macerata we passed a night, and next night, and next day reached Loretto and Ancona. The house at Loretto enabled me at least to realize the great fact of "The Incarnation," as a picture or model might have done, and the marble case that encloses it is covered with sculpture of first-rate merit. The position of the church must be striking from the sea. Ancona is nestled in a kind of corner, and formed by a widely jutting hill to the south (which its cathedral seems to overhang), by two castles, besides other heights up which its houses cluster. But it is a damp and dirty town, so that I spent in it only a single day. The view from the cathedral over the Adriatic is delicious. The mountains of Greece are dimly visible, and the thoughts go wandering to the many countries which those waters touch.

'A meditation there is certainly to be remembered. The port of Trajan is still the harbour, and its beautiful arch of white marble I think surpasses any at Rome. From Ancona I followed the coast by Fano and Pesaro to Rimini. Both of these cities are beautiful, but the general route greatly inferior to that along the shores of the Mediterranean. The country is richly cultivated, but bare of trees and mountainous, except when you get a peep up the valley of some river. From Rimini I wished to reach Ravenna, but the direct road being but little travelled, I found it better to follow the Bologna road by Forli and Faenza, and thence taking the *Diligence* to Ravenna. Nothing could surpass here, too, the richness and beauty of the country, the cleanliness and thriving-ness of the town. The Apennines, now running east and west, presented a soft and exquisitely varied back-

ground. I have made the general remark that town and country on this side of the Apennines seemed greatly to surpass those on the other in cleanliness and cultivation, and in the apparent industry and thriving condition of the inhabitants. They seem intelligent and happy, and many nobility and gentry reside among them. Fewer beggars, too, are seen, and provisions are wonderfully cheap. Whence then that readiness to revolt, I cannot tell. The occupation of the Austrians is greatly liked, as they are so equal in their administration of justice, and appear to furnish redress to the people even against their proper rulers. Very different is the case in Lombardy. But this is easily explained. Finally, behold me at Ravenna where it rains incessantly, and my cough gives me often no rest. I fear the insipidity of this letter savours of it; but I thought details would please you. I would remind you how this very day nine years ago, we sailed in all the freshness of nine years younger from the Ship Inn, Dover, to Boulogne, under a bright sky, and a warm sun, for which I would give much just now, not to add, could they be enjoyed in your company!'

He arrived at Venice early in June. From thence he wrote the following letter

TO HIS SISTER, LADY GORDON CUMMING.

'VENICE, *June* 11, 1850.

'MY DEAREST JENNY,—I had intended writing you from Rome, but the Fates have ordered it should be from Venice—the one name, I daresay, as thrilling to you as the other. I always quote you as an instance of how two persons may love each other almost better than any one else on earth (I speak for myself at least), and yet correspond but rarely. There is no one with

whom my past is more sweetly blended than with you; and I have a presentiment that our future will not be altogether unmingled. O that, at the present hour, I could have you as my dear congenial fellow-traveller! My dear mother, whose letters are a perfect treat to me abroad, from their newsiness, keeps me up of course to all your doings and movements; and occasionally transmits to me your love. I sometimes wonder at my extreme audacity, in thus *kilravaging* the world, while so many of my own age are hard at work at home; but I have never the slightest misgivings that I am doing wisely, with the nature of the profession I look forward to, and the gravity and experience it demands. My stay at Geneva, I may say, was worth my four years' study of Divinity at home. At Rome last winter I abandoned the Roman Catholic Church, and became a Reformer, as it were, on my own responsibility. I yet wish to complete the process, and in Germany to discern the excesses and perils of the Reformation. Through God's blessing I may hope that this training will make me neither heretic nor fanatic. I cannot be too grateful for the opportunities I have had—not only of studying men, manners, languages, religions, but also of beholding some of the most beautiful and hallowed portions of God's created earth. What pen or pencil could do justice to the glories of Switzerland—a country fresh with youth, and where its Maker's fingering seems ineffaced? Then the transit of the Alps, into the land of poetry and song, from Virgil down to your modern composers, all endowed with that divine spark which elevates its possessor above his fellows, and exalts others too, under its influence, above themselves. Land of glorious memories! how my bosom thrilled as I strode

majestically across the summit of the mountain, and at length was fairly descending upon its sunny plains! Moment of delicious excitement! which it takes a whole youth and boyhood to prepare. I am now about to leave Italy, and what is my verdict? You used to accuse me of seeing everything *couleur de rose;* but here it shall not—cannot be so. For one thing, I have been direfully unfortunate in seeing it under what is called an exceptional phasis. The winter was bitterly cold; the spring wet beyond description; and even still, in the heart of June, a serene unclouded sky—such as one fancied to be the prevailing sky of Italy—is an uncommon rarity. Now, the sun is the grand magician whose wand electrifies the earth. Everywhere I have seen the elements of bewitching beauty—given only a climate; but, as I say, this has generally been denied me. Some exceptions, however, there have been, and the memory of these I cherish to the exclusion of the rest, as tallying quite with that Italy of my imagination which all the hard realities I have witnessed, shall not obliterate. To any one who has the prospect of coming abroad, I would say: "Don't look at Byron—don't look at this and that ecstatic lady-writer; but go with a plain matter-of-fact map in your pocket, and good knowledge of history and literature in your head. Then, what is beautiful or striking you discover for yourself, which lends it an unspeakable charm, and you are taken by surprise. I can safely say, that almost everything previously heralded and sung makes on me comparatively small impression; while the beauties I had not known of set me wild and dangerous. The wretches have puffed up Florence, so that it took several days for the ebb to return into a gentle flow; and now my memorial of its

galleries, its churches, its environs, its associations, are truly dulcet. Of Rome, they cannot cheat you; its interest is too deep-seated, too tremendous, too enduring. Oh! the solemn beauty of its ruins, where yet the spring lies green, and the birds are ever gay! Oh! the grandeur of its echoes, when the spirits of the past stalk before you, and you hesitate to say which epoch of the world you belong to. Pagan times, dark ages, middle ages, *renaissance*—all are there epitomized and represented; and for years you might dwell on, finding ever fresh material for the thoughts, augmented by increasing knowledge. Naples is brilliant as the morning—Rome as sunset. You may weary even of that dazzling bay, with its islands, mountains and promontories. Baiæ has its charms; but they are perilous if they linger. Vesuvius is a fellow that requires much getting up: I never saw him erupt, and when silent he is insipid. Pompeii, although now a railway station, is indeed marvellous; Pæstum—the threshold of Magna Græcia—glorious for its temples; Amalfi, Sorrento, and Castellamare—the very garden of the Hesperides, and spots where I should love to linger. The journey from Rome to Naples is exceedingly beautiful and interesting, whether you take the coast road or the hills: I performed it both ways, and nearly all on foot. From Rome, I crossed the country by Narni, Terni, and Spoleto, to Loretto and Ancona. This was, without exception, the loveliest portion of Italy I have seen, and the weather charming. The poets or fibbers cannot humbug you out of this, any more than they can out of Switzerland or Rome. Greenest, richest vegetation; softest, most varying outline of hills; clear streams, and sleek herds roaming through surpassing valleys, with that vision-

ary light which gives everything, the grossest even, a dream-like ethereal character, and which only an Italian sun can shed. The night, too, when there is moonlight, yields not to the day. From Ancona I reached Ravenna, for whose thrilling interest I refer you to that small work of Gibbon. The tomb of Dante is there, and others of chaps much older. Next and now, Venice — bride and queen of the Adriatic! — gorgeously, sumptuously, fantastically, ridiculously beautiful—the most un-Presbyterian city it is possible for the mind to fancy. What if Calvin had got his hammer among the minarets and pinnacles of St. Mark's? I am morally certain that cathedral must have been imported on the wings of genii from Bagdad or some city of the Arabian Nights; having said which, I have said enough. Before it, rise three stupendous masts — emblems of the maritime republic; then the piazza—three sides of a long rectangle—the façades of an architecture at once quaint and rich, with a long cloister (or piazza, as we should use the word) of brilliant shops and *cafés* all round. The whole square is paved, and entirely shut in from sight of sea or canal. Here Greeks and Turks mingle with Christians; and at evening, beneath the still and starry sky, an Austrian band, or native singers, discourse most eloquent music; while all the rank and fashion of Venice and its visitors enjoy the cool air, feeding on ices, coffee, and harmonious thought. The Doge's Palace, and a thousand others, line the Quay and the Grand Canal, all of rich marble and most fantastic architecture, as if to scout the usual stiffness of Europeans. I am not sure if the Venetians say their prayers to the Madonna or the Prophet, but it is of little consequence: one and all in

Italy are alike Pagan. I have left myself no room to talk of the Italian character; their abundant talent, so sadly stunted and misdirected; their ignorance; their grand defects of dishonesty and untruthfulness, increased if not originated by shameful priests, or frightfully perverted religion, and in some parts grievous misgovernment. These elements of character are universal; but in other respects, there is much difference of character between different States. The Lombards and Romans are grave and serious, noble-looking men, and of courteous manners. The Florentines and Neapolitans are of fair complexion, and giddy and gay in temperament; less sincere, and greater rogues perhaps than the other. Except at Florence and Venice, the generality of the women I think hideous; and, after a certain age, they become hags, too ugly to live. The men everywhere are handsome; pity their hearts are so poltroon! Especially at Rome, they have, every mother's son of them, a splendid voice; but they sing little just now, whether from laziness or sulks. In instrumental music, the Germans leave them miles behind. In the public gardens of Rome, Florence, Naples, except when the French or Austrians play, you never hear the sound of music. In Germany, no little village could let the evening pass without it. I believe it is well they should be under foreign rule, although I felt strongly liberal before sojourning among them. They are arrant children with fierce passions, and would certainly go to wreck and ruin if left to themselves. The sincerity and certainty of the Austrians' word, their stern and impartial justice, are acknowledged, while they hate and fear them. Noble fellows those Austrians are, and dashing men their officers; so unlike the poor peaky-looking French, who

yet are brave and good soldiers, and, I believe, could lick the others. The Madonna is the great goddess of the Italians. About a third of the churches and altars are dedicated to her—the mass of the prayers are addressed to her—every year she is rising in dignity, and the redemption of the world is ascribed to her. A more terrific perversion of Satan it is impossible to conceive, and when the day-star is again to dawn on this benighted country, God only knows; but the time must come!

'Instead of going to the north of Germany, as I had intended, I think now of taking up my residence for some time at the University of Tübingen, in Würtemberg. Thither, then, my pet—to the Poste Restante—will you write me a return stave, and imitate my egotism? for you cannot be too minute or trifling in details, in all about yourself and family. Notwithstanding all I see, my heart is still wedded to the shores of the Moray Firth, and I envy those whose lot it is there to live and there to die. My affectionate remembrances to Sir William and each of the bairns. Adieu! dearest Jenny, and never doubt, as you cannot, in the constant love of," etc.

VENICE.—'*June* 13.—Resolved to stay out the week in this charming place, where my cough daily diminishes; and, for perhaps the first time in Italy, I experience at once physical and mental happiness. Evening, at seven, to Alison's, and walk in piazza; lingered long after he left me, enjoying delicious air and all the glorious associations; forming also schemes of study for the future.

'*June* 15.—Shakspere and Marino Faliero. Took gondola; landed at Ghetto, and was conducted by Jewish gentlemen to synagogue. Distributed tracts; back to St. Mark's. Luxurious evening, as heretofore.

Indeed, I think I should never weary of the Oriental Arabian-Night-looking Cathedral; and the noble piazza, with its fresh breeze and calm patch of sky. One can breathe here, and know, without leaving the city, what atmosphere prevails and fills the earth. None of your shut-up rooms, narrow streets, and choking *cafés*.'

The following verses, written in his pocket-book when leaving Venice, show at least how much he was affected by this noble city :—

'ADIEU! fair Venice, city of the sea—
Long had I loved the beauty of thy name;
But now that I've been bless'd to visit thee,
No need of others to extol thy fame.
Into my heart thy beauty silently
Hath sunk; how deeply, it perhaps were shame
To express in accents that with truth agree!
Yet let it be allowed me without blame
To say, at least, I leave thee sadder than I came.

'I leave thee, Venice, but my spirit still
Lingers amid thy calm ethereal joys—
Thy mimic ocean, where one glides at will
From isle to isle, nor tempest rude annoys.
What deep tranquillity thy nights instil
Into the soul that learns ere long to poise
'Tween earth and heaven, where holier breathings fill
Th' enraptured breast, and earth with all its noise
Becomes a thing of nought—a harmless, empty voice

'There I have enter'd into Plato's mind,
And felt for once with him a kindred tie;
Not as of old in bearing with mankind,
The common burthen of humanity—
But in being able in myself to find
A shadowing forth of immortality—
A something that informs me, that, confined
Within this clay, there is that cannot die—
A spark of God's own life imparted from on high.

'Plato was one of these that from below
Rose to the empyrean, and attain'd
Perhaps a greater vision than can know,
Any by human force alone sustain'd.
But there was One who came from heav'n to show
How man might commune with the skies, and deign'd
To take upon Him our vile clay—when lo!
God became man—and man was surely train'd
To soar from earth to heav'n on wings divinely gain'd.

'Daily I strive, my yearning spirit seeks
To fix its home among those higher spheres.
Alas! in vain; but now and then are streaks
Of morning light upon my heav'n that cheers.
Yet soon again, long night its vengeance wreaks;
Yet not the less, e'en then it music hears,
Christ gave the compass that 'mid shoals and breaks
Guides the benighted mariner without fears,
And whispers oft and sure deliv'rance in his ears.'

Leaving Venice, he journeyed *via* Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Trent, Botzen, Innspruck, and thence by Lake of Constance to Stuttgart and Tübingen. From Verona, he wrote to his friend Mr. Burn Murdoch, then at Halle:—

'. . . My dear mother still writes in the hope of being able to get abroad, in which case I should be sorry, indeed it would be impossible, to tabernacle at Halle and she at Wildbad. Accordingly, looking at the map, I perceived that our friend Meyer's University—no mean one either—stands within a few hours' drive of the baths. This appeared exactly to suit me; and to Tübingen I have resolved to go, there to tarry out the session, with frequent visits to my mother, should she come, during its course, and joining her when it is over, in August. . . .

'On a winter at Berlin, I have always secretly set my heart, and always had the presentiment we should be

there together. If I see my mother this summer, all my scruples and hindrances will be removed, and my way made plain. . . . I am sure you have studied well, and, above all, I hope you have inhaled a long draught of Scottish air and heart, to bear you through a foreign winter. At the same time, I believe we should find the native Germans more hearty and home-like than the native Genevese. . . .

'I touched at Halle in 1844, walked and drank tea with Dr. Tholuck, whom I admired and loved. I heard him lecture on Romans viii., and give a most beautiful cottage address, in a hall of the town, to rustics and others—the subject, John vi.; and every syllable edifying and touching. . . .

'What rude, raw thing in general, is student life among theologians! All other professions (the students of) are true to their youth and bias; but here there is an incongruity. The subject of their thoughts and conversation is grave, sublime, but infinitely too delicate for such coarse handling; and their lives should be one thing, and are another; but they are neither one nor other out and out. I confess I shrink from again coming into daily, hourly contact with what I deplore, but cannot mend. . . .

'Of Venice, I shall not trust myself to speak. I am over head and ears in love with it more than any other city in Italy, or than all the rest put together: it has captivated me, heart and soul. I don't know how I got away from it, but I felt myself even intellectually another being there; and floating on the Lagune, or pacing St. Mark's till nearly midnight, used to form visions of study, and follow out trains of meditation that made me think my clay had forsaken me, or become moulded

into something more ethereal. Glorious city, under whatever point you view it.'

He notices in his Diary that 'In the travellers' book at Trent, one of the earliest names in the book (1824) was that of Sir Walter Scott, written in a female hand. Twice occurs that of Willie Cumming; the first time with Mr. Callander, the second with young Islay. Dalyell's name also in 1845, awoke many thoughts. There were also the two S——s moving *into* Italy, and therefore breathing high contentment with everything and everybody; everywhere in refreshing contrast with the complaints of those moving northwards, and telling of knaves, thieves, rogues, impostors, filth, uncleanliness, to be avoided by the forewarned; but *how*, it is not added. I would say (but not sweepingly), only by returning to the latitudes from which they came.'

'*June* 23.—(Brixen.)—A long sleep in a gloriously clean bed. Then read in German Testament and wrote till five. Short walk, and dined at eight. Out again. Delicious air, and thoroughly Tyrolese scenery—wooded hills and green uplands, with their white hamlets and fine church and spire; then woods above, and higher, but rarer, hamlets, till the mountain insensibly passes into bare rock and snow. In a cemetery on which the mountain looked down, the simple villagers of above seemed to repair reverently, one by one, to visit the tombs and crosses, and to pray, kneeling and repeating inaudibly with their lips. The sight, the place, the hour affected me, and here at least I had no doubt that their hearts were full. The German language seems to me ill suited for lip-service. To-morrow I cross the Alps, and adieu to Italy,—land which I entered with the

highest expectations, but which, except for instruction, has presented me with few attractions. A climate for cold, heat, rain, and apparent transparency of atmosphere, odious and incongruous. But let me hope that the instruction has been substantial, deep, and lasting, and so we are more than quits. Farewell.'

How different were his feelings on entering Italy! But his own bad health, we suspect, had to do with his change of feelings quite as much as the bad climate. But so glad was he to return to the north, that the volume of his diary (the thirteenth!) in which his departure out of Italy is recorded, is inscribed, 'Out of Italy—Hurrah!'

CHAPTER XVI.

Tübingen—His studies there—Diary—Letters to his youngest Sister—To Rev. W. Ker—Visits Stuttgart and Kornthal—Letters to his Mother, A. Burn Murdoch, Esq., and Rev. N. Macleod—Returns to Tübingen—Letters to A. Hamilton, Esq., to his youngest Sister, to R. Balfour, Esq., to Miss Hodges, to his Mother, to Mr. Burn Murdoch, and to his Sister Lady Gordon Cumming—Christmas at Stuttgart—Letters to Miss Hodges, to his Sister Mrs. Smith, to Rev. N. Macleod, to A. Hamilton, Esq.—Declining Health—Diary.

JOHN MACKINTOSH once more resumed his student-life in Tübingen. This is a town in Würtemberg of eight thousand inhabitants, situated about forty miles to the south of Stuttgart, and in one of the most picturesque and fertile districts of Suabia. It is built upon a low undulating ridge of vineyard-clad slopes, rising abruptly above the Neckar, which, here a small arrowy stream, sweeps their base. The narrow streets of the greater portion of the town wind their way up the hill, with old houses, whose high-peaked gables approach each other in the strip of blue sky overhead; while here and there are open spaces for a market-place, a church, or some venerable school of learning. The ridge is crowned by an old *Schloss*, once belonging to the Pfalzgraves of Tübingen—a race extinct two centuries ago. The castle itself is yet in good repair, and turned to account by the University, to which it now belongs. From its battlements there is a beautiful view to the eastward,

of which the Suabian 'Alp' forms the most striking feature. Beyond the *Schloss*, the path winds through the vineyards. In a summer-house, on the Osterberg, Wieland composed his *Oberon;* and amidst the same scenes of rural beauty, Uhland still chants his exquisite lyrics.

The University of Tübingen is one of the oldest and most illustrious in Germany. Reuchlin and Melanchthon once taught in it. It possesses an ancient Protestant Theological, and also a Roman Catholic Seminary.

Mackintosh took up his residence in the inn. 'You know,' he says in writing to a friend, 'my weakness for inns, and would choose one to die in.'

On the first day of his arrival (July 1), he writes thus in his Diary:—'I know not how it is, but the moment I halt at a place with the design of resting there permanently some months, my spirits sink, and all seems dark and dreary. At Geneva and Rome it was not so; but I remember the same thing at Heidelberg and Bonn, and now here. I seem to have reached the back of the world, and have all the sensations of nightmare and suffocation. This may pass, and, at all events, God grant that I may here make diligent progress in all my studies!'

This sadness passed away, when he once more entered upon his studies. These were as earnest as ever. Every hour was occupied. In one of his letters, he says:—'Among many lectures that attracted me, I have limited myself to (beginning with the lowest) Vischer, at six P.M., on German Literature; Hefele (Roman Catholic Seminary) on Church History, at ten; and the Fathers at four; Beck, on Christian Ethics, three days a week; Schwegler, on Plato, at two; and, twice a week,

"Ephorus" Hoffman, of the Theological *Stift*, on Old Testament Theology, at two. I attend also, as often as possible, the excellent Dr. Schmidt, and his colleague, the famous Rationalist, Bauer, who lectures on the History of Dogmas, his *forte*, and on New Testament Theology. I am anxious to hear him, as he represents the newest and most learned school of the Hegelian or Strauss philosophy.'

Considering that this was only a portion of the work which filled up the twenty-four hours, he might well say, in writing to a friend, that he 'worked the clock out of countenance,' and in his journal (*August* 6) :— 'I am moving in full sail, every inch of canvas spread, although my craft be small: not two minutes of the day but I work and turn to account. O my Lord, may I add that it is all for Thee!'

He remained in Tübingen without a break, for more than two months.

'*July* 8.—Got a letter from my mother, which allayed my fears of their coming abroad to Wildbad as they intended; and the Wildbad road is for me henceforth gloomy, leading to gloom, and utterly unwalkable, especially at evening! My judgment rejoices, *my heart mourns.*

'Had a long walk with Professor Michaelis. In the evening, the reading-room. Read the news of Sir Robert Peel's death, which made my heart beat, and my eyes swim. What! in the prime of life, and the only competent prime minister at present for England! Some day, I suppose, Gladstone will be prime minister, and then, however England may be managed externally, she will be thrown into internal Church broils, for which she is already ripe; and some agencies which are at

present in the background, will once more play an influential part in the history of Europe. Russia and England are preparing the ground for a tussle. The former has religious objects in view as well as political. God grant that, if she endeavour to supplant the Church of Rome, England enter not into the quarrel, as giving her power to ——! I feel a gloom over my mind and spirit in consequence of this news.

'*July* 27.—My life is here tranquil and happy. A week, a month ended, during which much cause of thankfulness to God. May the next in all respects witness better things, through Thy blessing, O my God!'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'TUBINGEN, *July* 30.

'. . . It is perfectly absurd to imagine that any part of the Continent can for a moment vie with the thousand and one spots of our own dear land. Chris' accounts of Clifton and Malvern sent my thoughts a-spinning, and, shall I say it, created a certain *Heimweh;* but this I must keep down for some time yet. I received her dear letter this afternoon—blessings on her for it! it did me more good than ten physicians; how marvellous her recovery, how rich the goodness of God! I do not wish to miss the lesson you must all have had during the process of the fever, but try to realize it all, and feel as you do. I wish, since you will a-jaunting, you could for a week change places with me, brat; not but that I am most happy here, and making some progress in that dictionary-needing tongue; but you know the keen relish I had for Temple Sowerby, and its picture of domestic and village life—the sweet associ-

sions I have with it, and now I shall never more behold it under the same dynasty. It is like the curiosity I have to see Constantinople tenanted by the Turks; and the presentiment I have that, ere I visit it in my grand tour of the world, the Russians and not the proper, romantic, orthodox Mahometans will be there. Well, alas! I could weep for it—for oh! those days of Gresford, Wrexham, of Appleby and Ullswaterizing! but hush! down! not a word more. I have no doubt destiny will conduct them to some other sweet spot in south-west England; and there too one's heart may nestle. How look the rocks by Eden now? how grow the cowslips in the intervening park? Is Eggspoon still the hero of the village? *und so weiter.* You will admire the lyrical character of this effusion, but it matters not. I have written my travels to so many, in shreds and patches, distributed over Europe, that the subject palls me. I expect this time to make distinguished progress in German. Are you doing anything in that way? There is a Professor here who lectures twice a week upon Faust; and even without his aid I have discovered it to be not quite such nonsense (!) as we once imagined; but you must understand the allusions, and for that we were not then competent. Some day (that is never) I may lecture to you on it. I sometimes think, "Where am I? what brought me here? what am I doing here? where is everybody else? when shall I rejoin them?" Well, the only conclusion is, that our life is a strange mystery, and understood not even by ourselves. We don't know the consequence of our acts, or whither we are tending; but One above does, and it becomes us in faith, and yet with trembling, to wait upon Him, and as much as possible confine our

attention to the limits of the present, and make the most of it.'

TO THE REV. WM. KER.

'TUBINGEN, *August* 26, 1850.

'. . . I feel satisfied there is very much to be learned in this heretical land, and only mourn that so few of my right *tüchtig* friends are here to reap the benefits which I see may be acquired, would fain acquire, but am straitened from acquiring and importing, through poverty of intellect. I am persuaded we seldom rightly sound and probe the truth till we are urged to it by error. The more the soul travails in those high regions, the more will it bring forth—albeit it be to the eye and in form just what it had before—and that without much effort. They tell me here God is diffused through time and space, without any distinct individuality or personality. I try this upon my spirit, and it rebounds from such a doctrine, to cling—with what fondness, with what earnestness, with what deep-felt gratitude!—to all that Scripture reveals of the high and holy, as well as infinitely gracious and condescending One; and so on through all the attacks I have yet encountered. I must say I feel a world of information—I might say of light breaking in upon me from all sides. I feel that I am being educated—that each day adds something to its predecessor, and only regret (though perhaps the regret is vain) that so late in life I have entered on so wholesome and invigorating a mental discipline. Could we but transplant the good to Scotland, the spirit of inquiry—profound, enlightened, patient; and reject the evil *accompaniments*—I fear in some measure with sinful man, *consequences*—it would be an achievement worthy

of the thanks of all posterity. But a truce to such remarks. We are at least happier with the practical side of things developed among us; the humble, believing, loving, but withal perhaps uninquiring Christianity.'

The month of September was spent at Stuttgart. He says in his Diary, August 19:—'I begin to welcome the thought of a move—for I have here, through God's goodness, studied well, and need relaxation.' His few weeks were busily occupied in constant attendance at the meetings of the *Kirchentag*, and more especially in examining, with great minuteness and patience, the various schools in the city, so as to master the German system of education, to which so much attention has so deservedly been directed in this country.

While in Stuttgart he enjoyed the society of Professor Mentzell, the well-known author of *Lectures on German Literature.*

'*Sept.* 6.—Had a walk in the park gardens with Professor Mentzell, as far as Hoffer's Castor and Pollux. He criticised the sculptures. Spoke also with much despair of the condition of Germany, as regards unity and liberty. The petty sovereigns, in spite of the wishes of their people, must just revert to the old system, and be, if possible, more arbitrary and despotic. The Chambers are a mere shadow. He spoke of historians; the Germans amass materials, but are too long: the French fail in solid materials—this is true of Fleury, Mignet, and Guizot. Mignet's style he greatly admires. The English historians he likes: Gibbon, however, defective in his notice of the migration of the people after the fall of the Roman Empire, too much in the style of the

old Roman historians. Hume good for his time. He spoke of some old historians (as Moore) who had pleased him much; and also of Sir Thomas Browne's (his son Edward's?) *Travels in Germany.*

'*Sept.* 9.—(The Sunday question at the Kirchentag.) —At eight went to the Cathedral: very full. Many old heads among the audience. Hofprediger Klein preached, as I thought, a capital sermon for the occasion, full of patriotism and judicious pious admonition. Alluded to the state of Germany, the desire for unity in its church, and more life among its people, and welcomed the builders of their Zion then present. The best means for building, he said, was unity of spirit, but not uniformity. And the best means for promoting life and godliness was personal godliness and personal example. At 9.30 to Spital Kirche. Dr. Schmid mounted the pulpit about 12 to give a discourse on Sabbath observance. Kapf, of Herrenberg, read aloud afterwards Dr. Schmid's "heads," and some more of his own, on the obligation and advantage of sanctifying the Lord's day. Dr. Schmid had given up the Old Testament, New Testament, and Church argument separately, but grounded the duty on all together. Kapf seemed to go farther in a Scottish direction, and he was followed by an endless succession of speakers, old and young, professors and pastors, some of them for the divine obligation, as, for instance, Dr. Sack; others against it, as Krummacher. It was just the old range of argument for and against. All were yearning for something to be decided out of Scripture, and calling for some deeply learned professor to give his opinion and help them to decide. But surely this very dividing is itself instructive? Truth must lie on both sides, since neither party (unless bigoted) can

out and out condemn the other. Luther, Calvin, England, America, etc. etc., were all quoted. The result was that at three o'clock, all other business having been excluded, they decided practically to address governments, requesting their aid in the outward consecration of the day, and to address the people on its inward, personal, family, and social observation. The conclusion thus come to was one, though the grounds by which it was urged differed widely. I cannot help thinking that after all the deep search and long scepticism of German theology, in debateable and unsearchable questions, it will at last come back, in the mass of pastors and people, to a certain working out of and a living upon the light which their fathers had, and which they themselves will re-adopt, without farther vain inquiry, or much progress in actual knowledge. After all, religion makes its progress in another region and in another manner. The *doing* has here an altogether marvellous, and humanly speaking, incomprehensible relation to the *knowing*.'

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

'STUTTGART, *Sept.* 8.

'Ere I finally decide for next winter, I look up to Him whom I desire to serve; and, were it not that my decision will be already made when you receive this, would ask you to intercede for me. I do not think that I am following the devices of my own heart, in thus lingering abroad, and wishing to pass a winter in Germany; because I can foresee, almost with gloom, many things from which the flesh naturally shrinks, and which I might avoid by returning at once to a dear home, to loving friends, and to active work, for which my soul yearns. No, my sojourn abroad, from the

first moment down to the present, has been no pastime. The very scantiness of the means on which I have managed so much travelling and residence in expensive places, betokens that I am not given to outward self-indulgence; and these two years are sufficient to have convinced me, that there is no happiness on earth at all equal to that to be enjoyed at home, and among friends, in a sphere too where language is no bar to proclaiming, and so serving, Christ. But I feel impelled to complete what I have begun—so strongly, that were I to act otherwise, I should be doing violence to all those indications which I must regard as the leadings of God's providence. What He designs for me and with me, I do not know; but I can see my present duty in no other way. I know, dearest mother, that this defence, so to speak, is quite unnecessary for you—for you, who gave me birth, have always instinctively had confidence in my motives; but I write it because, in my present perplexity, I have been led more closely to examine my heart, and to search after the Lord's will; and the verdict I have given to myself, I communicate to you.'

In the beginning of the following letter to Mr. Burn Murdoch, he refers to a severe illness from which his friend was slowly recovering:—

'STUTTGART, *Sept.* 14, 1850.

'It would be impossible for me to tell you, in a letter, how much yours, from Geneva, moved and distressed me—the nature of your trial is so painful and severe; but even for such a case the Lord is all-sufficient, and, I trust, and indeed have the conviction, that His strength has been made perfect in your weakness; that the Lord

has given you such a sweet resignation to His sovereign and all-wise will; that the suffering has been turned into a blessing for you; that your *faith* in Him has been made strong, so that you discern love in the affliction; and that His grace within you has enabled you to say, "Lord, I am not my own, but Thine; bought with Thy blood, and dedicated to Thy service; do with Thy servant as Thou seest good and best." I feel anxious about you, and therefore hope you will not keep me long in suspense, but write me soon how you now are, and whether you can say an amendment is visible. "The Lord grant it!" has been my very frequent prayer. Of course had I been at Geneva, I would have joined with William in urging your return; and as you have done but what was right, I need not be silent on my personal disappointment, which is but the expression of my love to you. Yes, I had been looking forward, I may say buoyed up by the prospect of our meeting, and felt my heart sink when my hope was blighted; but to God's will I must also bow, and believe (though I cannot yet feel) that here, too, all is for the best. I felt, and still feel, like a ship in a troubled and dreary sea, wanting half its hands. I have not been so desolate in spirit since the day after you left me at Lausanne—perplexed and weighed down; but without moon, stars, or inward light, I hope on—the morning must come—its first dawn will be when you write me cheerily (but faithfully) of yourself. I expected to have been comforted in seeing dear Meyer at Tübingen, as he wrote me from Lyons, and thus hearing from him of you, as well as solacing myself in his friendship and advice. I waited there a week for him beyond my time; but he neither came nor wrote, so that I began to fear he also was

unwell. At last I moved to Stuttgart on the 2d of September, quite undecided what to do. The Kirchentag, or Assembly of German divines, as you probably know, was to take place here on the 10th; and I used this as an excuse for delay in deciding my plans, remaining for it, and seeking God's direction. The intervening week I spent profitably, at least, in inspecting very thoroughly the gymnasium in all its classes, for which I had permission, and comparing it with our own system. At last came the Kirchentag, which has occupied this entire week from Tuesday. I have attended indefatigably all its meetings; and by going early, generally secured a good place for hearing and understanding. A few words upon it may interest you. First, it was numerously attended. Some hundreds of pastors and others, from all parts of Germany to the most remote. I saw there your friends Tholuck and Julius Müller; Sack and Dörner from Bonn; the two Krummachers; Stahl, and some lay noblemen from Prussia and Berlin; representatives from Hamburg, Bremen, Schleswig-Holstein, the frontiers of Holland, Frankfort, Hesse, Saxony, Hungary, Bavaria—and, in short, every hole and corner of broad Germany. Nitzsch was prevented from coming, but Ullmann and other distinguished men were also there. The hospitality of Stuttgart was truly Scottish. Every stranger, on presenting himself, was presented with a card of admission to the meetings, Oratorios, and leading sights of the city, with a full description of the latter, and with the offer of quarters in a family if he wished. Business began each day at eight or nine, and lasted till three; then a *table-d'hôte* in three different *locales;* at five, friendly intercourse in the Museum or its beautiful garden; in the

evening, Oratorios (very splendid); or meetings of committees to arrange business, also open to the public. The greatest unanimity has prevailed in the discussions; and these have embraced almost every conceivable means of furthering the kingdom of Christ among the German people, from the sanctification of the Sunday (with which their discussions opened) to Bible and tract circulation, itinerant preaching, prison visiting, school evangelization, family worship, and many other important, and even minute, questions. In one word, the object of their meeting, besides the indirect one of promoting unity of spirit and love among the churches and brethren, is statedly the Home Mission. There is no doubt that the idea of such an annual assembly arose out of the Revolution of 1848, this being now their third meeting since that year (the first two were at Wittemberg); and that on this account they are favourably regarded, and even encouraged, by the still despotic governments; but how fair a child, and how rich in fruit is this, through God's blessing likely to become for Germany, and through it for all lands! I desire nothing further to confirm me in the faith that the Revolution has been overruled by God for the furtherance of His kingdom. No one present could fail to be convinced, that in it was the germ of a second Reformation for Germany, more profound in experience, and more lasting than the first; and under this inspiration many who have lived through the troublous times, which conduced to the Revolution, could not forbear from weeping at the vision of the rebuilding of their Zion, which they had never expected in their days to witness. Earnest, earnest were the prayers, and sensible the presence of the Spirit of God among them; and an onlooker, whose heart was with them, could not

fail to be deeply moved, to share in the benediction, and to desire even to join in bearing stones for the work. And there were some English missionaries there not inactive; and England and Scotland were often quoted in the speeches, though the prevailing tone was strictly national and original, and could not, and ought not to have been otherwise.'

While at Stuttgart, he had the happiness of making the acquaintance of the poet Dr. Knapp, whose beautiful hymns are familiar to the German Church.

'*Sept.* 26.—At eight to Dr. Knapp; very kind reception. Spoke partly in English and partly in German. He is an *intense* admirer of Shakspere: thinks him far greater than Homer, Dante, or Goethe. Macbeth marvellous! Act ii. scene 2, unsurpassable! He made me read it. Spoke of Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Cowper—all in language highly poetical and full of just remarks. He is going to Berlin, and offered to take me with him. Rieger came in and concluded our interview, which lasted an hour, by playing me some airs from Beethoven.'

Mackintosh spent the first two weeks in October at Kornthal, a village—described in the next letter—near Stuttgart. From thence he wrote me some account of the state of theological education and religion in Würtemberg.

TO THE REV. N. MACLEOD.

'KORNTHAL, *Oct.* 5.

'. . . As to Italy, its very names have power to sweep the soul in all its harmonies, and I believe and trust that the vibration with me, will cease only with life. It is now a sweet dream—a gorgeous vision; the curtain of the past has for a short season been raised before my

eyes: it has fallen again, but the unutterable things I have beheld are mine for ever! I might have told you my emotions on seeing Dr. and Mrs. Black at Naples; how my heart went out to them for *auld lang syne*, and for the circumstances that brought them there; how we spoke of home, of you, and the Doctor, and made Naples for the time Scotland; and yet Scotland, and Dr. Black, and I, and all of us, were subjected to the magic of a Naples sun, and sky, and bay, and mountains. Since then I have heard of them no more, but my thoughts have followed them. . . . The transit of the Alps is to no man an ordinary moment, and I know not whether I felt bigger, when descending from the Splügen to Chiavenna, with the whole jar of youthful association ready to be discharged, or in descending upon Innsprück, the jar refilled with what must serve for manhood and old age. . . . And now Germany, the vanquisher of old Rome, that first shook the gates of new, and may yet, one day, by God's grace, overthrow them—a noble land, never perhaps more rich in promise than at the present moment. Two months of summer, as you know, I spent at Tübingen. It has a Roman Catholic and Protestant Theological Seminary, both well supplied. Unlike the usual practice in Germany, the students in either live within the walls, and are thus subjected to a thorough training and surveillance. Indeed, in all its departments, the little kingdom of Würtemberg is, one may say, admirably ordered, and always aiming at something higher, and still more efficient. The preparation of her pastors is but one instance of this. Those of her youth who have already, at an early period, determined on being ministers, may go to one of four preparatory gymnasia, where they remain from the age of fourteen to eighteen, live

within the walls, have their expenses in a great measure paid, are instructed in a most thorough manner in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, their own tongue, and another modern language; in History also, Logic, Ethics, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Church History, and religious knowledge, besides Music and other lighter accomplishments. After this, upon passing an adequate examination, they are admitted into the Theological School at Tübingen, where, during the first year and a half, they attend chiefly lectures on Psychology, Metaphysics, and Ethics in the University; making these subjects their principal study, along with perhaps one course in the Theological department each half year. The remaining two years and a half are devoted exclusively to Theology. The Roman Catholic students have two preparatory gymnasia, and follow, I believe, the same rules. If a student have studied at another gymnasium (the education is generally admirable in Würtemberg), and be able to pass the preliminary examination, he can still enter the Theological Seminary. Of the four Professors in the Protestant School, three are men not only evangelical, but eminently pious. These are Drs. Schmid, Beck, and Landerer; the fourth, however, is a kind of giant in his way, being the famous Rationalist, Dr. Bauer. I am afraid his intellectual influence carries nearly two-thirds of some one hundred and sixty students with him; the rest are otherwise minded. There exists genuine piety among the students; indeed, the Suabian character, so full of sentiment and yearning after the unseen, presents a favourable field for its development; but this very element has also led them away after the visions of a Schelling or a Hegel, while the reaction from it has perhaps produced a Strauss. These three men, by the

way, were all at one time students in the Theological Seminary of Tübingen! On leaving the seminary they may proceed as vicar to some clergyman, in which post they remain often many years. Some twenty of the most talented, who have passed the most distinguished examination, are recalled after a few years of such experience, to resume their studies in the University; and, as sort of Fellows, direct the studies of the younger students both there and in the gymnasia, and take a general superintendence of a certain number living in an adjoining room, and coming constantly in contact with them. They try their hand, too, occasionally in lecturing, and may one day become professors.

'. . . In the Church of Würtemberg there are very nearly a thousand employed pastors; they have three gradations of rank; and the Church, in its symbols and constitution, is strictly Lutheran. Of these one thousand perhaps two hundred are *Pietists*, a name here synonymous with Methodists, or those who are earnest in their religion. Unlike Methodists, however, they are within the Church, and date throughout all Germany, as far back as the time of Spener, in the seventeenth century. Chiefly through their endeavours, the spark of true religion has never been extinguished. A large number of the Lord's hidden ones have always underlain the more noisy infidels and rationalists, whose sound alone has come to us; and this is attested by the unexampled mass of Christian hymns in which the German language is so rich, and Christian household books, composed and written throughout the whole course of years since the Reformation. The Pietists have frequently changed their ground according to the necessity of the times, I mean in theological and ecclesiastical matters. Their

main object has been to preserve life, and from this they have never swerved; but in the time of Spener it was to be done by opposing a dry adherence to confessions and dogmas, and adhering more closely to the Bible, the living Word. In more modern times they are often the vindicators of confessions, since men have so far swerved from all positive belief. The shades, however, that prevail among even the orthodox are here so numerous, that I have not yet been able to master them. Many of the Pietists, while evangelical in the main, entertain opinions on many points which we would condemn; and, indeed, I should say generally that Germany must still, for many years, present the appearance of a country from which the floods are abating, and where dry land and water are not yet distinct. That the floods are abating is an undoubted and glorious *fact*. . . .

'But I must now be done. Behold me in Kornthal, an interesting little colony of Christians, as you know, in the neighbourhood of Stuttgart, founded under Hoffman, somewhere about the year 1818, by some pious families, who, displeased with some Rationalist changes introduced into the National Church, were preparing for conscience' sake to quit their country, when the king granted them this valley, divided into little properties, where they have liberty to choose their own pastor and schoolmaster, to use their own hymn-book, and to introduce such other practices as they think good. They are quite independent of the Consistory, but generally choose their pastor out of the National Church. They also elect their own mayor or provost. In most matters they strictly resemble the Lutheran and National Church. They have, however, evening worship in the church, frequent meetings for brotherly edifica-

tion, and altogether appear to realize a very delightful religious life. An establishment for young men and young ladies, from all parts (some from England), has been also founded here. . . .

'O how my heart yearns for home; but I dare not think of it. Depend upon it, I lead no luxurious life abroad—Newman himself not more ascetic; but I think I am deriving profit here, and, if I live, may have time yet to work. Were I to consult ease and pleasure, I should come home; were I to consult happiness, I should seek a parish or a flock; but as yet it may not be. Now, dear Norman, may God bless you, and bless your work, and lead and discipline you from day to day, as He does every one who is indeed His child.—So prays, I may say daily,' etc.

He suffered much bodily pain while in Kornthal, though not an expression indicative of such suffering, now or at any time, ever appears in any letter. But in his Diary he says:—

'*Sunday, Oct.* 6.—(Kornthal.)—Have to-day fasted—service again at seven. Outwardly I am very wretched here; but it makes me cry loudly to God, seek my comfort in Him, recognise it as His orders, and seek thus a childlike spirit of submission and tractableness. Heavenly Father! bless it to these ends. Wean me wholly from the world; engage my whole heart in living for Thee and my neighbour. Overcome the selfishness and love of ease so inherent in me, and fulfil towards me Thy purposes of love in Christ Jesus!

'Of course, with all this roughing my cough and chest pains increased; but I commit all to Him whose I am, and whom I desire to serve.

'*Monday, Oct.* 14.—(Kornthal.)—Here, too, the Lord has had me in His school, and seen fit to discipline me chiefly through bodily hardship and suffering, the necessity of which I recognise. Though the fruits are not what I could wish, and He may see meet yet further to visit me; yet I trust I have not yet wholly lost the blessing of a more chastised and docile heart; an aroused desire to live not to myself, but to Him; to have my treasure in heaven, and live a stranger on the earth, in greater love also, and childlike waiting on His leading. Blessed Lord! who seest what I write, and knowest the condition of my heart, and what is good for me better than I, only leave me not. Give me from day to day tokens of Thy nearness and communion with Thyself. Give me a devoted, loving heart—a broken and contrite spirit. Give me to serve Thee, and I am ready to receive what else cometh from Thy hands. I pray for holiness more than happiness. Amen.'

While in Stuttgart he examined, as I have already noticed, with great attention each day for two weeks, the system of education pursued in its schools. The results of his observations are communicated in a letter to his friend Mr. Balfour, written at a later date, and which I cannot refrain from publishing in the Appendix, as the information which it conveys may prove interesting, for own sake, to many readers.

Mackintosh returned to Tübingen at the end of October, and resumed his routine of study. His friend, Mr. Hamilton, had been in Denmark, and was in Berlin when the following letter was written to him:—

'TUBINGEN, *Oct.* 23, 1850.

'. . . Both your letters have affected me; in the first, I sorrowed in your sorrow, and the second gives hints

of more disasters, I trust not so intimate and near. Your wanderings have interested me too, though in your last you are more laconic. I should greatly like to have not one but many talks, to cream you of your experiences, and make the thread of your recent life more apparent to me. How very different must have been your earth and heavens in the north, and mine at Rome! In all that regards not the sure and certain anchorage of the soul, I feel how much we are moulded by our circumstances. My experience since I last wrote you has been very manifold. I would not willingly part with it, nor with the belief that the Lord has led me through it, like a shepherd, for my own good, if not also for that of others. Amid the many temptations to forgetfulness of Him, which these last years have presented, I have ever felt His hand about me, whether with the rod to chasten and correct, or with gentleness to attract and bind more closely. It is this experience that makes me think I am following His will in thus lingering in other lands, instead of at once entering on His more immediate service. We are not our own, but bought with a price, and dare not lightly follow our own ways. I trust that your experience has been of a kindred nature, although no two are disciplined alike, and that in the retrospect of an equal term of expatriation you can look back upon more solid profit, and more direct leading of the Lord than I.

'I still revert in thought to the glories of the past winter, often thinking it must be a waking dream; but that the impressions, forms, sentiments then amassed, are as real and vivid, if not more so, than any other of my mental being. I lost for a time the Italy of my youthful fancy, to be replaced by one no less beautiful

and more instructive; and now, to my delight, I find that I can again possess both, and live at will in the ideal or real. It is never without regret that we part with what has long been familiar to us: this feeling I naturally experienced at first in Italy; so what was my joy on discovering the other day on looking at some Italian scenes, that I could regard them as of yore or of yesterday!'

TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.

'TUBINGEN, *Nov.* 2.

'. . . I am just finishing the Wallenstein, which I never before read in the original. It is buff to Faust; and even the poetry does not impress me so much as when I read it in translation in more blossom-loving days. I think Schiller is but a lady-poetess compared to the manhood of Goethe. Yet I like the man of course far better. Still, even on his own ground, of the tender, the enthusiastic, and the beautiful, the cold old heathen by his art can surpass. I compare Coleridge's translation with it. He has taken strange liberties often with the text, overhauled the whole structure of the play, left out large bits, and now and then expanded little ones, perhaps on the whole judiciously; but I have caught the knave in some actual blunders, which leads me now and then to suspect that he has skipped passages, because he found their construction hard; nevertheless both are glorious. Tell me what you are yourself doing or contemplate doing. May God be with you, darling love, this winter, and lead you in His own blessed ways. Be instant in prayer. Study the Gospels much. Try and make out a picture of the life of Christ, by taking Matthew as your text—comparing him with

the other two, and then ending with St. John. We cannot love Him whom we have not seen, unless through faith His matchless form be revealed to us, and this can only be in the description of His life and character. I am sure you would find such a study, meditatively pursued, most interesting and profitable. It is my comfort to commit you into his hands. I am lonely enough here; so write me now and then; not but that I have friends, and good friends, but no countryman. . .

'It is very true that human hearts and sympathies link us to places more strongly, and dwell more sweetly in the memory than any other kind of association. It is for this reason I should like to have some congenial spirit with me in my wanderings, be they vagabondish, or like those of the wise men of yore who traversed the earth in search of wisdom; or like those of my namesake, who abode in Padan-aram to be out of harm's way at home, and got himself married. But this is not my intention.'

TO R. BALFOUR, ESQ.

'TUBINGEN, *Nov.* 11, 1850.

'MY VERY DEAR BALFOUR,—I received your truly welcome letter at Naples. Since then I seem to have lived through several summers and winters, and marvel constantly that the date must still be 1850. When I tell you that, towards the end of February last, I was bathing in the Mediterranean, and that since then I have witnessed periods of snow and sunshine, you will understand how even physically I may use this language; how much more when memory goes back over the nations, customs, and costumes through which I have wandered! I do not know that in the view of a life of

labour in His direct service, should my Lord and Saviour call me to it, I would willingly give up one week of all this experience; and what is more, I have endeavoured, so far as in me lay, to follow and not to go before the inclinations of His leading hand. If I have been mistaken in this, I have been mistaken in all my calculations for the inscrutable future. I have a rich feast, too, in the recollection of the past; but at the time, He who knows when to lay on chastisement and when to remove it, did not suffer me to forget Himself amid the glories of that nature, whose associations are so much linked with various forms of heathenism. I left Italy, I trust, in many ways a wiser man; and now in Germany I am seeking to follow the same pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, as even figuratively I may appropriate it, and finding, I may add, the same indications of His love and care as my conscience and past experience tell me I most need. They are alluded to in Heb. xii. . . .[1]

'I could say much to you of religious matters in Würtemberg, in Germany, also of Tübingen, but space forbids. God willing, I am here for the winter; but in the loss of B. M., I feel myself bereaved, as you may suppose. Pray write me here, and soon. Give him my fervent love: I shall answer his dear letter soon. Remember me, too, again to Mrs. Balfour, to your brothers; to Cleghorn, and all friends, to whom I am as Lazarus in more respects than one.—Accept again my congratulations and fervent well-wishes, and believe me, my dear Robert, ever your affectionate friend,

'JOHN MACKINTOSH.

'*P.S.*—How dark the horizon of the Continent—of

[1] The rest of this letter will be found in the Appendix.

the world! The thunders about to break out are controlled by no human hand!'

There was one Christian friend then near Mackintosh, and who still resides in Stuttgart, to whom he alludes in several of his letters, and whose motherly love to him, when he stood most in need of it, will be ever green in the memory of his family; and to her he thus wrote:—

TO MISS HODGES.

'TUBINGEN, *Nov.* 14.

'I have received several kind messages from you and the others, and so shall no longer deny myself the pleasure of writing you a few lines. You have had sorrow among you, for which I feel; but I trust that the Lord Himself has bound up the broken heart. What chiefly grieves me, is the tidings communicated to me to-day of Madame Serre being so poorly. I trust this is due to transient causes; but it is well to be prepared, and to accept of every monitor. Whatever brings our naturally callous souls into closer contact with God and the unseen world, must be good. Well for those who have been taught to live dependent every day for life, and breath, and all things, on the great source, when that source is our Father and our Lord. But God's dealings are so merciful with us, that as we approach eternity He usually gives us that which through life we have alternately possessed and lost through the infirmity of our natures. May such be the blessed experience of Madame Serre! May the Saviour reveal Himself to her through the Spirit, in all his attractiveness and mediatorial sufficiency, as the bearer of her sins and sanctifier of her soul, as He who is God and man, and whose presence makes heaven.

'I have little personally to tell you; my heart homes itself among you at Stuttgart; and the thought of seeing you all again, makes the time fly quickly, and affords a delicious break in the winter prospect. My friends here are very kind, and become dearer and dearer.'...

TO THE SAME.

'*Nov.* 23.

'Your little packet was duly put into my hands on Thursday morning. I am not worthy of your regard or solicitude, but receive it as from the Lord. Thanks, thanks for your very great kindness....

'How happy I am to hear of Madame Serre being again raised up! If it please God, I trust we shall have a rejoicing house at the season of sober joy and Christian mirth. I trust, too, that Miss B. will have received comforting news of her sister's health, so that no brow may be clouded. For my own health, it is much as it was. I am next to certain that, with God's blessing, my native air or any cold climate would quite restore me; but I always think (23d November) winter must come, and that is my native air wherever I find it; and then the advantages which I see from continuing my studies yet a little while abroad, while, once home, it would be almost impossible to come away again. I endeavour to know the Lord's will, and think that I am ready to do whatever He plainly indicates to me. In spite of cough and weakness, my head is clear for study; and this makes some little progress, so that here is the temptation. But enough of a *mauvais sujet*.

'Last Sunday I thought I descried, in church, a stentorian head and throat that might serve for ten men, which could only belong to one individual in these

parts—I mean Dr. Knapp. The mystery was soon explained to me by Carl Rieger, who had met him with his bride. The latter appears to have captivated him much, and I wish them much happiness. How nice that German practice of fêting everything with flowers, and green leaves, and boughs of trees, so that external nature is always made to minister to joy. I doubt not it was so in Eden, and will be so again universally.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

'TUBINGEN, *Nov.* 28.

'MY DARLING MOTHER,—I received your second most dear letter a few days ago. It is a luxury to write to you; but you fully see now there must be intervals, as I have not only Scotland, but the different halts I have made in my travels to correspond with. Would I could take a run to you at coming Christmas! but I must content myself with thinking of a short visit to Stuttgart (only four hours' drive from here), where I shall probably go, not for its own attractions, but to enjoy the sight and intercourse of a happy family—part French, part English, part German—whom I came to know while there in September. The centre of this group is a French pastor's widow, Madame de Coutouly; very Christian and very engaging. She has a quantity of little French boys and French girls, who frequent school, and so speak German too. Her mother, an elderly Genevese lady, lives with her among the grandchildren; but the chief attraction is an English lady, Miss Hodges, such a refined, kind motherly character, as could only be produced across the channel. . . .

'Nowhere do I picture you so well, or speak to you in spirit so freely, as at Laurel Bank, where it seems to

me you enjoy and are sensible of many blessings. O once more to share them with you! and this I look forward to in the Lord's goodness. I never felt you unequal in spiritual things to my experience, but the reverse, as I think I have expressly told you; but I am naturally somewhat silent, and often felt my joy to be complete to be with you in the same house, in the same room, though we should not directly speak except at intervals. On the whole, however, I think we had many sweet hours and walks together, and the Lord grant they be only interrupted for a season! What I thirst to read is Chalmers's *Life;* one of the few men whom I love and reverence almost to idolatry. Ever since I came here, I have been possessed with an enormous zeal for study. "Nothing new," you will say; but it seems new, while the fields opened up to me are so new; and at home I often forced myself to read from duty—the will taking more the leap than the actual appetite. Church History, or better, the History of Christ's kingdom in its first founding by Himself and His immediate followers, as well as down the stream of the intervening centuries—this is perhaps under various points of view my chief present study. There is a very distinguished Roman Catholic Professor of Church History here—for Tübingen has a seminary for Roman Catholic as well as for Protestant students of Theology; and as at Rome, the lectures were discontinued, until shortly before I left, owing to the state of the city. I take the opportunity here of hearing what he has to say for himself and for his Church. Through his lectures I have been led to read some of the writings of the earliest Christians which still remain, and to remark in them, on the one hand, the great disparity between

their letters and those of a Paul or a John; but, on the other hand, the beauty, simplicity, and freshness of much which they contain, as well as the testimony they bear to the gospel narrative. All this is good and valuable, for we are too apt, in Scotland, to *feel* at least as if Christianity appeared and ended in the period comprised within the New Testament; and then reappeared first again in Scotland at the Reformation. We know better indeed; but it is well to *feel* it by making acquaintance with the Christians themselves. But the fields of study are endless, and all I can hope to do is to pave the way for traversing them afterwards one by one, should the Lord permit, and as He leads me. The knowledge of German is for this indispensable, as they alone have gone profoundly into the past, and brought to light a mass of knowledge, that throws light on Scripture, and every department of study.'

TO A. BURN MURDOCH, ESQ.

'TUBINGEN, *Dec.* 7.

'I do not doubt that the Lord has yet work for you in store, for which he is disciplining you, as the old monk said to Luther. There is a discipline of the spirit, through which we learn far more than can be taught by books, or than mere book-learning can give. This will throw more light upon the Word of God than all other studies, and yet this should be their chief end; and it can prepare better for winning souls and feeding those won, than all other preparation—which is yet ostensibly the object of students of Theology. This you well know, and, I doubt not, have found your consolation in it, albeit for the present the trial is grievous. Even in an intellectual point of view, periods of, so to speak, involun-

tary repose are highly useful. Our faculties will not bear constant straining, and if not suddenly cut off, I believe that every man can only accomplish a certain amount in life, be it all at once, or be it by fits and starts, or be it gradually. Scherer is only another instance of this. He worked with all his might for some ten years; and then the capacity gave way, and he must lie nearly fallow for the next two. In my own humble sphere, I find that after a time of compelled idleness, I can make more out of a book in a day, than just at present, for instance, I can in two; but all this prosing is just to remind you of a fact, which may assure you that your time is not at present lost. When God restores you, you will take your revenge on future hours. . . . Soon after the Kirchentag, and a long inspection of the Stuttgart gymnasia, schools, etc., I made a short excursion to Kornthal, of which you may remember to have read in Scherer's *Reformation*. It is a small village, situated in a commonplace sort of valley, some miles to the north of Stuttgart, and was founded in 1818, with royal permission, by a number of families who were displeased with Rationalist changes then introduced into the church worship, specially its psalmody and liturgy, and so thought of leaving the country.. A shrewd and pious burgomaster, named Hoffmann (father of the Stift's Ephorus here, and late of Basel), managed the whole affair. The colonists are chiefly of the working classes, but some of higher rank have since joined the community, which, somewhat like the Herrnhuters, is distinguished from others by a daily church service, frequent brotherly conferences—or Erbauungs-stunden, as they are called, and a very strict and peaceful outward life. I was very much pleased with the various arrangements and individuals of the community. The pastor is

a very dear man. He also presides over a very excellent and economical establishment for young ladies. The *vorsteher* or provost, the schoolmaster, the *hausvater* of a Poor Children's Institution, the masters of a Boys' Boarding-house—the patriarchs of the village, besides others having no official position—all had their individuality as Christians and men, which came out in the various Christian conferences and in private intercourse; and yet all had a oneness of love and aim, that made the private and social exhibition of the life of God a very real and a very beautiful thing. I stayed a fortnight there, and then left it with regret, back to a more solitary working out of the Christian idea, which should yet also, when possible, be a social one. The old men, in particular, reminded me much of some Scottish worthies whom I know, and who are also not rare with us; but I must remark of them, as of my Christian friends generally in Würtemberg, that their piety strikes me as more biblical and less doctrinal or confessional than ours. Christ is always the beginning, end, and centre of their love and confidence. I enjoyed in Stuttgart another opportunity of witnessing an assembly of pastors—a voluntary meeting of the evangelically disposed in Würtemberg, which takes place twice a year for mutual edification, chiefly as it has no church authority; but also for the discussion of public matters which they can further indirectly. There were some seventy or eighty present, and the meeting was delightful.

'The theological subject to which I have chiefly buckled myself, is what is here called *Einleitung*, and this for the New Testament. It relates to the history, authorship, canonicity, and text of the various books—a very important subject at present, as you know, and

standing at the threshold. I am reading Hug; but *gather* views and information wherever I can. There are some very good exegetical lectures in both seminaries which I should like to attend, and by and by perhaps may, to learn at least their method, since I cannot now hope to have so gone through with a Professor, many of the books ere entering on their practical exposition. *Dogmatik* and *Symbolik*, I must also at present defer; but oh! I blush on all these heads, when I see the superior acquaintance of the German students: not, however, that they are on that account, somehow or other, better qualified than ours for pastoral work. The Lutheran Church, in its doctrine and workings, is for me an interesting phenomenon; but at present I am becoming acquainted with it chiefly through observation and conversation. I see more and more how much might be learned advantageously with my opportunities, but sigh daily that there are not some with me who, through superior capacity (though not will!) could make a tenfold better use of them than I can do; yet I trust they will not altogether be thrown away. The Professors whom I know are very kind. My friends among the Repetents (I think I have explained to you who they are) are likewise so, and give me books and all I can desire. I have formed, too, some nice acquaintances among the students; and enjoy particularly a prayer-meeting some of them have twice a week, in one of their rooms, on Sundays and Thursdays, on the latter of which, a pious Repetent presides with very great benefit to its edification. Finally, I live for work, and find the days fly; but after all, the result is small. I have omitted to mention to you that with Hefele, I am reading through the *Patres Apostolici*, and find them very interesting.'

TO MISS HODGES.

'*December* 13.

'My dear Miss Hodges,—I have waited a few days before acknowledging your last "rebuke," that I might be able to say something about it. I say *rebuke*, for I feel myself unworthy of your concern, being a very sorry fellow at best, and your kindness smites me as something I don't deserve. Nevertheless, I will not deny there is something very, very grateful to the spirit in it, when one is far from home; and I shall therefore only thank you anew, and take the liberty of feeling a good deal more than I express. This glorious bracing frost has sent health and energy through all my veins, which I trust will last, and for which I thank God.

'I cannot, therefore, say how far the remedy is due to the new breakfast diet; but this I will say, that it is most capital stuff; and I want my friend Carl Rieger, whom the name *Racahout* tickled very much, to come soon, and know it by experience. Again, then, many thanks;—and to talk of sending more! . . .

'I have a strange feeling as if I were going home at Christmas, but it is only to Stuttgart; and yet the knowledge of you, and your dear family circle there, has something in it very *homish*. I trust the Lord will give me as much happiness as I anticipate, for through Him all blessings flow. It is a time of joy, but must begin to be pervaded with what is heavenly.'

TO HIS SISTER, LADY GORDON CUMMING.

'Tubingen, *Dec.* 21.

'My darling Jenny, . . . Let me wish you joy, and congratulate you on the birth of a son. May the time come when I shall see them all three under the shadow

of their mother! To be sure, I admire human beings more than anything else upon earth, and would now sooner undertake a journey to see your little ones than to see Rome; and you may take me at my word. In truth, I yearn to see you again, and the old woman who is perhaps still with you, and the native land; and God bring it about in His own good time!

'My life, since I cast root here, has been so entirely devoid of outward incident, that I fear it would little interest you. I find very inviting fields of study opened up on all sides, through the key of knowing German, and the incitement of lectures and learned society. Whether I shall bear much harvest away with me, my feebleness of body and mind makes me sometimes doubtful. The studies, however, once begun, can be carried on through life, if that be granted. I have the old struggle with existence, for which I am not unthankful, as it reminds me there is a world to come, and that we are but pilgrims and wayfarers here, and so my story ends.

'The natives of Würtemberg think it the most lovely country in the world. With an eye pampered as mine has been, I can see little distinguished beauty in any part I have yet visited; but I have not yet seen the Black Forest—and that is its crown. Give me but a blink of the Moray Firth, as you have it from Price's or the Lethen hill—the old cry of "Let's push on the ponies, or we'll be dead late!"—six o'clock on a glorious August evening, just descending on Barclay's church—with the Ross and Cromarty hills, and the bay, and the Strathglass hills sawing the western horizon, and the Nairn spire in the foreground!—give me but a blink of this, I say, once more, and I know not but I will let you wipe the purple Apennines and the Mediterranean,

and old Rome itself, completely out of my remembrance. Nay, my heart turns sick at the bare thought; and if a sound sleep does not sober my spirit, must take out my place by to-morrow's *Eilwagen*, to see once more a paradise that needs no restoring. Forgive this sally, but, citizen of the world, I am offspring of old Scotland, dust of her dust, and Jenny's doating, doating brother! I am going to Stuttgart for a few days at Christmas, to pick up a little English in a family I know there. All happiness and every blessing be with you! Greet Sir William and all your bairns from me; and the old lady also, should she still be with you, and whose birthday I shall not fail to remember. Think sometimes on your superannuated brother, and send him a stave if you have leisure, pen, and paper, permitting and believing him to be *in extenso*.'

Mackintosh spent the Christmas holidays, and entered upon 1851, with his friends Madame de Coutouly and Miss Hodges, at Stuttgart. He returned immediately afterwards to Tübingen.

TO MISS HODGES.

'TUBINGEN, *Jan.* 4.

'MY VERY DEAR MISS HODGES,—In spirit I am with you still at Stuttgart, and it seems even strange to write to you instead of speaking. How sweetly those days flew by—all too fast! but I feel that for me they have not been unprofitable—their effect I still feel, and hope long to feel with still deeper impression. I mean, that not to speak of the merely natural joy arising out of the sight of a happy united Christian family, in all stages of the progress of life, as well as of spiritual development, I derived from the example of Madame de Coutouly

and others, and from my intercourse with you, I trust a fresh impulse to make the Lord my friend and example, and to live in humble, admiring, self-forgetting fellowship with Him. You have known, I have no doubt, what it is to have the spirit sometimes barren; so that that Book which was formerly better than thousands of gold and silver; and that Name, which to them that *know* it is as ointment poured forth, and that communion which makes earth a heaven is no longer what it was. The Christian, after some experience, knows that this state, though mournful and burdensome, does not argue so much as it at first sight seems to do. How precious, however, when the dew once more descends from heaven upon his soul, and he is melted under the renewed pledge of his Father's love, and can only sit at the feet of Jesus to admire and praise—anew make himself over to Him who loved him in his state of sin and death, as He now loves him amid relapses, ingratitude, and unprofitableness. Well, those two contrasted states have lately in some respects been mine, and I bless God that in this case the second succeeds the first. For this, then, let me thank Madame de Coutouly and you; although I do not wish you to express it to her. You may, however, say how grateful I am for all her most undeserved kindness and forbearance—a gratitude which, like most of my countrymen, I have almost a pride in feeling deeply, and expressing feebly. May the blessing of the Great Father rest on all your dear family! I send love to each, and whoever seems to prize it most may receive a double share. The journey *from* Stuttgart was very different from that *to* it; and the night-travellers seem to have felt the same. A thick fog accompanied and received me. . . . I am so glad I know

your little room, and the history of its portrait gallery. May the Lord reward you for all your kindness, and if I be a disciple, He no doubt will!—So prays daily your very attached friend, JOHN MACKINTOSH.'

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. SMITH.

'TUBINGEN, *Jan.* 10.

'I was truly delighted to receive your letter, so kindly thought of at this season; and, to show my gratitude, lose no time in answering it. I do indeed give thanks to God with you for His wonderful goodness in restoring you so thoroughly, and I humbly pray and trust that the tender heart, the obedient will, the childlike confidence in Him, which the Spirit of God begets in us, when we are first brought out of sore trial, may, by your diligence and constant dependence on His grace, be perpetuated and kept alive in you. There is no life so blessed, as every Christian knows, as that of a daily communion with our Father in Christ. None, alas! so prone insensibly to degenerate into form and routine, when the real effluence of heaven is no more. . . .

'I should greatly enjoy to have been with you, in Dorsetshire, to see the old English Christmas customs, where they are perhaps best preserved. How foolishly do people write of other countries spoiling us for our own! I cry and moan daily for the inferiority of everything here (and elsewhere, where I have been at this and other seasons), to what my memory retains of the dear old land; not but that the practice of the Christ Tree (which I am told is also to be found in some parts of England), is very pretty, and pleased me much. At the house in Stuttgart where I was then a guest, a very splendid one was set up. It is generally a young and

verdant fir newly taken up. The branches are glorified with myriads of little tapers, dazzling gold and silver bells, and presents of all kinds to be afterwards distributed. The joy and wonder of the children on being first admitted is indescribable; and what particularly pleased me, old and young are once more placed upon a level, and receive and enjoy their little pose of presents about equally. The belief is, that there is a mysterious connexion between the Christ Child, and all the good things and happiness then enjoyed. The Church here is Lutheran, and resembles very much, in all its rites, the Church of England; so that there was no lack of holy reminiscence furnished by church services, *fêtes*, etc. . . .

'The inexhaustible Christian worth of Miss Hodges captivated me, and did me more good spiritually than perhaps all else. I am now once more at Tübingen—in all outward respects a highly *un*enjoyable place. I often think how little one person is qualified to judge of another's condition or of another's duty. If you knew, dearest, how your sharp but not lasting suffering does not perhaps come up to mine—spread over my life through a body not acutely ill—but seldom well, and often weighing down mind and soul; you would not fancy that my life was all enjoyment, either here or in Italy, or except at favoured intervals. I have a high object in staying abroad, which, so far as I am not deceived, has God's approval; because it has His service alone in view, but nothing else would induce me to rough it as I do.'

TO THE REV. N. MACLEOD.

'TUBINGEN, *Jan.* 23, 1851.

'. . . I have never known, nor expect to know, a

finer developed people than the Christians of Würtemberg. They have the advantage of learning their Christianity rather from the Bible than Confessions, and so it takes a healthy, simple, undoubting form, which with us too often, by gentle and simple, is wanting. Not that our folk study the Confession for themselves; no, they read their Bibles, but it is the teaching of the school and of the pulpit, so unceasing, that colours all their views; and so, in general, reduces the matter to one dead level, where it would be hard to say, if asked, which is the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. The Bible, if read in its own light, leaves one in no doubt about it. It is *Jesus Christ* manifest in the flesh, suffering on the cross, received up into glory; and, for the sinner, all others should have weight as they have more or less nearly to do with this. Our system, however, begins with the eternal decree, and leads us on to final judgment; so that, in fact—I have experienced it—the awakened sinner does not know at first whither to turn —to election, or to what; and perhaps only after long searching, is Christ Himself, he knows not how, presented to his eyes, exhumed as it were from this long and artfully-linked *catena;* but I have mixed my metaphor, and must for "exhumed" write "disengaged." How beautiful the confidence of the Christian's approach to God here—*Lieber Vater!* he cannot doubt, for His love sent Jesus—*Du treuer Heiland!* We have still very Jewish, distant, and awful thoughts of God. We see Him not enough in the Son, and very few and imperfect thoughts of the Son, who yet must be *our life.* The other "doctrines," as we call them, if they do not shut Him out, seem to throw Him into the background, as effectually as do the "saints" of the Roman Catholic Church. When will it be otherwise, and our religion

become a more simple and a more *loving* one! This will only be when we adhere to the Bible, as our text-book, more closely in school and pulpit, and learn our Christianity and Theology there, where everything has its due prominence. I recognise this as the grand result of German experience; and yet it is but a return to the principle of the Reformation, too soon, however, abandoned. Now as then, and ever, the Bible must be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds (be they what they may), and the building up of a sound and living piety. There was long, and still is, a tendency favoured by Schleiermacher and even the Moravians, to detach Christ from the Bible; but the evil consequences of this are seen,—and now a Bible, that is, a Christian Theology, is the cry. Forgive this long dissertation, dear Norman, but it has been involuntary. For the "thousand little unremembered acts of love and charity," this people is to be loved. I need not specify, though my heart would.'

The time was now, alas! rapidly approaching when those letters which for years had been welcomed by his friends, could be written by John Mackintosh no more; when those delightful studies, in which from his youth he had engaged with so much ardour, could be pursued no more—no more at least here in this earthly school; and when those delightful labours which he daily longed, as a minister of Christ's Church, to share with his brethren at home, and for which he had prepared himself with such untiring earnestness, were to be resigned —though doubtless only for others higher and nobler elsewhere, in the great and wide kingdom of His loving Lord.

The wound received on that fatal day in spring, while ascending to Arpino, had ever since been doing its work of destruction, with no little pain and weariness to the patient sufferer. Only in his Diary, written for himself alone, is there any direct evidence of such sufferings; for while sensitively shrinking from making himself at any time the topic of conversation, he had always a peculiar repugnance to allude to his bodily ailments; and even now, when these had, for the first time in his life, assumed a character which greatly alarmed his friends abroad, yet, from ignorance of his imminent danger, and an unwillingness prematurely to alarm his family, and thus probably induce some of them to undertake a journey in the midst of winter, in order to afford that assistance which, in his opinion, was not then required—he avoided mentioning the feeble state of his health in any of his letters, except to two of his correspondents, on whom he enjoined the strictest secrecy.

He thus, for example, wrote to his friend Professor Forbes, dated Tübingen, January 21) :—'I long very much to see you again, and must explain why I am still here and not at home. My object throughout in my expatriation has been, God knows, not to enjoy myself, but to qualify myself as far as possible for his future service,' and then, after giving some details about his health, he adds, 'my strength is therefore much diminished, and I have some unpleasant symptoms in my right lung. The doctor, however, whom I consult, counsels me not to move, and I therefore wait, trusting through care and the blessing of God to overcome once more what seems dangerous. You will pardon my writing at such length about myself, as you ask me to be explicit, and I feel towards you as a father. I again beg you earnestly to keep my secret entirely to yourself, as it would only

cause premature and fruitless anxiety were my dear mother to know it. . . . I beg your prayers, my dear sir, and your counsel, although, of course, I must be somewhat guided by my physician here; and again, earnestly urging you to secrecy, I remain, your grateful and attached J. M.'

And thus also to Mr. Hamilton, who was still residing in Berlin :—

'TUBINGEN, *Feb.* 5, 1851.

'You are a man, and I may therefore trust you with a secret—if you betray me, I have done with you! Well then, in ill-fated Italy,—certainly in part through my own folly in walking from Rome to Naples (over enchanted ground), with a heavy knapsack on my back, amid the rains of spring,—I contracted a bad cough. The summer months here greatly restored me; but the fatal weather we have had since October—constant rains and fogs, and damp sunshine—have renewed it with such virulence, that my strength is well-nigh quite gone, and I am full of pains. I have not thought it advisable to tell any of my friends of it, as the Lord may yet bring me through; and at this season of the year, they could only be anxious, and do nothing. Therefore you are on your parole, as you value my friendship. For this weakness' sake, you will forgive a shortish letter. My friends here, especially among the Repetents or Theological Fellows, are unceasing in their kindness; and indeed, if I recover, I shall be glad from all sides to have learned the deep heart of the Christians of this little country—for my sphere of acquaintance is pretty wide. My studies are, of course, sadly interrupted; but *my zeal burns like a red-hot coal*, and I have learned, and am yet learning, things in my sore suffering, which affliction only can

teach, or, I might say, the Spirit of God only through affliction. I desire your prayers.'

But having thus written of himself, he resumes, in the same letter, the old favourite theme of study, as if many years, instead of only a few weeks of life, were yet in store for him!—

'For many years I have had perhaps, alas! the same centrifugal tendency as yourself, that is, I studied my Bible and cultivated my heart: but took more readily to any other study than Theology, partly feeling that other studies were the outworks, and had an indirect bearing on it, so naturally I began at the bottom with those first: and partly that Theology must be the study of my after-life, and they could probably find no place there. Here, however, I was weaning myself from this influence, or at least keeping it in the background; and under the stimulus of good lectures, which are better here than with you, fairly buckling myself to *the* subject. The excessive ferment of opinion, too, where there are, as here, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Christians, Hegelians, and all shades of thinking, have set me keen on edge, and many a book, which, when I was in the Hall, scarcely awoke a feeling in my mind, I should now devour. In fact, I am enamoured now of theological study, in all its branches; "yet not the more cease I to wander where the Muses haunt"—poetry, literature, philosophy, have also their undying charms, and I should like to have the strength of ten men to study them as I could wish:—but who is writing? at present the hundredth part of a man, and one who even at best is weak, except in will. Now I must stop, and trust, should God bring us together, to tell you of the Theologians here,' etc.

Various entries in his Diary, during the period of his sojourn in Würtemberg, disclose the state of his health. He says, as far back as

'*Sunday*, *June* 30.—(Stuttgart.)—Walk and meditation in gardens at six in the evening. Returned about eight. During this walk I reviewed the past, with much self-recrimination for these latter months; when, however, illness, weakness, travelling, and many other causes, have combined to throw me back in spirit. Lord, have mercy upon me; anew I endeavour to make myself over to Him, to renounce self, and to consult entirely His will! Graciously bring those desires and resolutions to perfection, Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake!'

Subsequent entries tell of increasing illness of body, and increasing confidence in God.

'*Saturday*, *July* 13.—I think I am substantially better, though still very delicate, and requiring the utmost care and attention. A slight exertion is enough to tell me that both my lungs are more or less affected. God grant this entirely pass away, if such be His will! My soul has not been so lively as it was last week; but yet I feel drawn towards Him, and the thought of tomorrow is sweet. Lord, make it really so!

'*Sept.* 18.—My health low, and rather joyless; but I bless God, and desire in Him to take courage, and to cast all my care upon Him.

Sept. 19.—Both lungs are now very painful, and through ill health my days, in the main, dreary. O Lord, I cling to Thee! Thou wilt not leave me! Sanctify my suffering to the bruising of my soul—which, alas! is under all unsoftened—and to the increase of my union with Thee. Above all, take me out of self, and fill me with love and zeal for Thee and my neighbour. My hardest burden of all is an unloving heart.

'*Stuttgart, Sept.* 29.—To-morrow I leave my present lodgings, where I cannot study from ill health and cold; yet I doubt not the Lord sent me hither; and now again, as a child, I desire to be led by the hand. Forsake me not, O God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ! Bless this dear family in each member, that has shown me so much kindness, and bless my several other benefactors. Amen.

'*Tübingen, Oct.* 27.—I have not yet got into working trim. In the mornings I am stupid and cannot study. Then at ten, when getting better, have to go out. In the evening, I read well; but it never sticks to me like morning work. Sad indigestion and cough; yet the desire of my soul is after God—childlike submission and obedience—looking up at every step for the Master's guidance and help. This morning spoke to Henry, the boy who attends me, on Bible reading and the one thing needful. I am eager also to find out some direct employment for the Lord, and wait in prayer. My God, I will through Thy grace put my trust in Thee, amid all darkness and discouragement!

'*Nov.* 1.—At two, heard Hoffmann; and then sat a little with Auberlen. Cough very bad, and on leaving the Stift, spat some blood. Called on —— to get sanction for attending communion.

'*Nov.* 8.—I am sore *hadden doon* by this cough, and know not how far it is dangerous. Lord, I am Thine; care for me!

'*Sunday, Nov.* 9.—How very uncertain I am of my future! Wellington could not have longed for Blucher as I do for winter, for I see no other help from this tearing and wearing cough. But thou knowest my way; give me a lowly, loving heart, and obedient, *following* spirit.

'*Nov.* 10.—My cough no better; and the phlegm I expectorate seems to come from an inexhaustible fountain. Auberlen—kind fellow!—counselled me to consult Dr. R., which perhaps I shall do. The pain is not great. O Lord, lead me as a shepherd!

'*Nov.* 12.—Attacked Bauer's rationalistic book, but felt stupid—so gave it up; and, after a cup of coffee, wrote Balfour a long letter on German schools. My own future dark as that of Germany.

'*Nov.* 14.—Day cold; so cough much better. On the whole, quite a respite, for which I desire to bless God. Last night, as I rolled and tossed in much pain, my thoughts of remaining here were very dark, and where to go, query?

'*Nov.* 15.—Sad night of coughing; but I am beginning to think lightly of it.

'*Nov.* 29.—Cough very outrageous, and great pain in both lungs.

'*Sunday, Dec.* 1.—At eleven, to church; partook of the sacrament. Cough and weakness increased.'

It is sad to record such days of suffering. But it is pleasing to know that the sufferer was among Christian friends who sympathized deeply with him, and whose fears were greater than his own. Among those, I may mention Dr. Hoffmann—long known from his connexion with the Missionary Institute at Basel, then head of the Theological Seminary of Tübingen, and now chaplain to the King of Prussia—as one who was the much-valued friend of Mackintosh, as he is and has been of very many: Köstlin, Rieger, Auberlen, with others of the *Repetents* (or Fellows), loved him as a brother, and were his daily visitors. But Miss Hodges felt as if, in a mother's absence, he was her peculiar care. She had long implored him to consult a physician; and before

parting from him at Christmas made him promise to do so. Accordingly, early in January, he consulted Dr. R. of Tübingen, and thus wrote to Miss Hodges :—

'Mindful of my promise to my dear friend, who takes more interest in my health than it merits, I saw within two hours the long adjourned Dr. R. I told him how my cough and I had been companions—none of the most amiable—for nine months, and spread no gloss over the case; on the contrary rather darkened it. He recommended me a little Tisan tea, and the drinking of *Niedererau wasser*. Lectures he allows, as the rooms are well warmed (all too well), and said it was only a too long neglected catarrh. All this was highly satisfactory; but, as you see, will never mend the matter, nor indeed can any physician by his recipes—but only the Great Physician, who orders the seasons, and directs our steps favourably in other minor matters. I do not think myself that it is more than a rod temporarily sent, and whose blessing I must more and more seek to discover. I also changed my abode the day of my arrival, and have come into a room with the usual disproportionate amount of windows and doors, which makes one think with gratitude of the window-tax in England. This *I know*, that a well-sheltered room, with even ordinary weather, would soon cure me; but it is not to be had. The family, however (Wildermuth), with whom I now live, I enjoy very much; and Mrs. W. is as anxious to make me well as could be my mother, or—you. There are children and a grandmother, and both, you know, please me. Forgive my writing so much about myself; but you have yourself led me on to so bad a habit at Stuttgart, which I must endeavour to overcome.'

He again writes to her :—

'*January* 21.

'My very dear Miss Hodges,—I have received your two very affectionate notes, and would have written sooner, had it not been for weakness. I shall forbear to thank you for your interest, taking it now almost as that of a very near relative. . . . I am aware now that my illness has taken quite a new turn since I saw you; that, in short, the right lung is affected as it was not before. My strength, too, entirely left me, and my sleep; but both are gradually, I think, coming back, and while (without, however, such heavenly feelings as you describe) I feel resigned to the will of my Father and Lord, and know it must be best, I have yet times when that verse comes unsought into my mind: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the work of the Lord." I solicit your prayers, that I may receive a meet and becoming spirit for my situation.

'All doctors recommend me to remain here at this unfavourable season for travelling; and they do not seem to anticipate anything very rapid in my decline, so that I have deemed it wisest, from my intimate knowledge of my mother's character and how it would affect her, to say nothing yet about it to her. I have told her, indeed, that I am poorly, and scolded her as only a son can, for a very long delay in writing me; but this, you see, is not at all in the vein you desire. I shall say no more at present, not being strong. . . .

'Nothing can exceed the kindness of my friends here, and I am only ashamed to excite so much interest and sympathy. The Lord reward you for all your goodness out of His abundant fulness!'

All this alarmed his kind friend so much, that, though

in delicate health herself, she determined to risk a winter's journey to Tübingen, to know personally how he was. By this time he had returned to the inn, from lodgings which he had for a few weeks occupied. In reply to her letter, announcing to him her determination to visit him, he thus writes :—

'*January* 27.

'MY VERY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your note this forenoon, and cannot delay replying to it. Filially, humbly, but imperatively, you must not come. And I will tell you why: First, nothing further could be done for me than is done. The landlord shows me every attention; has given me outer windows—a screen for my bed, etc. His mother, who superintends the house, pays me frequent visits to know what I would like. My other friends care for me not only spiritually, but even in other little matters that go to the heart, and make me think I have fallen among the Christians of the first century. Next, your visit would so excite me by its extraordinary kindness, that I know I should suffer for it. I should be tempted also to speak too much (as I am every day), and this is injurious; and I could not hinder myself from endeavouring to act as a strong man, and show you all the attention in my power. I have put those reasons first, because they will have most weight with you; but what shall I say about my anxiety, should you, who are by no means strong, and now somewhat unused to travel, undertake a journey over those bleak hills, and thus, and in an inn, run many risks? I should not feel at ease for weeks after, even should you escape immediate harm. And you know your first duty is by no means for me, but for the many to whom you have been so long another mother. I know you will pardon my frankness, perhaps presumption, in thus

writing; but my feelings are those of profound respect. After long waiting, I had a letter from my dear mother, and, of course, the son and not she was at fault. They send me some letters from the post; but only now and then the Poste Restante ones, so that it had lain there nearly a week, while I was unable to go out. It was written exactly on my birthday, the 9th. This letter opens up to me the probable leadings of God's providence. She is very anxious that my sister could perhaps with me pass this summer abroad. I am not sure that she does not include herself in the plan. She wishes me accordingly to come home in spring, and fetch her or them. This may perhaps be impossible; but it will lead me gradually to speak of the cough, and how my strength is reduced by it; and I think it will not be difficult to find another escort. Thus, unsought on my part, we shall come together. How happy should I be, did my strength permit me, to escort you home and them back! but this is in God's hands. The doctor visited me lately, and after I had told him how I rarely slept at night, had violent perspirations, pains in all my upper man, and not the strength of a child, he still persisted, on my asking him the question, that it was nothing serious. I don't know what to think. Blessed be God! if his encouragements be delusions, I am in no way dependent on them; but on the will of Him whose I am, and who will do with me as seemeth to Him good, in perfect wisdom. Farewell! Excuse the badness of the writing, but my hand shakes. The Lord reward you for a kindness which, in this last proposal, has almost overcome me.'

But in spite of all such persuasion to the contrary, Miss Hodges proceeded to Tübingen as she intended,

and took up her residence in the same inn with the invalid. The morning after her arrival he addressed to her, from his room, the last notes of his which I have to record :—

'My very dear Friend,—I hope you have passed a good night, and are to-day refreshed. I hope also all your wants have been attended to. Through the goodness of God, I am to-day better than I have been for some time. My zenith is from half-past ten or eleven till one o'clock, when I should like to be with you; but if you plan going out during part of that time, let me on no account be a hindrance. Perhaps you will let me dine beside you to-day.

'My heart is full of praise, if it be not a treacherous heart; and oh! what am I, that the Lord's people should concern themselves with me? Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name!—Your affectionate and deeply grateful, J. M.

'*P.S.*—I fear I cannot come to you; but perhaps you will venture to come to me. We need not speak much. You were to have had tea, Carl Rieger said. If you have not yet had it, perhaps you will take it in my room, and I will see to all your wants.'

The Diary which had been faithfully kept for so many years, now ends on Saturday, December 21. Its last entry is a prayer, recorded on many a preceding page, and which was soon to be answered, as it had never been before, nor could ever indeed be in this world :—

'*The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon me!*'

CHAPTER XVII.

John Mackintosh's Friends in Scotland hear of his Danger—They join him at Tübingen—Darkness and Light—He is removed to Canstadt—Life at Canstadt—Last Days—Death—Burial.

UPON Thursday the 5th of February a letter was received at Laurel Bank, informing Mrs. Mackintosh that her son had been seriously ill for some months, and was now rapidly dying!

The accuracy of this intelligence, so sad and unexpected, could not be doubted. The letter had been written from Tübingen by one of John's most intimate friends, who, with deep concern and alarm, seeing him daily becoming more feeble, took, very properly, upon himself the responsibility of communicating to Mrs. Mackintosh, through a correspondent in Scotland, what he had reason to fear his suffering fellow-student, from ignorance of his danger, had too long concealed.

The day after this information was received, Mrs. Mackintosh and her daughter, accompanied by their relative, Mr. Strong, started for Tübingen. I resolved also to visit him, though the time which then seemed at my disposal would only permit of my being with him for a day or two. But if he was dying, I might thus see him ere he died; and though one day only could be passed in his society, such days we all feel become to

us years, and form a portion of our after lives. In the event of his being able to journey home, I might be of use.

I left, accordingly, for Tübingen upon Tuesday evening, the 11th, in good hope, I confess, that while there must have been from his state of health much cause for anxiety, there possibly was not any for despair as to his ultimate recovery; or surely his letter to me of so late a date as the 23d of January, would have contained some allusion to a condition so precarious.

Pushing on, day and night, as rapidly as possible—yet delayed twenty-four hours by thick mist on the Rhine—I arrived at Tübingen at two on the morning of the 17th.

It was a clear frosty night. The full moon shone from a cloudless sky; and the sound of my solitary steps alone was heard in the silent streets, as I made my way to the hotel to which I was directed. But where was John Mackintosh? Was he still in the town? Had his friends arrived? Maybe they had come, and departed again with their precious charge homewards, or to the south? Or, what if all was over!

On gaining admission to the hotel, I could not refrain from immediately asking the boy who half-asleep slowly undid the door—though my eager questionings seemed vain—'If he knew of any English gentleman, residing in Tübingen, who was in bad health?' 'Yes; he knew Mr. Mackintosh?' 'Was he still in town?' 'He was; and two days ago his mother and sister, with a friend, had come to see him.' 'Where did he live?' 'Here.' 'Where! in the hotel?' 'Yes; his room was up stairs!' In a few minutes I was standing in breathless silence at his door; and, with strange thoughts, heard his hollow cough within!

Next morning early, I saw Mrs. Mackintosh and her daughter, and found them alone; Mr. Strong having been obliged to return to Edinburgh. They were in great distress. John's case was worse even than they had anticipated; and had been pronounced hopeless by the doctor, who also said that he had not many weeks to live. To add, moreover, to their sorrow, he had received them in the most unaccountable manner—with coldness, almost with sternness—as if irritated and annoyed by their presence!

A friend from Stuttgart, on the day previous to their arrival at Tübingen, had informed him of their coming. But it was several hours after they reached the hotel before he would see them! and then only after writing a note from his room, expressed in a tone utterly unlike himself; and when they did at last meet, the great change visible in his bodily appearance was not more striking and painful than in his manner to them both. They had seen very little of him since, and that only when specially invited to his room for a short time.

Oh! how strange for such an one thus to act at such a time, and to those he most loved on earth! and of whose *not* coming to Wildbad, near Tübingen, he had written so lately in his Diary: 'The road to Wildbad is henceforth for me gloomy and leading to gloom, and utterly unwalkable!' Very mysterious all this was to us at the time; and, to the lonely mourners, a deep and poignant sorrow!

What could be the meaning of this state of mind? Was it from a strong will, crossed in its plans, presumed to be wisely made—and not yet bending itself to a higher will? Was it nervous fear, lest the quiet and repose which he deemed necessary for his recovery might be

broken in upon? Was it a morbid state of mind occasioned by his struggles, alone and in silence, for life, against the slow but sure progress of overpowering weakness and decay! Or was it not possible that Satan might thus tempt or torment him ere the last and final victory of the Christian was achieved!

These and many similar perplexing thoughts passed in rapid succession through my mind, as I listened to the sad details of the two previous days, since those sufferers had met at Tübingen. And I cannot pass over, as of no moment, things which at the time were so terribly real; nor have I any wish to conceal from the reader, who has perused with interest these memorials of a good man's life, such a portion of it as this, merely because exhibiting a character in painful contrast to that of every other, and the very opposite of what all who knew John Mackintosh best would have looked for in any circumstances, more especially in those, so peculiarly touching, in which he was now placed by the coming to him of his dearest friends amidst common sorrows, heavy to be borne. But such times of real or apparent darkness and confusion, when they befall a Christian, have a teaching for others in like trials—it may be of warning and it may be of encouragement—as much as days and years of unbroken sunshine can afford.

I now longed the more to see my friend; and accordingly wrote to him a note announcing my arrival, and asking when he would see me. I received an immediate reply—'Come now.'

When I entered his room, he was seated on a sofa reading, with a large screen between him and the door. Before him was his desk, and a table loaded with books. His chest was wrapped in a plaid; his winter walking-

coat, buttoned to his throat and ears, partially concealed his face; his dark eyes, always so peculiarly mild and loving, flashed beneath his long black hair with an intense and painful lustre; while his cheeks glowed with spots of crimson.

The moment he saw me he smiled, and, stretching out both his arms, without rising from his seat, embraced and kissed me, while he breathed my name in a whisper scarcely audible; then, after one or two remarks, he made a sign to me to be seated and to take a book, while he resumed his own, saying, 'I am holding communion with God!' and so we both sat in silence.

I soon made an excuse to leave the room, and I did so more perplexed than before, and thought for a moment that his mind was affected—all was so strange and unnatural. What was to be done? There was one resource for us all—prayer; but beyond that, all seemed dark!

During the afternoon when passing the dining-hall—for he dined and walked by himself—I watched him for a long time as he sat, motionless as a statue, beside the large stove. By and by I joined him, and, without alluding to his illness, began to tell him home news, and to recall scenes and stories of the olden time; and to speak of our mutual friends whom I had lately met, until, after an hour had thus passed, in which he had listened in silence but with evident pleasure, he whispered, 'How very strange is the power of mind on body; if you had not been there telling me these things, I should have been sitting in torture and in prayer!' He then bade me leave him and return to him at a later hour, which he mentioned. I had found an entrance to him by the door, ever open in him, of old memories,

and I was resolved to try others still more wide—his love to mother and sister, and his duty to God.

When we met again, at a later hour, I led the conversation to his state of health, and to the coming of his friends to see him, and the reception which they had met. I told him how, although he had tried, from the kindest possible motives, hitherto to conceal his illness, and its history, from his mother, all was now perfectly known to her, and that she had made up her mind to the very worst, if such was God's will; and how his illness was not such a pain to her as his *apparent* coldness and unsympathizing manner; and then, appealing to his conscience, I pointed out how unworthy all this was of him as a son and Christian, and how totally different from what I had ever known or heard of him during his previous life; and, as I spoke these and many other things, I saw his expression totally change, until at last he thanked me most warmly, saying that a weight had been taken off his spirit; that he was greatly relieved and soothed; for—to end this painful story—as I was afterwards informed by him, he was under the impression that his mother was yet in ignorance of his state, and he feared to agitate himself and her by the discovery; that he thought himself in no immediate danger; that consequently there was no necessity for any one to have written to his mother and sister, or for bringing them abroad to the hazard of their health, during the inclement season of a German winter; that he had believed perfect quiet essential to his recovery; that, above all, he had *an iron will*, and when he had made up his mind to a thing, did not readily give it up,—that these and such-like ideas, working in a frail body, had indeed most sinfully affected him. 'But,' he added, 'my Master, who

brought you all here, was more loving to me, as He ever has been, than I was to myself!' He soon after sent for his friend who had written to Scotland without his permission, and though he had before refused to see him for daring to take this liberty, he now kissed him and forgave him. We all met in his room for some hours the same evening: he seemed a different person. In spite of the pale and altered contenance, the old familiar look of gentleness and love had come again, and was beaming on us all, as he gazed in silence around him. I had brought Tennyson's *In Memoriam* with me, and he heard with delight some of its exquisite contents. Our conversation at last turned upon high themes—of heaven and the nature of its blessedness. Lest he should strain his lungs, and perhaps again cause hæmorrhage, he spoke little, only in a whisper, and that to his sister, who happened to sit beside him on the sofa. Some allusion having been made to fears of death, his countenance brightened as he said with a smile, 'I thank God I never had *one*. Oh! to be with Jesus!' And then at another turn in the conversation, when speaking of the happiness which would be derived from the society of the saints, and of Christian friends whom he had known and loved, and with whom we had laboured here; he repeated the names of several whom he longed to see again: I shall meet my grandfather, Aunt Kate, Mr. Graham Speirs, Dr. Chalmers, and all such dear friends.' And so the evening passed in great sunshine and calm, and was concluded by prayer and praise. I selected a Psalm, which, in spite of trial, we now felt to be peculiarly appropriate —the 103d; and, to link us still more with other days, with home, and scenes of peace, I 'gave out the line' before singing it, and my tune was *Coleshill;* for both

psalm and tune, thus sung, are associated by every member of the Scottish Church with seasons of holy communion, and never fail to summon up vivid pictures and undying memories from the past—of the old Church where he used to worship, and the churchyard where his dearest lie interred—with the once familiar faces and forms of Christian friends now no more; and to recall also periods of his life in which perhaps, more than in any other, he enjoyed fellowship with God. It was indeed a tranquil meeting, and when it was over he asked me to remain with him alone; and then he poured out his heart, and said how much he was soothed, and, in his own humble and loving way, expressed his gratitude and joy at having us with him; his immense relief, too, in knowing that his mother and sister were fully prepared for whatever might happen to him, in God's providence, and that they were so calm and resigned.

Thus the day, whose morning was so dark and troubled, ended in an evening of heavenly serenity and peace; and all our hearts were very full as we retired to rest indeed, acknowledging the good hand of our God upon us, and committing the future to His care.

The next two days spent at Tübingen were days of continued and increasing peace.

It had been suggested by the invalid himself some time before, but was now, with the doctor's consent, resolved upon, to remove without delay to the more genial climate, and still pleasanter residence of Canstadt.

Canstadt is a small town about two miles from Stuttgart, and so connected with it by the public park which unites them, that it almost forms a suburb to the capital. It is beautifully situated upon the banks of the Neckar,

now beginning to assume that importance which it possesses as a river, when, farther on in its course, it passes beneath the shadow of Heidelberg. The immediate neighbourhood is quite a garden, with waving fields of corn, and picturesquely-grouped hills covered with vineyards, and everywhere pushing their promontories, tufted with orchards, into narrow flat valleys, and strips of rich intervening plains; while the whole landscape is marked and enlivened by white villages, and church spires 'that point as with a silent finger to heaven.' Though in summer the abundant mineral springs and tepid waters, which, from about thirty different sources, bubble up around the town, attract many invalids from all lands, and its rural walks make it a favourite resort for the population of Stuttgart; yet in winter the 'Brunnen' are almost deserted, and the quiet of the town is undisturbed.

There is frequent mention in John's Diary of walks to Canstadt. Thus he wrote when at Stuttgart:—

'*Sept.* 3.—Walk through the park to Canstadt; came upon it ere I expected, and greeted my old friend, the Neckar. Stood upon the bridge thinking of plans, and totally uncertain of what I am to do. But unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul; I am thine, guide me!'

And again:—

'*Sept.* 17.—To Canstadt, to call, with Neething, a Hollander from the Cape, on Dr. Schmidt. The day was sublime; but it was often trying to speak vehemently in a strange tongue, instead of *gloating* over and meditating upon the beauties of nature. We found the Doctor at the Brunnen, and walked up the hill; had a ravishing view of the Neckar valley, glorified by the matchless sun and light. On my return home, felt a strong desire

to change my abode for Canstadt. The Lord guide me!'

With these pleasing associations thrown around this spot, he was now more anxious than ever to make it his residence.

Airy rooms, in a wide half-built street, with only a few houses in it, were fortunately secured, and prepared for us by the unwearied kindness of Miss Hodges. Dr. J. of Stuttgart came to Tübingen to accompany the invalid on his journey. All the books of the student were packed by his sister at his own request, 'to remind him,' as he said, 'of days of yore'—for she used to do this for him the night before he left Geddes for school or college, after the summer's vacation was over.

Many friends called to say farewell; and among these, the excellent Hoffmann, whose visits then and afterwards were always peculiarly refreshing.

The evening before John's departure, when exhausted by these last demands made upon both mind and body, he said to me, 'I begin now to feel that I cannot last long; but as my day is, so shall my strength be.'

The weather was lovely for the season of the year; the sky cloudless; the air dry and bracing; the ground without snow, and crisp with frost.

On the morning of Thursday the 20th, everything being ready, and the carriages at the door, several students assembled to bid him again farewell, and gathered round him with affectionate greetings, when, weak and tottering, but smiling and cheerful, he descended from his room. All the servants of the hotel, as well as the kind landlady, were also there—not from any selfish motives, but with such signs of grief on their countenances, as betokened singular interest in the sufferer,

Henry, the boy, who had attended him, was in floods of tears; and even Rieka, the poor woman whose only work was the lowest drudgery about the house, and who used to feed his stove with fuel, was present, and while humbly keeping in the background, covered her face with her apron as she sobbed aloud: for during his sojourn in the hotel, he had been kind and considerate to them all; giving lessons in English to one; a Bible to another; and on every fitting occasion speaking lovingly to them, as a brother, of the good which was for them in Christ Jesus. And so when he noticed each at parting, and the carriage drove off, they felt that a friend had left them, and they truly sorrowed because 'they should see his face no more.'

He bore the fatigue of the long journey with great patience; and in the evening once more crossed the bridge of Canstadt, on which he had stood in September, 'totally uncertain,' as he then wrote, about his future plans, but trusting God for guidance.

His new lodgings pleased him much. As he paced through them, and looked from their windows to the quiet scene without, he remarked with an expression of great gratitude, 'How sweet this place is! how good God is!'

His bedroom was conveniently situated between mine and our common sitting apartment, having a communication with both. It was soon set in order under his own minute directions. The books were unpacked, and with desk, thermometers, watch, MS. note-books, etc., were systematically arranged upon his table—each thing in the same relative position which it occupied on his table at Tübingen, and probably when in Rome also.

The routine of his daily life at Canstadt, until very shortly before it ended, was this:—he rose generally about seven o'clock; breakfasted by himself immediately after dressing; and until ten o'clock, when *our* morning meal, with family worship, was past, he was left undisturbed to his own private devotions. We then sat beside him, conversing or reading to him—perhaps the English newspapers, or from some favourite author—until half-past twelve, when he dined. After dinner he walked with me for half an hour or an hour. The greater part of the afternoon and evening we usually spent all together, occupied as in the morning, with conversation, reading aloud, or listening to music; while he generally sat in a large arm-chair, or on the edge of his bed, with his forehead resting on the back of a chair, and his chest wrapped in a tartan plaid. The day was always concluded by our meeting in his room for reading the Scriptures, praise, and prayer. He very often selected the chapters or the psalm, and never failed to add his hearty *amen* to my prayer, and to breathe a few words of blessing in the ears of each as we parted from him for the night.

To these ordinary events of his everyday life may be added the many kind visits of Christian friends—such as the excellent Pastor Verner, who lived in our immediate neighbourhood; Dr. Hoffmann occasionally, with other acquaintances from Tübingen and Stuttgart. I need hardly say Miss Hodges was one of his most frequent visitors, and was ever heartily welcomed by us all.

But there were features of his inner life and character which marked the history of those days, whose outer incidents were little varied, making them memorable to

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[redacted] I am sure God's grace will be sufficient for you—for my mother—for my sister—for us all; and that we shall all be united in heaven.' Then adding emphatically, 'But God is my portion.

His own sweet will be done! It is the will of *a Father.* It is a *Father's* hand that sends this, and when I go, *He* will take me.'

His Greek Testament, laid aside when the doctor entered, was then resumed, and everything went on as before; and he did not again allude to this morning's interview; nor was his wonted cheerfulness for a moment disturbed by the knowledge that his life was surely drawing rapidly to a close. Not many days after this, when returning from a short walk on a sunny forenoon, he found, to his surprise, that his strength had so much failed him, as to make it necessary for me to take him in my arms and carry him up stairs. But no murmur escaped his lips, in thus parting from that outer world which he had always enjoyed with such intense relish. He only said: 'It is likely that I shall never walk out more.' In this meek and quiet spirit, and with few words, he accepted his cross, met every change in his complaint, bore every additional weight of suffering, and parted from all that was most dear to him.

One evening, again, when he and I were alone, our conversation turned upon the mystery, to us, of those providential dispensations by which God often lays aside for a time His most active and useful servants—as when Paul was confined again and again to prison, with a world to enlighten—or when by death God suddenly removes them, and prevents them from doing the work here for which their whole previous life seemed but a preparation. We then spoke of the honour and privilege of labouring for Christ in this present world of temptation and suffering. 'The penitent thief,' he said, '*did* nothing meritorious—he only believed. But to labour for Christ as one reconciled—to labour as a

privilege!—the thought, I confess, humbles me. I have done nothing for Him.' 'But,' he added, 'I have never charged myself with sin for not having entered sooner upon my ministerial career. My Master has never given me to see my conduct in *that* respect to have been wrong. I was unfit!' 'I am not sure,' I replied, 'if *that* was the reason; but I believe you yielded yourself to God to be led by Him, as seemed good to Himself, and I rejoice that you do not regret your delay, and that no repentance on this score stains your soul's fair peace.' 'It never does—no, never!' And thus he was able to resign with meekness the long cherished hope of labouring in his Master's kingdom. This blessed disposition, always manifested by him, was not more remarkable than the unvarying peace of mind which he enjoyed in spite of constant pain; and also the sunny cheerfulness which, without a cloud, daily played around him. I once asked him—what, if true, no one could perhaps have discovered—whether the weakness and unceasing pain of body did not necessarily so far affect his mind as sometimes to produce, apparently without a cause, darkness and depression? 'No,' was his reply, 'I have *constant* peace. Not always much *feeling;* but I can always cling to Christ, and to the truth that He died for me; while often, often, bright beams of light and love come to my spirit from Him!' So perfectly calm was he, that the approach of death, made now certain to him for the first time by the judgment of a physician, did not, as I have already said, produce the least change even in those daily arrangements of study which he had formerly made, in the hope of continued, at least of prolonged life. He rose at his usual hour; read the same books, and in the same methodical order as hereto-

fore. And so fresh were his literary tastes till the last, that a week before his death he sent for a German volume then newly published—the *Life of Mercklin*, by Strauss; and listened, till the night before he died, with unabated interest to chapter after chapter, read aloud by his sister or myself, until he ascertained the last phase of the writer's opinions; while he expressed his grief that it afforded no hopes of a change in him to a better mind.

Indeed, John Mackintosh had for so many years habitually spent every day as if it were his last, that now he could spend these his last days like any other. One of his first requests, accordingly, when he knew that Canstadt must be his home, was to procure a good pianoforte for his sister at Stuttgart; and this having been obtained, music became a source of enjoyment throughout the day. But his music was not confined to what is termed 'sacred.' While the familiar psalm-tunes of Scotland were sung, and called forth many a happy response of 'delicious!' 'glorious!' and the beautiful hymns, too, of the German Church, with their solemn chants, were constantly repeated; yet as he sat alone in his own room—the door open—or paced slowly up and down, leaning on my arm, he asked for every piece of music he could think of—it might be a waltz, a passage from some of the operas, or more frequently from his favourites Mendelssohn and Beethoven, which he admired for their own sake, but chiefly, as he said, because reminding him vividly of the olden time at Geddes. And there were well-known Scotch airs he always asked for, and never wearied hearing. Evening after evening, as he sat near the piano, with closed eyes, and head drooping on his breast, he listened in silence,

as he dreamt of other days, to the pathetic melodies of 'Wanderin' Willie,' 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'the Flowers o' the Forest,' or 'the Land o' the Leal.'

With all this, there was no excitement. His whole bearing was singularly manly and dignified. He never spoke of himself, or of his feelings, mental or bodily, except, perhaps, when one of us happened to be alone with him, and some circumstance, or inquiry on our part, led him to break through

'The silence and the awful modesties of sorrow!'

Thus his sister said to him one evening, 'You look happy to-night, dear.' 'Yes, my pet,' he replied, 'I always am—for I can lay myself as a little child at the feet of Jesus.' A few mornings before his death, and after a night of severe suffering, he complained to her of much weakness, remarking that he had never felt so before; but added, 'I am very peaceful and happy.' The same forenoon he said again to me, 'I never felt as I now do. But, oh! what a Saviour I have! He does far more for me than I can ask.' And for the first time since we met, he was overcome, and wept.

He never alluded, except indirectly, to his coming death—from his extreme considerateness for the feelings of others. Sometimes he let us read his thoughts by the passages of Scripture, the psalm, or hymn, which he selected for our evening readings; as when he made me read the chapter on the Resurrection in Corinthians; the description of heaven in the 7th chapter of Revelation; or the well-known hymn—

'The hour of my departure's come;'

asking me to repeat twice over the verse beginning—

'I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear!'

When some verse, or passage of Scripture, was read, peculiarly appropriate to his state, occasionally he made a passing remark. 'Read those verses over again, and again,' he said of some of the verses in the 14th chapter of John, which I had just read aloud at evening worship, adding, when I had concluded them,—'Oh, precious! I suffer much; but, oh, the glory that is to be revealed! Ours is a light affliction!' It was in the middle of that same night that I went to his bedside, hearing him coughing much. I found slight symptoms of hæmorrhage. 'Remember,' he said, 'I am not afraid or nervous about this; if it was not for my mother and friends, how much better to be with Jesus!'

One allusion which he made to the future was to me peculiarly touching. The old ballad of 'The Battle of Otterbourne' had been a great favourite of ours, and often repeated by us in other years, though not recalled during those last weeks of sadder intercourse. But after undressing him, and just before saying good-night, he took me by the hand, and—

> 'Still in more than ear-deep seats
> Survives for me, and cannot but survive,
> The tone of voice which wedded borrow'd words
> To sadness. . . .
> . . . . When, with faint smile,
> Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,'—

he repeated, with peculiar pathos, from the ballad, the last words of the dying Douglas:—

> 'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
> Take thou the vanguard of the three,
> And hide me by the braken bush
> That grows on yonder lilye lee.

[redacted]

[redacted] ere a characteristic instance of [redacted] thoughtfulness about others. 'Go to Stuttgart,' he said one day to me, and handing me a list of [redacted] with writing, which he had noted down in pencil, added, 'Now go there and see those things, and tell me all about them. Call also at Neff's, the bookseller, and ask him for the parcel I left with him, and bring it to me; till then I won't tell you what it is.' On asking the bookseller for the said parcel, I was told that Mr. Macintosh had given such particular orders about its delivery, that without a *written* order he was pledged not to give it up to any one, and give it up to me he would

not! The written order having been obtained, to satisfy the conscientious bookseller, the parcel was brought down upon a subsequent day; and proved to be Vasis' large panoramic view of Rome, which John in spite of weakness and weariness had as I find in his Diary, 'hunted Rome' to obtain for me the day before leaving it, and had carried with no small inconvenience during all his journey northward, and now presented himself, 'to be hung up in my study!' There it now hangs, the memento of a kindness which ever busied itself how to gratify others, and which I have never seen equalled.

Till the last moment of his life he embraced every opportunity of doing good by fitting words of counsel or of comfort. There were different periods in the day which were generally chosen by him for seeing each of us alone, as this was less fatiguing than always having us together. For instance, he sent for his mother first after breakfast; then for his sister; while the night-time was my peculiar portion. On such occasions he became more personal and earnest in his communications.

One night, for example, when all had retired to bed, I was with him alone; when sitting with his hands clasped upon his knees, his eyes shut, and his head bent forward, he thus addressed me in short sentences—spoken under breath, uttered slowly, and very solemnly:—'Humble yourself as a little child. Follow your Master—do not go before. Pray, pray, pray without ceasing; *wrestle* in prayer with God. Our natural temperament cannot be destroyed, it must be regulated. Walk in the Spirit, *that* will do it. "If any one will follow me," says our Lord, "let him take up his cross *daily*." "Be holy, for I am holy." Oh! it is not easy to realize the life of God in us all the day.' 'Have you been able to do it?' I

asked. He nodded and smiled. 'It was long with me,' he replied, 'a fearful battle. With every one it is a sore battle at first. But it *must* be done; and *when* done,' he added, opening his eyes and with an expression of joy, 'it is *inexpressibly—inexpressibly* delightful!' 'We should have our house,' he continued after a pause, 'well ordered before God. Everything in it should as much as possible reflect heaven; for heaven must in everything begin here. We should esteem in our house the Bible as the best, the sweetest book. I love the custom, in pious families in Würtemberg, of reading it after dinner. We must daily live above carnal joys. The Spirit of God must pervade everything, that we may live holy, live calmly, and'—again opening his eyes and speaking emphatically—'live *cheerfully*. When disposed to exceed in anything, we should pause and ask such questions as these:—Will this please God? Will it grieve the Spirit of God that dwelleth in me? O the blessedness of the divine life!' 'How think you shall it be best attained?' I asked. 'I should say, begin soon with prayer. Let your first thoughts in bed be given to God. When you rise kneel down and humble yourself before God *as a child*, that He may lead you all the day long. Think of God when you are dressing. After that, read, meditate and pray. Prayer should *never* be put off till after breakfast.' Then rising up in his chair, looking with great earnestness, and speaking with energy, he said, 'This I have found to be of *inexpressible* importance. If our devotions are deferred till the interruptions of the forenoon, the devil may get on our back, and ride us all day!' 'I love,' he added, 'to give God my first, my clearest, my freshest thoughts and hours.' On asking him more particularly as to his own

method of devotion, he said, 'I commune with God through His Word and Spirit. I do not on such occasions read critically. If difficulties present themselves, in the meantime I pass them by. When any verse occurs which is peculiarly suitable to myself I dwell upon it. As I read, I cry constantly to God for His Spirit. After that I pray at length. I have no prescribed time; but try and enjoy it as long as possible. Last winter in my reading, I confined myself to the three Gospels. I am now reading through John's Gospel. I have been living and feasting on the life of Christ.'

As I sat listening, in the deep silence of night, to those utterances addressed to me by one who had lived the truth which he knew, and was now in perfect peace, going to meet Him whom he had long sought and served with so much earnestness and love, my spirit felt no less than awed before him; and what he then spoke to me, I that same night wrote down, that when perusing it, if spared to do so, in future years, it might quicken me to greater diligence in following his steps; and as the words were then written, so are they now given to the world, that others may learn of him, and know how true and good he was, and by what means his rare excellence was attained, and his great peace enjoyed.

In this same spirit of seeking to benefit others, he often addressed his sister, perhaps in a few words breathed into her ear, when bending over him to bid good-night. 'Good-night, my pet. Seek God as a little child. Be humble. Speak to Jesus *face to face.*' Or, 'Be instant in prayer, dearie. Pray always for a broken spirit. See how infinitely above this world's joys Christ is. Persevere —fear not—*God will do it.*'

To his mother he spoke as a son, words of strength

and comfort; with humble acknowledgments of any defects in conduct he might have exhibited, when under her more immediate charge. He was fond also of hearing from her the most minute details of all the people about Geddes, especially those with whom he had enjoyed Christian fellowship.

The arrival of the post was always welcome, as bringing letters from friends, and news of home. He also wrote to several of his old correspondents; at first by scrolling himself a pencil copy of what he wished his sister to write for him; and latterly, when his strength failed, by dictating to her. He mentioned also the names of many to whom he desired letters should be written, if he became so unwell as to be himself unfit for the discharge of this duty. These letters told all the same tale, of an illness which he knew must be fatal, and also of a peace which he knew nothing could ever take away!

Two or three weeks before his death, he dictated the following—his last—letter to his friend Professor Forbes:—

'MY VERY DEAR SIR,—The kindness of your letter overpowered me, but more, it sustained and comforted me. Since I wrote you, I have indeed been brought very low, and think my end must be soon. I suffer greatly from pain in the spine, which has been weakened by so much expectoration. So sometimes I can find rest in no position; yet the Lord has never yet tried me above what He gave me strength to bear, and His goodness to me is infinite. This light affliction over, and then His own presence!

'My family are a great comfort to me. Your name is

written on my heart, and I can never forget all your gentleness and kindness. If it be the Lord's will to take me home, it is my joy to think that we part only for a season. I would have written you sooner, had not our removal to this place prevented me. I desire to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. Forbes and the dear children; and ever am your devotedly attached and grateful J. M.

'*P.S.*—I know I have your daily prayers. The ground of my confidence is the alone merits of my dear Redeemer.'

I was now, alas! obliged to part from my friend and to return to Scotland. When I left home, upon the 11th of February, I had little hope of being able to remain with him till the 11th of March—for I was then on the eve of removing from my former to my present charge. But the political difficulties which at that time hindered the formation of a ministry, and the appointment consequently of a Home Secretary, delayed also the issuing of my presentation, without which my translation could not take place; and thus my sojourn abroad was extended to a period much longer than I could possibly have anticipated. But letters received from home now seemed to demand my immediate presence; yet they placed me in trying circumstances, in which it was not easy to decide between conflicting duties and conflicting feelings. I resolved to refer my case to my friend, well knowing how wisely and unselfishly he would advise me. The day after I did so, he called me to him, and said, 'I have thought calmly and prayerfully over all you have told me; my verdict is, *go!* If I thought that my end was near, I would as decidedly

say *stay*, that you might be with me to the last. But I think it probable that I may live for a month yet. So we must part now. Then, besides your arrangements about Glasgow, your people in Dalkeith may require you. There may be sick ones wishing to see you; your sister is alone, etc. etc. Then, after saying some loving things about the time we had spent together, he added: 'The Spirit of God, the Teacher and Comforter, is with me. You know now all *my* feelings, and just act with a good conscience.' I saw Dr. J. upon the the 10th, and he also said that it was quite possible he might yet live several weeks, and that certainly he did not think him *near* death. As I could not, therefore, 'with a good conscience,' remain so long as to have the satisfaction of being with him and his family 'to the last,' I resolved to leave him early on the morning of the 11th.

The evening before, he seemed to have considerably revived. He had been able, but not without much effort, prompted by love to others, to sit several times during the previous days to an artist for his likeness. This last day he had enjoyed music and reading, and we met as usual in his room for family devotion, feeling indeed that we should never again all praise God together in this world. But in the middle of the night he suffered so much from his harassing cough, that I sat beside him, and remained with him till morning. In reply to my inquiries when I entered his room, he said, 'I have endured agonies of body for the last two hours; but they have not affected my spirit—I have perfect peace. Could I sing, I would sing, "Glory to God!"' He then asked me to read some hymns and passages of Scripture to him from time to time, and also

to pray with him. And thus the night passed; and the morning came; and soon six o'clock struck—the hour at which I must leave him. Of our parting, I shall not speak. But I little thought at the time that God had graciously permitted me to begin with him his last day upon earth!

I left him in charge of Jane Miller, Mrs. Mackintosh's old and valued attendant, who had accompanied her on her journey; and who, when at Geddes, had almost indeed been the sick-nurse of Mr. Mackintosh during his last illness.

Miller found him very restless; nor could she by the unwearied application of the prescribed remedies afford any ease to his oppressed chest and pained body, which 'suffered everywhere.' He asked her to read hymns and texts of Scripture to strengthen him; and afterwards inquired much about his father:—'Did he suffer much? As much as he did? Was he as impatient as he was? Did he bear pain better?' etc.

His mother and sister came to him early. At breakfast-time, he was able to take some food. His uneasiness continued. As he leant his head upon the back of a chair, on which he asked his mother to sit to be near him, he repeated often the earnest prayer, 'Lord, not my will—not my will—but Thine be done!'

A letter to him from his friend Professor Forbes, was delivered by the forenoon post. He expressed a wish to have it read immediately, and was cheered by its contents. It was in reply to the last he had ever written, and was also the last he ever received.

Miss Hodges arrived about midday; and soon after, his oppression in breathing becoming very severe, they began for the first time to think that death was near.

Miss Hodges said to him, 'Jesus is always with you.' 'Sometimes,' he replied. But as she repeated a few texts of Scripture, and prayed at his request, a gleam of joy, marked by all, lighted up his countenance, as, with shut eyes and clasped hand, he smiled, nodding assent to each uttered truth. He asked the window to be opened, and tottering to it in his dressing-gown, had his chair so placed as to be able to extend his arm into the open air. It was a day of great beauty. The sun shone brightly, and with almost a summer heat; and already the sounds of spring were heard from the birds in the surrounding orchards. The same oppression returned later in the afternoon, in a still more aggravated form. Dr. J., who had been sent for, made him immediately return to bed, and did everything that skill could suggest to relieve him; but was soon obliged to inform his friends apart, that his end was fast approaching. He lay in silence upon his bed with his eyes shut, and, in silence, all stood around him. About four o'clock, he opened his eyes, and motioned to his mother first, to come near him and kiss him. His sister came next, and he said to her, 'Love Jesus.' And after this, he bade each farewell, and to each repeated the same counsel, 'Love Jesus.' 'Any one else in the room?' he asked. Marie, the kind daughter of the landlady, approached, weeping bitterly. He thanked her for all her goodness to him during his illness, and requested that she should send her mother and sisters up stairs to bid him farewell. They came, and he spoke kindly to them. Having motioned to his sister to sit beside him, he drew her to him, again kissed her, and began to speak to her; but his lips were cold, and she required to put her ear almost to his mouth to hear what he said. But so calm

and self-possessed was he, that he gave her minute directions even then how to get his portmanteau which he had, months before, sent to Berlin when intending to study there; and how, too, she could find in it the key of his desk at Lasswade, in which his will was deposited. He then requested to know how much she proposed giving the doctor, mentioning at the same time a sum which he thought generous and becoming. Then beckoning to the doctor, he thanked him for his great attention, and begged him to tell him truly how long he thought he had to live. The doctor replied, 'Perhaps not many minutes.' After a pause, he began to repeat the names of his near relatives—'Jane; Alick; Chris; James; Ned Smith; uncle; my aunts; Tom. Tell them all to seek Jesus.' Then, in the same way, he enumerated his old friends: 'The Professor; Madden; Burn Murdoch; Shairp; Boyle; Dr. Duncan; Charles Brown;' and others, whose names his sister could not distinctly catch. 'All my friends at Tübingen,' he added. He spoke about me also. Soon after, he said, 'Read.' Miss Hodges took up the Bible—for she deemed the task too trying for either his mother or sister. But he had told his mother some days before, that when it came to the last she was to read to him from a little book containing texts of Scripture selected for the sick and dying, and which he was in the habit of using; and now, as if remembering this, the moment he heard the voice of Miss Hodges, he opened his eyes, and with earnestness, said, 'No. My mother! my mother!' She was strengthened to minister this comfort also to him. The last things read to him were the first two verses of the 43d chapter of Isaiah, the hymns—'The hour of my departure's come;' 'Hark, how the

adoring hosts above;' and the 23d Psalm. When these were ended, he said to his sister, 'Bury me beside Chalmers;' and after a short pause, 'Jesus! oh, Jesus!' He then lay again in silence, with a look of deepest calm and peace; but spoke no more. Once only he opened his eyes, and gazed on all around him, as if bidding them farewell. The setting sun filled the room with a flood of light. At five o'clock, the church-bells were ringing their glad evening chimes; and as they rang, he left his friends on earth, and met his Saviour.

They knelt around that quiet bed; and she who bore him was able to praise the Lord, who had redeemed him and taken him to Himself!

A few days after this, his remains, now in the metal coffin in which they were to repose in his own country, were conveyed—as the law in Germany required—from the private dwelling in which he died. Two or three German friends followed the bier to its temporary resting-place. Miss Hodges was one of them. They bore him to an old Lutheran Chapel, situated in a picturesque and sequestered spot in the immediate neighbourhood of Canstadt, and which we had often admired. The weather still continued serene, and nothing could exceed the loveliness of that evening. As the small and unknown procession moved along, an organ, somewhere in the town, was pealing out a solemn German hymn, and its echoes, borne upon the silent air, more or less faintly accompanied the mourners on their way. When they reached the Chapel, the moon was dimly visible in the deep blue of the cloudless sky; and, though the valley was in the shadow, the last rays

of a gorgeous sunset lighted up with a purple radiance the trees which crested the surrounding hills.

The coffin was placed beneath the altar and the cross. Those who laid it there, before departing, stood for a short time around it, apparently engaged in prayer.

Upon Sabbath evening, his mother and sister were enabled, in great peace, to spend some time alone beside him.

The same kind relative who had accompanied his aunt, Mrs. Mackintosh, when she went to Tübingen, now returned to Germany, and brought the bereaved ones home.

The 9th of April was the day of burial in Scotland. The funeral was a private one; but permission to follow him to the tomb was cordially given, as requested by themselves, to some of his fellow-students of Divinity from the Free Church College; and also to a few old friends—many of whose names he had uttered when dying, and which are familiar to the reader.

This day of burial was also one of calm beauty, like those which had shone upon him at Canstadt. Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, in the transparent air, appeared to look down upon us. We heard the lark, singing overhead; and all was bright and peaceful, as the companions and friends who loved and honoured him, slowly and silently carried him to his grave, and buried him 'beside Chalmers.'

'His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

'Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,

While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange!
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change!'

A monument was soon after placed over his remains, having this inscription on it:—

ERECTED

BY HIS COMPANIONS AND FRIENDS

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN MACKINTOSH

YOUNGEST SON OF THE LATE

WILLIAM MACKINTOSH OF GEDDES

Born 9th January 1822

DIED AT CANSTADT, IN GERMANY

11th March 1851

AND

BURIED BY HIS DYING REQUEST

NEAR THE GRAVE OF CHALMERS

HIS REVERED INSTRUCTOR

"An example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

Τὸ ζῆν Χριστὸς—τὸ ἀποθανεῖν κέρδος.

APPENDIX.

NOTES ON SCHOOLS IN STUTTGART.

'I HAD often heard of the celebrity of the General School and Gymnasium system here pursued, and enjoyed a very long and ample opportunity of inspecting it in its several departments, and becoming conversant with its system and working. I shall endeavour, as far as my memory will permit me, to give you some of the results of my observation. I shall begin with the lowest step of what is a gradual and well-organized educational scale. I may premise that my observations were made at Stuttgart, where the system general throughout Würtemberg, is yet, as might be expected, best represented. And first the German or Folks' School. All children are obliged to attend school from the age of six till fourteen. In these schools they learn their own tongue, writing, counting, geography, history, religious knowledge, and singing. These, so far as I remember, are the only things. The hours of attendance are from seven till ten, and one till three, so that the more advanced boys have ample time to be useful to their parents: the girls to learn sewing, knitting, and other useful qualifications. The holidays do not occupy more than two months in the year, at different periods. The education appeared to me to be very thorough, but, in most respects, not very different from our own, nor better than in our well-appointed schools. If the number, however, of the same standing exceeds thirty or forty, they have at once parallel classes and parallel masters, to avoid too great a distribution of interest. In the higher classes, one of the city ministers assists weekly in the religious instruction to prepare the children for Confirmation at fourteen, after which they are ushered into the world. So begins and so ends the education of the mass of the

people, so that there is not one individual among them who cannot read and write, and who is not acquainted with the name of Jesus, and the truths of revelation. For those in a higher platform in society, is provided a separate training. Here, at six years, and it is again compulsory, the children are all sent to the Elementary School, where, as its name implies, they are taught the elements of their future knowledge. On quitting the Elementary School at eight, a further separation takes place, and this I think truly admirable. Those who mean to pursue merely mercantile or mechanical occupations, proceed to the Real, or, as we should perhaps say, Industrial School, where the whole organization is as thorough and perfect as that of which I shall next speak, pursuing the same *immediate* aim, of cultivating the intellectual powers, but as having a different *mediate* aim, employing different and more appropriate materials. Here, as indeed in all the schools, the mother-tongue is carefully cultivated, not only in the development of its grammar, syntax, and, in the higher classes, the riches of its literature—but in frequent compositions criticised as vigorously as we do the dead languages. This then, I say, is common to all the schools, in all the various stages of progress, and is most worthy of attention. In the Real School, however, a living language takes the place of Latin and Greek. In Würtemberg, it is French. This language is studied in all its minutiæ, and has about as large a space of time assigned to it as is usual with us to Latin or Greek. In this manner the intellectual benefit is about the same, and in the end the tradesman or mechanic finds himself a citizen of two countries, possessed of a positive acquisition which he can employ and appreciate through life. The Real School is divided into a lower and an upper. In the former they must remain from eight to fourteen. In the upper it is optional with him, and the practice is usual to continue yet other two years. In the lower school, then, German, French, Arithmetic, Mathematics, History, Geography, Religious Knowledge, and Singing, are the main branches of education. The number in each class is never allowed to exceed thirty, so that at Stuttgart there are generally three parallel classes for each year. In one of the lowest of these it is optional to learn some Latin, as girls learn it, to know the French roots. I may mention ere I forget it, that in all the schools the children or boys sit habitually before desks, as in our writing-rooms—a sign how much composition is cultivated, and how early and universally they are

initiated into the practice of taking notes. Another grand point pervading all the schools, which I may also mention here, is this, that no scholar is allowed to pass into a higher class, without passing, at the end of the previous year, a satisfactory examination, before the master of that class, in composition and some other leading subject. In the upper Real School the same subjects are continued, but the student, according to his destination, has now a wider option. He may add English or Italian to his French. He may learn Bookkeeping, etc., for his profession. If, however, he is not to be a merchant, but a mechanic, an engineer, or an architect, he then studies the elements of Natural Philosophy, of Chemistry, Drawing, and the like, and pays special attention to Mathematics. All this prepares him to pass into the Polytechnic School, where the higher Mathematics, Design, Modelling, practical Mechanics, practical Mathematics, Architecture, Chemistry, and the like, may be carried out for three, four, or five years, so that the students may leave this last at an age varying from nineteen to twenty-one. On paper these several stages may appear very intricate, but in reality they are most simple and most admirable. I well remember, for instance, how a friend of mine in Scotland, who was to be an engineer, was left to hunt out his various classes, and in some measure to bungle his education, while here the whole sequence is presented, directed by the best experience. But to return to the main steps of the ladder, and come to the highest, which, in point of fact, I visited first, I must introduce you to the Gymnasium. Hither come the other swarm of youth thrown off by the common Elementary School. It too is divided into lower and upper,—the former embracing those from eight to fourteen, the latter from fourteen to eighteen. Here you will at once perceive one of its leading advantages over our system. Those who are in a hurry to be done with their education, having been eliminated at the threshold—the *status pupillaris* may be continued to the eighteenth year, when indeed the boyhood ceases, but not earlier than manhood usually begins. In point of fact, it embraces that all-critical transition-period, when so many of our youth, prematurely reckoned men, make shipwreck of themselves intellectually and morally for life. Its difficulties, which lie deep in the human nature, are not entirely overcome even by the Gymnasium system, but they are modified and controlled, so that intellectually and morally I believe the gain is great. In the Lower Gymnasium,

German, Latin, Greek, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Religious Knowledge, are the chief branches. In the first four of these, I was struck with the superior accuracy and scholarship to what is common among us. First, as in all the classes of all the schools up to the age of fourteen, the same master teaches all the branches, and so each is invested with an equal dignity. Next, the masters are stationary, and so become more apt in their respective departments, while the student, with some disadvantages, obtains a wider and deeper range of knowledge, and has a certain new stimulus each year from a change of hands. Further, from the limited number and the examination before entering, the students are kept more together, and each feels himself more individually exercised. Thus, too, those long and dreary tracts of time devoted to general parsing and repetition, for the boobies are enabled to be divided, and what is given in its place?—a real and scholarlike acquaintance with the idioms and niceties of the language. Furthermore, more abundant composition; no dog-Latin or Greek is permitted—and I am ashamed to say that when I left the Academy, and to this day, I know no better (but this is a secret). First, you will understand that the teacher must be himself more than a mere grammar scholar, and second, he conveys this scholarship to his pupils by pointing out, on all occasions, the difference between the genius of his own language and the other, and making him in the class, from simple phrases upwards, furnish the equivalent in the two tongues, and point out nice shades of meaning between nearly similar expressions and constructions. The amount of scholarship thus possessed, even by very young boys, made me blush. In Greek, from the commencement they not only write, but pronounce after the accents. In all the years of the Lower Gymnasium, they are confined to well-selected passages from various authors, and only in the Upper do they read them in the original. History, again, is never separated from Geography. Each student has his atlas before him as he studies the other. In the junior years, they amass facts, names, dates, etc., and very thoroughly, by being taught by the same master with classics. In the higher years, but in the Upper Gymnasium, it is more as Hannah proposes it—that is, periods are taken and more philosophically handled; but a general knowledge of the whole stream must and should be first there. O what a blank is this in my dire experience! Were I a teacher, I would so philosophize chiefly upon

Greek and Roman history. Our generation is the first that has it in its power to do so, and all the lessons and training may be learned there. Indeed, marvellous as is the influence of those ancient languages on our own, the influence and analogy of their history is far greater. With them, then, as the text, and a knowledge of the facts of modern history to work upon, the philosophy, in its principles, and even in many of its details, may be pointed out for the whole stream. In the Upper Gymnasium, the students' scholarship is carried up to Plato in Greek, and the highest works in Latin. He is thus prepared for the University. French he has begun in the 5th year of the Lower Gymnasium, and it is still carried on. English and Italian may now, however, be added. ' He also has it in his power to study Hebrew; and Theologians must do so. But chiefly he is now taught in the two higher years the elements of Logic and of Moral Philosophy, and Church History is substituted for his previous Bible Knowledge. This, too, is a great advantage. In regard to the Religious Instruction, it is chiefly taken direct from the Scriptures, sometimes, in the higher classes, with the use of a systematized book. The problem is here, as with us, how to make the education moral and religious; and the conclusion, as with us, seems to be that our leading and main point is the personal character and the personal influence on each pupil of the man himself. Where this is wanting, even Bible instruction may be perverted, and at all events become a burden instead of joy and health. After the final examination the student enters the University—but here I have little good to relate, and so drop the curtain. I fear I have given you a very incoherent and inadequate picture of what occupied my eager and almost exclusive attention for nearly three weeks —but you will take the will for the deed.'

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I'm a merry, merry squirrel,
All day I leap and whirl
Through my home in the old beech-tree;
If you chase me I will run
In the shade and in the sun,
But you never, never can catch me!
For round a bough I'll creep,
Playing hide-and-seek so sly,
Or through the leaves bo-peep,
With my little shining eye.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Up and down I run and frisk
With my bushy tail to whisk
All who mope in the old beech-trees;
How droll to see the owl,
As I make him wink and scowl,
When his sleepy, sleepy head I tease!
And I waken up the bat,
Who flies off with a scream,
For he thinks that I'm the cat
Pouncing on him in his dream.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Through all the summer long
I never want a song
From my birds in the old beech-trees;
I have singers all the night,
And, with the morning bright,
Come my busy humming fat brown bees
When I've nothing else to do,
With the nursing birds I sit,
And we laugh at the cuckoo
A cuckooing to her tit!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

When winter comes with snow,
And its cruel tempests blow
All the leaves from my old beech-trees,
Then beside the wren and mouse
I furnish up a house,
Where like a prince I live at my ease!
What care I for hail or sleet,
With my hairy cap and coat;
And my tail across my feet,
Or wrapp'd about my throat!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha

EDWARD E. PALMER

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